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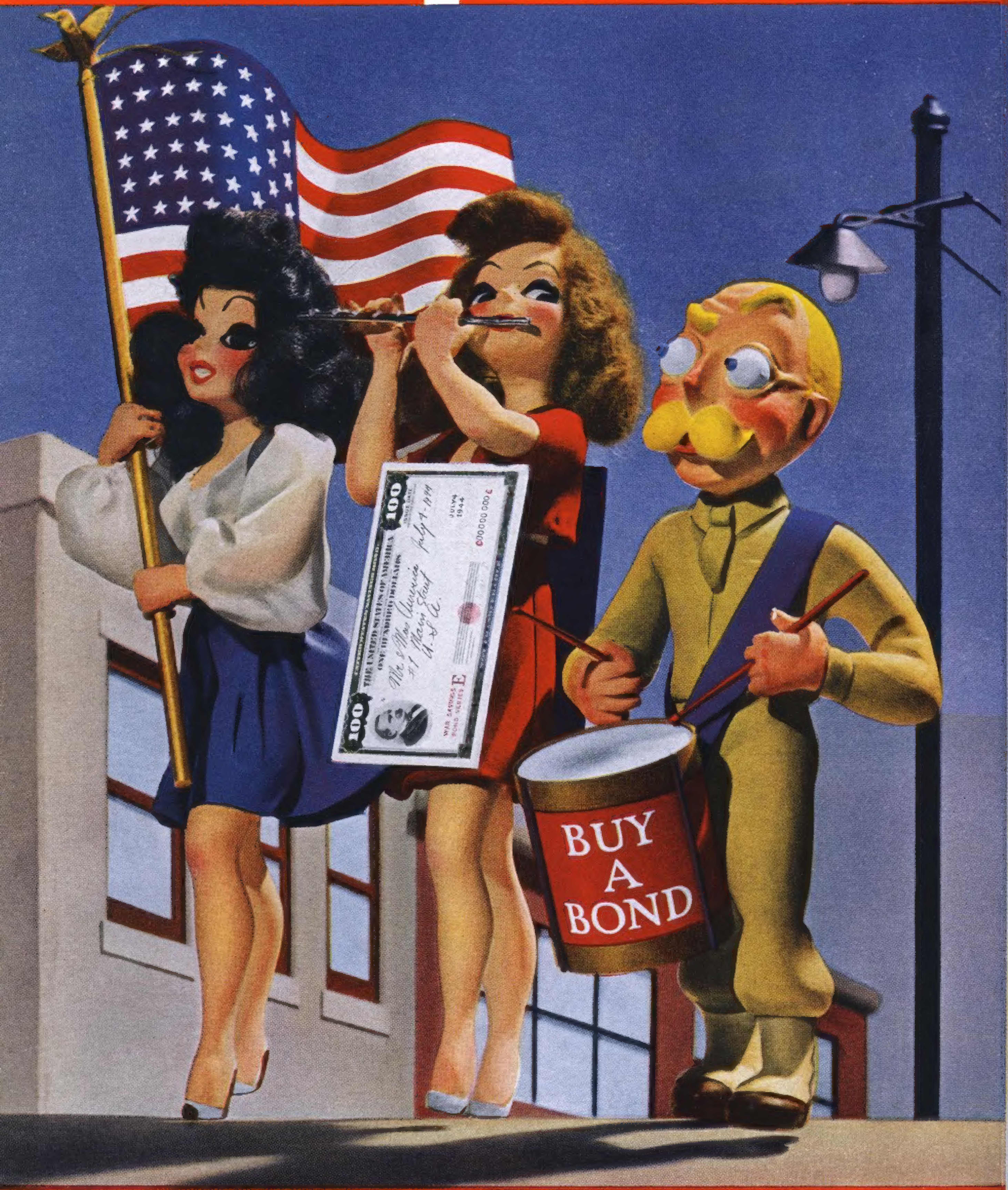
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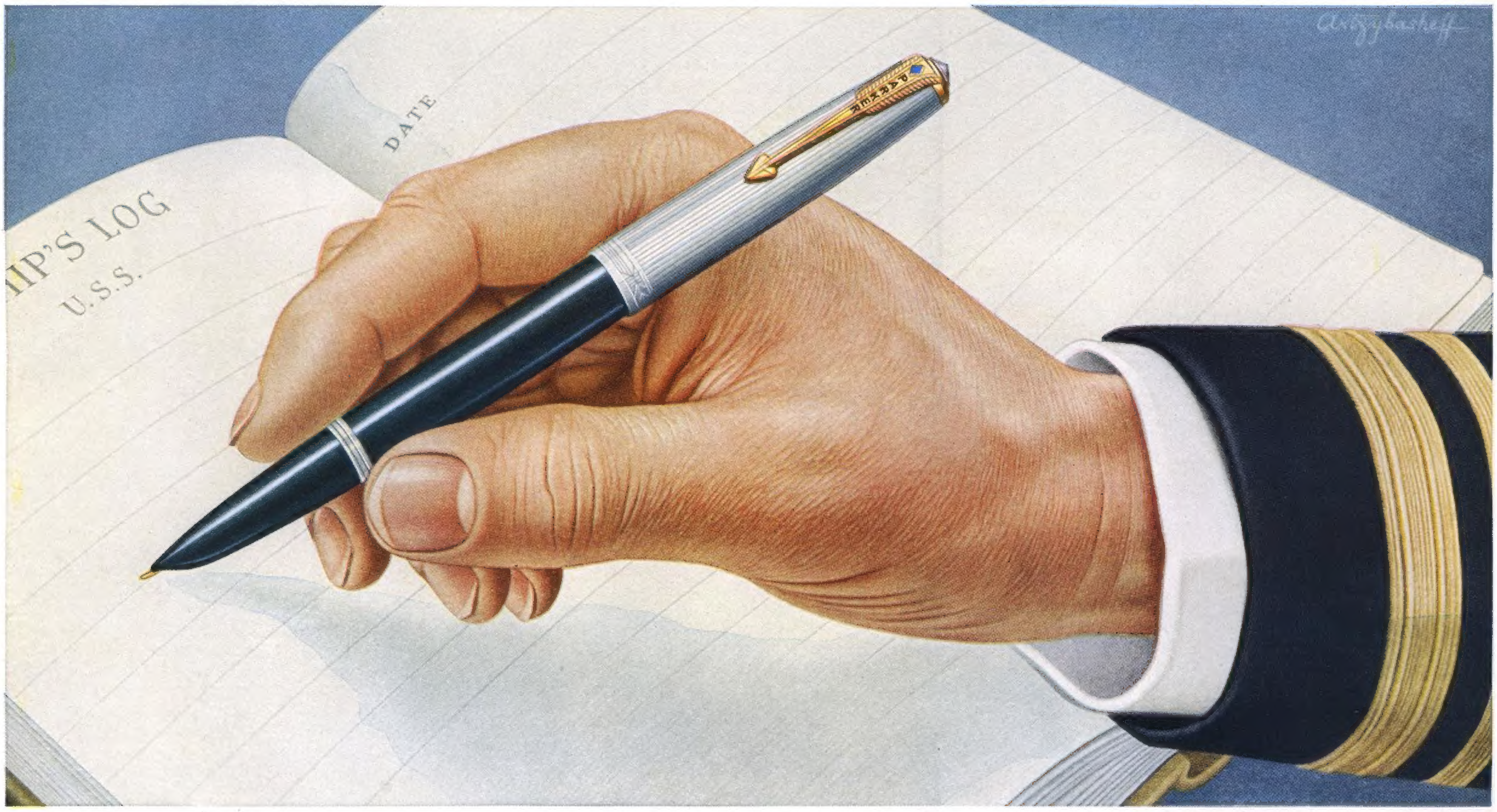

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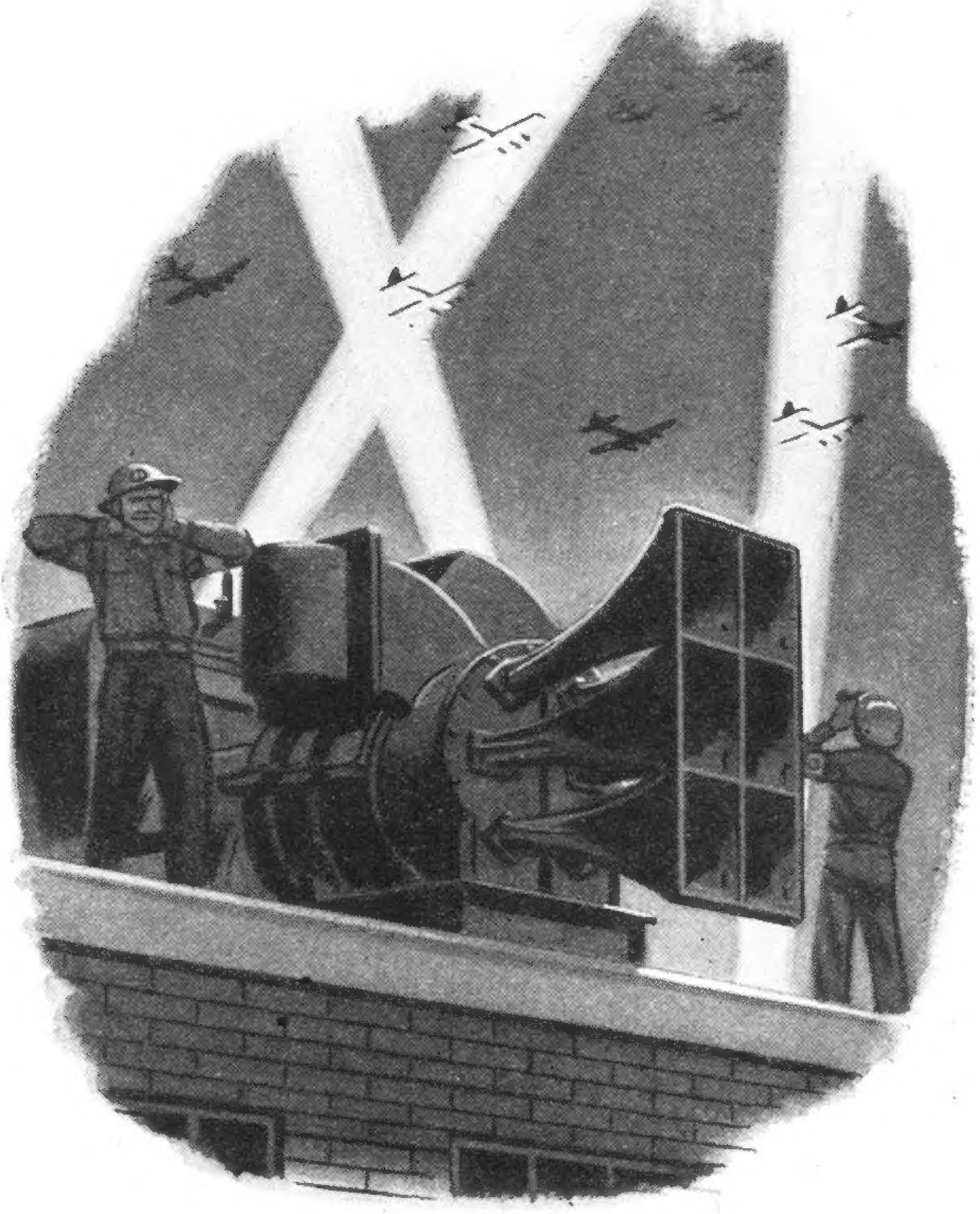

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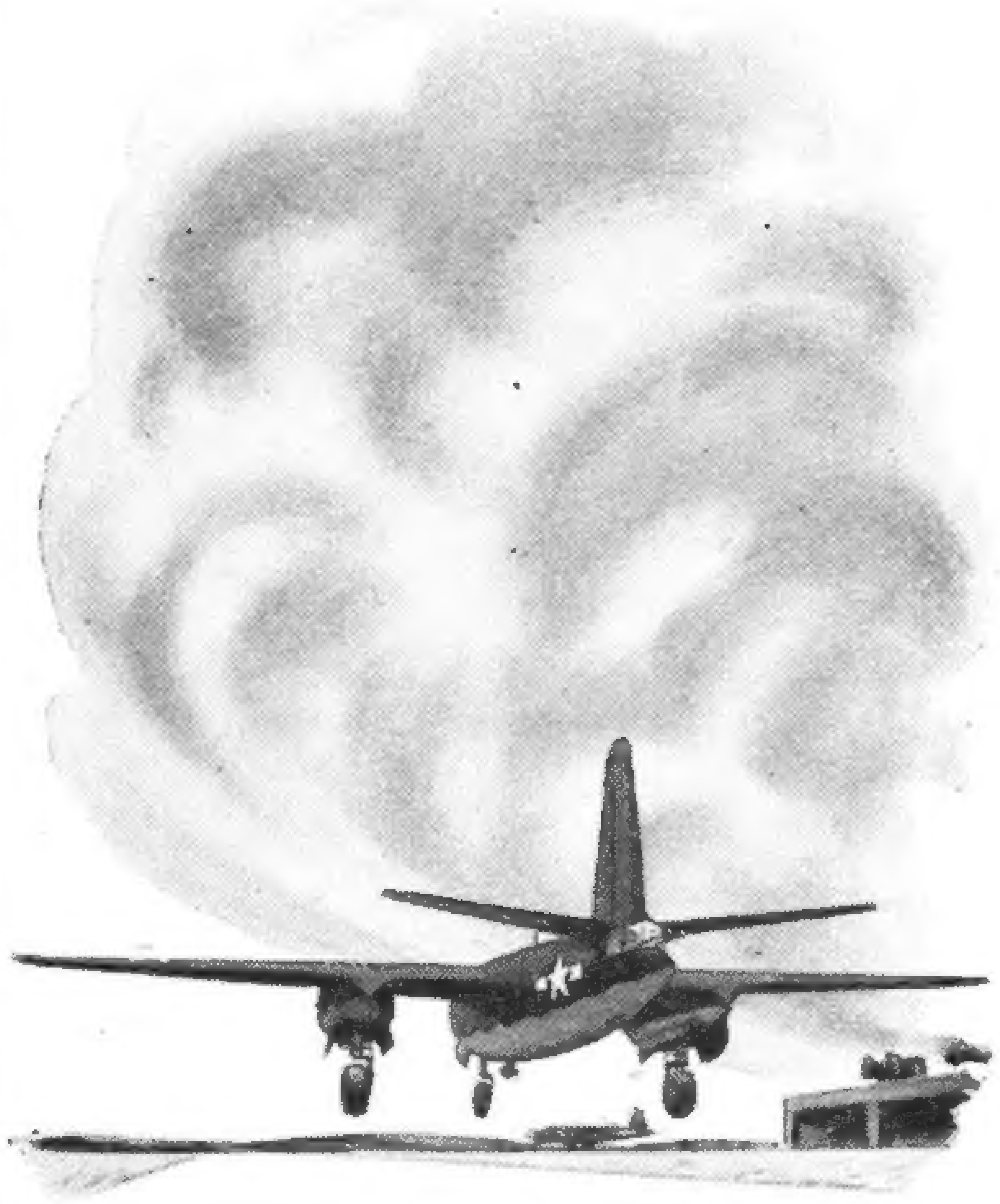

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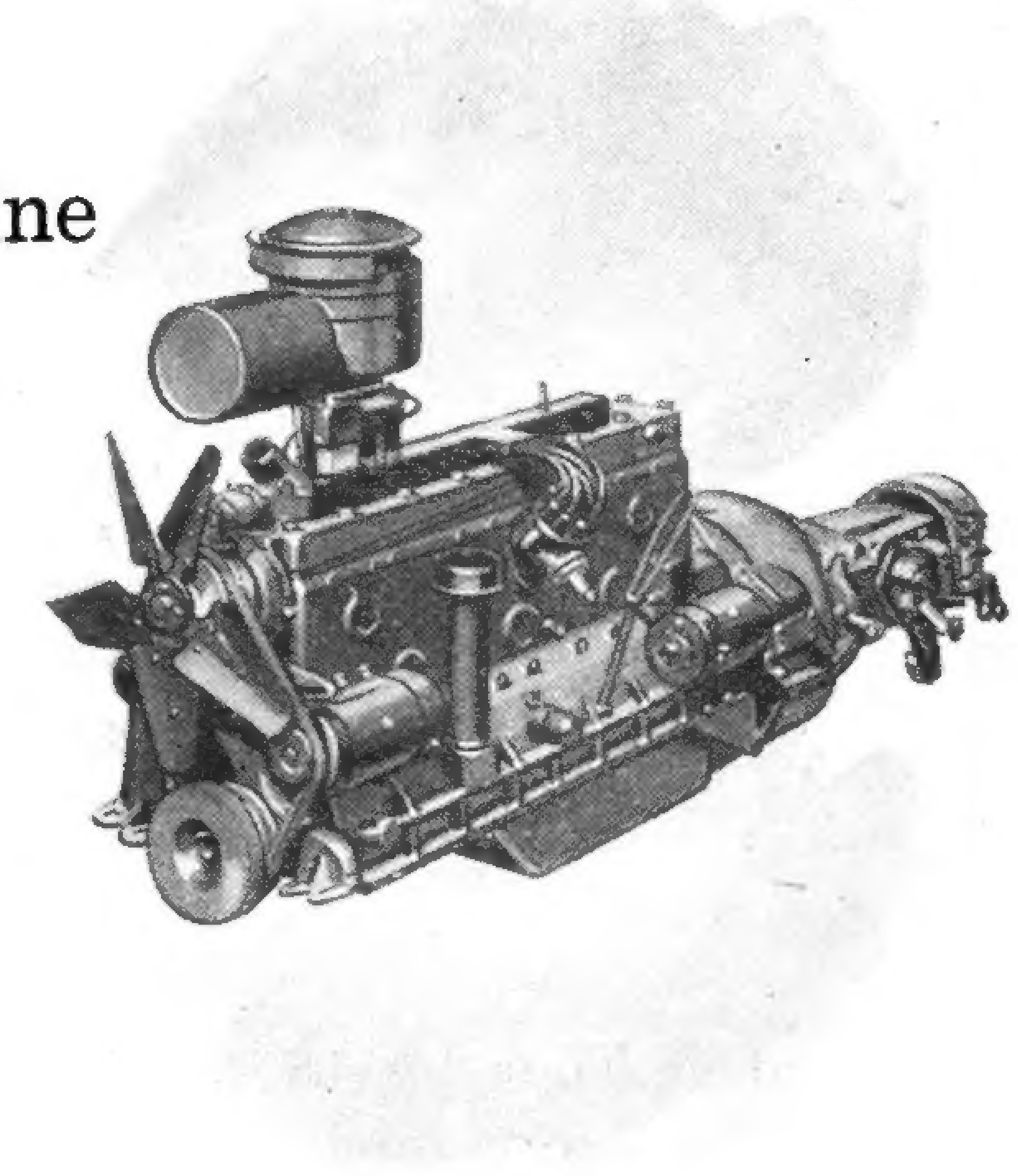

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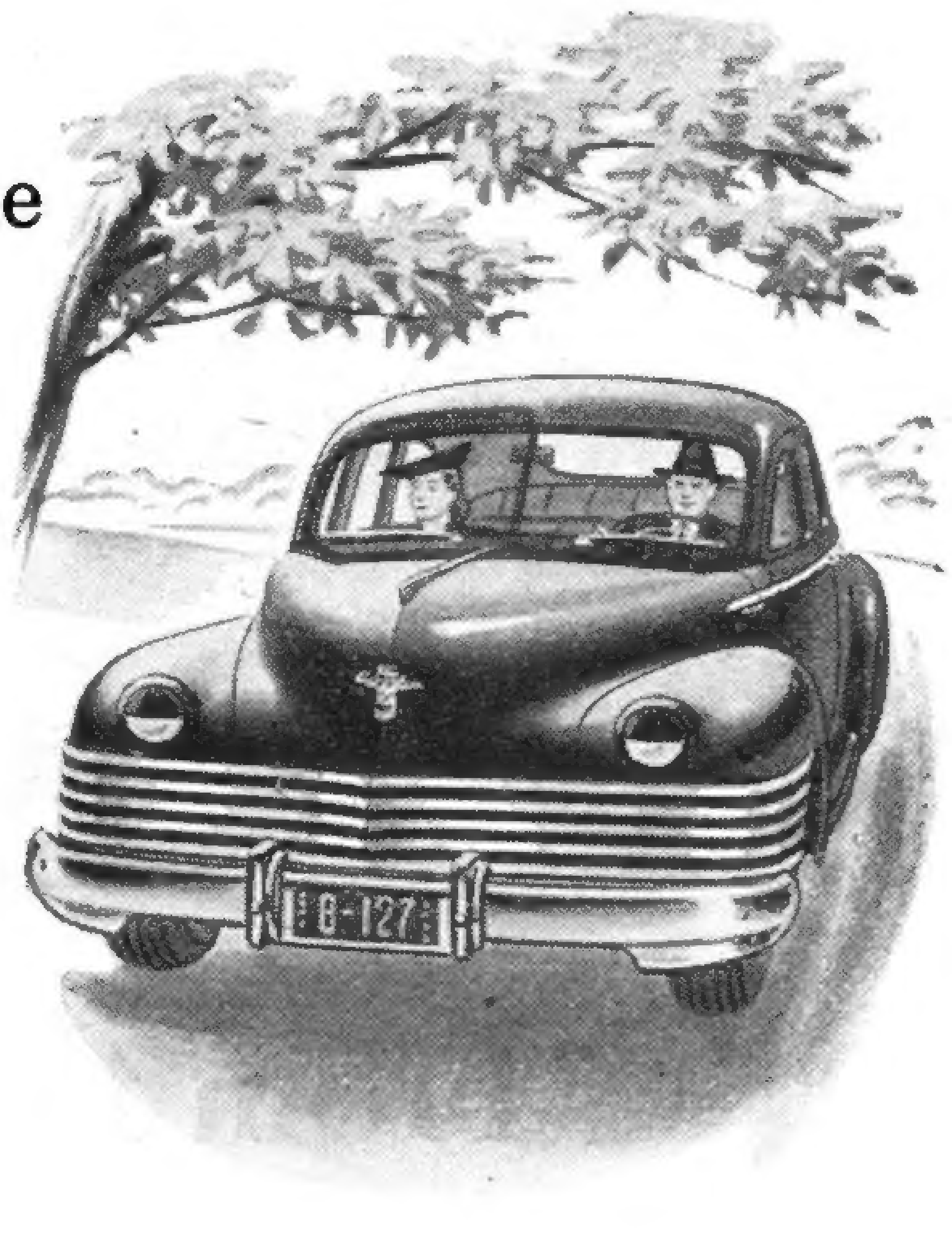

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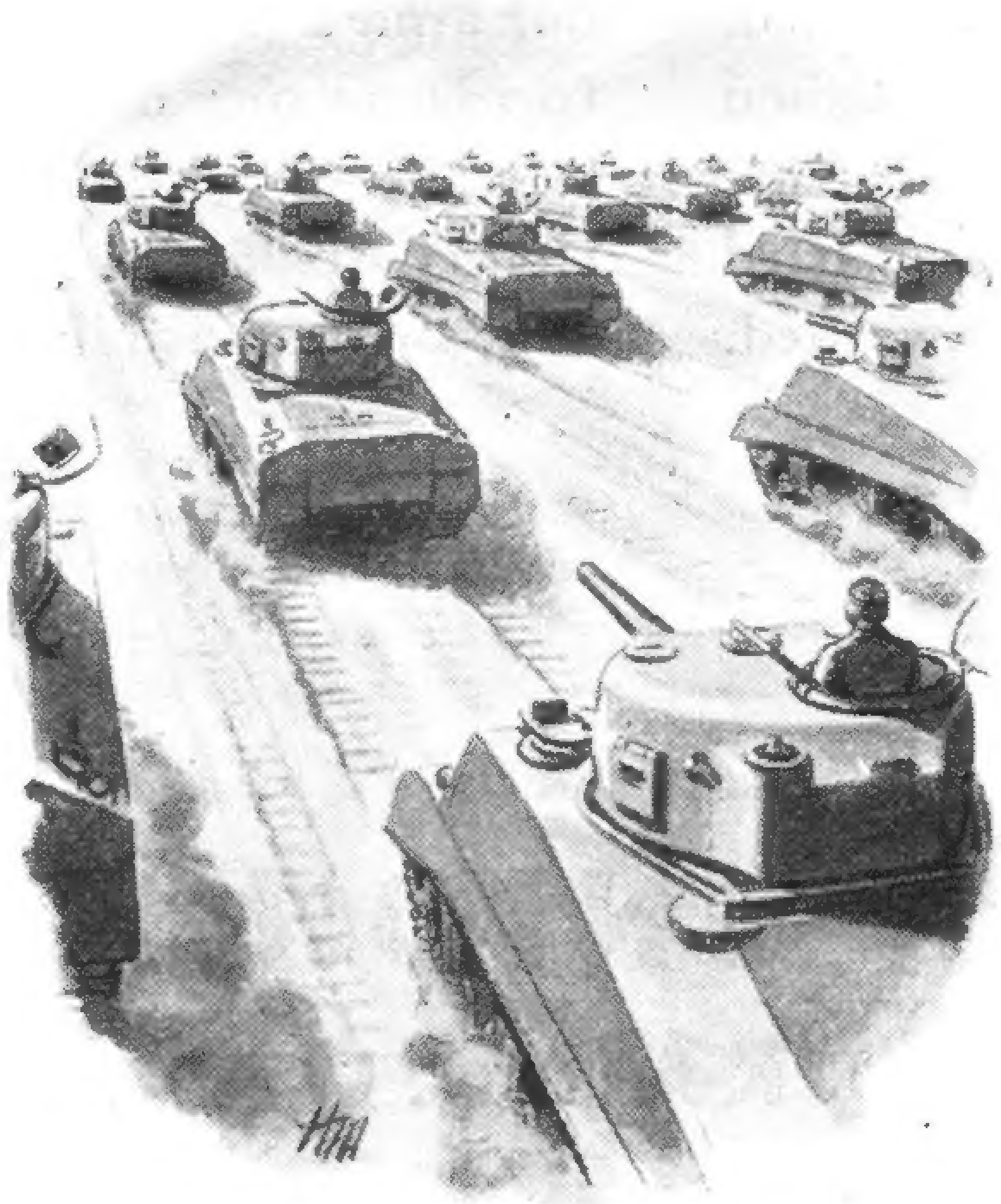

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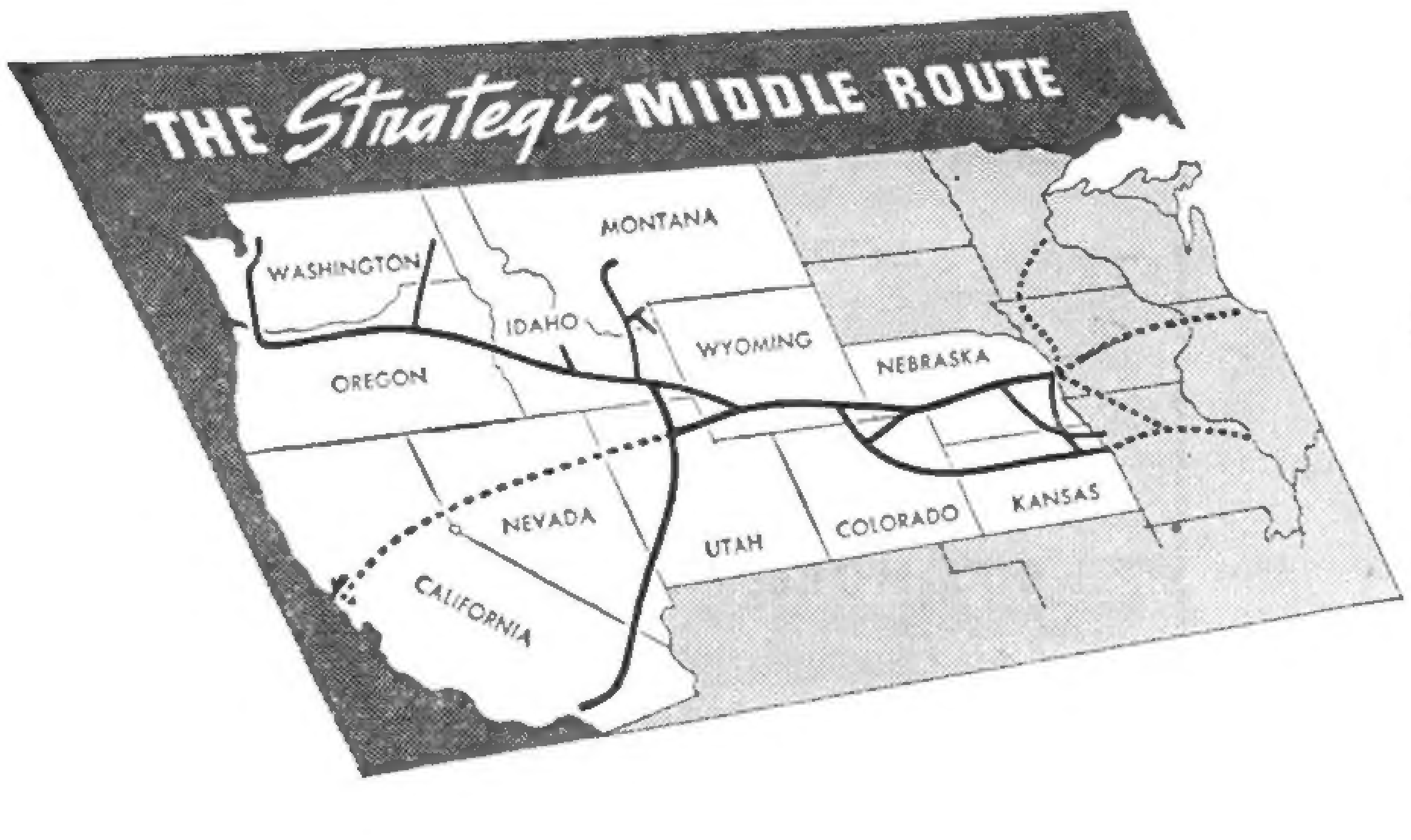
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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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EDITORIAL: Serenade to a Southern city of indescribable charm

This is written after two weeks spent in the friendliest city we've ever seen. Of course, Southern hospitality has long since become proverbial, but this city seems to have a bright particular brand that is unique in our experience. We found New Orleans, crowded and confused as it is by the war, to be nonetheless richly deserving of the designation given it in the old song, "land of dreams." Budapest impressed us deeply, once, with its brisk, bold, almost brash friendliness, and there was a South German city, in happier days, where you were prone to want to bid the very trees good-bye, but if there's any city anywhere today where the stranger feels a more immediate warmth of welcome than in New Orleans, then we'd have to see it to believe it. After two weeks down there our labial muscles acquired a propensity for a beatific standing broad grin that it will take months of the hectic routine of Chicago-New York-Washington to wipe off completely.

We set all this down in this gushing way despite the knowledge that an Army wife we know had to spend the night in a New Orleans railway station not long ago, for lack of a reservation for a hotel room, and despite the fact, too, that we had to stand in a waiting line before virtually every meal we ate in that city of fabulously fine eating. It is hard to conceive of a place more overcrowded than New Orleans is right now, with more servicemen within pass-leave-or-furlough distance flocking in from all sides, in proportion to the town's population, than is probably true of any other center with the possible exception of San Francisco. That's why the city's gracious mien is all the more impressive; there would be such ample excuse for tempers to shorten, and dispositions to disintegrate. That they never do is a marvel.

"Oh, New Orleans
"is a great big old Southern town
"where hospitality you'll surely find;
"the pop-a-lation there
"is very very fair;
"with everything to do—
"White folks do it too." *

With "everything to do," New Orleans is getting it done. You see that at the various Higgins plants, for instance, where cargo ships are coming off a production line the way you'd expect to see rowboats being built. You see it in the bayous where the smaller Higgins boats are being tested, looking from the air like so many bugs skitting over the surface of a still pool. And you see it, too, in the way the sudden cities of shipworkers' homes have literally leapt up overnight. And in the swarms of workers wearing war plant badges that you see in the streets, men and women, black and white. For some strange reason these people look both handsomer and happier than people-in-mass usually do. (Could it be only the bland magic of the mellow yellow brand of New Orleans sunshine that makes you think so?) Mill in the crowds along Canal Street, with their high admixture of both men and women in uniform, and you can't escape the all-pervasive air of good-natured bustling and jostling—a sort of genial haste, of festive efficiency.

You note and admire this same self-kidding and graceful manner of getting big things accomplished easily in many ways and many places around New Orleans today. You see it in all stages, too, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Sublime in the way big, burly Andrew Jackson Higgins, the man who has put the impossible onto a production basis, puckishly lets his workers in on his blithe contempt for the preposterous parcels of red tape in which so many "directives" are wrapped, translating them all into one explosive vulgarism, and reducing his resultant instructions into a vigorous sentence that consideration for the qualms of the Postmaster can best approximate in our chaste pages as "Aw nuts, let's get going." Ridiculous (or so it seemed at the time) in the way two young gobs in Jackson Square begged off from the importunings of a flower vendor with "you really must excuse us, Madam, we've got to get on with the war, you know." (Later, seeing the way they're bearing down on the instructional program at the New Orleans Naval Air Station, you're not so sure that anything ever said by any part of the Navy, even in jest, can be anything but magnificent.)

As the old Blues has it, the pop-a-lation there is really more than "very fair." To Northerners, accustomed to the tight-lipped frigidity with which strangers sit beside each other in public places and conveyances, the free and easy informality of the New Orleanians is a revelation. The people you share cabs with, or sit beside on local trains, or stand next to on the streetcar or bus, engage you in conversation with the easiest grace imaginable. Without seeming the least bit nosy, they've somehow found out where you've come from and are headed for, and have managed to give you a helpful hint or two on what to do when you get there. All this despite the long-standing rule you have had, born of many rebuffs, never to try to drum up conversations with strangers.

And another thing you notice is how many girls wear flowers in their hair—without looking as if they remembered that they were there. And the way practically everybody calls practically anybody "honey"—with an ingenious inflection that says that of course they don't really mean it but that they very well might, at that. Gallantry on a civic scale . . .

You walk along St. Louis or Conti or Iberville, in the French Quarter, sealed as if into a vacuum by the realization that you don't know a soul, and somebody greets you, casually but warmly, too, and you walk on another half block before you place him as the bartender at a place where you dropped in for one drink three nights before. Later it happens again, and more than once, and you belatedly recognize a waiter or a waitress, or somebody who waited on you in a shop, anywhere from a day to a week before.

There's been no Carnival in New Orleans for three years now. Apparently they don't need one, when its spirit is spread around the year like that.

"You're happy now,
"and you don't see how,
"those weary blues
"will ever come to you." †

The biggest spending spree in its history is on in New Orleans now. With money running like water, and with everybody busy, it's no wonder that everybody's happy. Yet you somehow get the idea that it's the crowds themselves, and not merely the money the crowds bring, that the New Orleanians like. In this sense, New Orleans gives you the opposite impression of that given by inter-war Paris. You find yourself wondering as you try to figure out the city's air of genial well-being, whether it can possibly be accounted for by the French heritage of eating and drinking habits. In short, whether we wouldn't all be equally happy if we could eat and drink as well as they do in New Orleans? In this respect New Orleans seems most nearly to resemble Paris, where it was virtually impossible not to eat well, no matter how little or how much you spent. Yet Paris, for a long time was not a happy city at heart, despite the painted grin it affected for the playboy trade.

There are other obvious resemblances to Paris, and not merely structural or architectural. The importance of the trees is one. The number of trees and parks are both remindful of Paris. "Down in New Orleans," ran another old song, "land of greenest green." Truer lyrics were never sung.

But quite apart from its physical beauty, there's an inner beauty about the place, a psychic charm, that strikes you immediately. It's a sense of serene improvidence, a confidently happy-go-lucky attitude, as if to say "All this may not last forever, but then, what will?"

The city's character has never been conservative, in that primal sense of the word as applied to the nurturing of assets. The Vieux Carré, or French Quarter, was blithely being allowed to go to pot until a relatively short time ago when a comparative handful of people prevailed upon the city to awaken to the quarter's importance, if only as a tourist attraction. This easy indifference to the impact of history, whose dead hand seems to rest nowhere more lightly on the shoulders of the citizenry than in New Orleans, is doubtless accountable in large part for the startling contrasts the city affords, that constitute one of the sparkling attractions of its personality.

Virtually in the shadow of a 60,000,000 dollar bridge that is a modern engineering wonder, you will see life being lived very much as it has been for over a hundred years. Within gunshot of a super-duper airport you will find ramshackle stores and taverns that appear to have been untouched at least since the turn of the century.

And right beside the now carefully preserved French Quarter you find another section of whose even greater historical significance New Orleans appears to be blissfully unmindful. Yet this is the section that will someday be a mecca for music lovers from all over the world, for it bears approximately the same relation to America's most widely diffused music that Plymouth Rock bears to American history.

"Oh, Basin Street is the street . . .
"in New Orleans, land of dreams." ‡

Paradoxically enough, you will look in vain on the New Orleans map for the one street that all America knows by name. Basin Street, the birthplace of jazz, is but a memory now, kept alive by the lyrics of an old song and as the name of a network radio show. And they don't call it Basin Street anymore, but Saratoga or something like that. And of the historic buildings that cradled the music that came up from Basin Street to entrance the world, only one still stands, the immemorial Mahogany Hall, celebrated in the famous *Mahogany Hall Stomp.* It's empty now, and boarded up, but it's still there, with all its splendor merely dormant.

And now lately, as in the case of the French Quarter once before, an awakening has come in the nick of time. A group of New Orleans civic and business leaders has taken the first steps to mark and preserve the historic places that saw the beginnings of New Orleans music, before they all fall away into legend and folklore. If they are successful in this endeavor, then New Orleans will have not merely another prime tourist attraction, but one more powerful claim to the title of America's most interesting city.

There's still some of the authentic music to be heard in and around New Orleans, but it's where you find it, and it's not easy to find, unless you happen to be serious about hunting it down. But as you go about keeping your ear cocked for every sound of a clarinet, that characteristic New Orleans instrument, you are sometimes rewarded. At the Carpenter's Hall, some nights, it will be Fazola. And at Pete Herman's, every night, it will be a Rappolo. A lesser Rappolo, of course, because the one and only died last year, but a Rappolo nonetheless. And if you follow Gene Meyer's Dixieland Group in its gigging around town, you'll hear along with his own excellent clarinet the trombone of Julian Laine, son of the immortal Jack. And if you find your way on a Saturday night to an unlikely-looking and out of the way place called Dutche's Tavern at Claiborne and Frenchman Streets you may suddenly hear the classic Picou clarinet chorus on *High Society*, note for note as it's been played by every clarinetist for the past forty years and more, ever since Picou himself first played it marching in the streets with the Olympia Band. And if you grope your way between sets through the mirk and smoke over to the dim corner where the little band sits, you will find to your utter astonishment that it's not merely the Picou chorus as Picou played it, but that it *is* Picou, old Alphonse J. himself.

When something like that happens, then you know as the old song says, "just how much it really means" to be in "New Orleans, land of dreams." You find it hard to believe you're not dreaming, but you're not. There's still some of the authentic music to be heard.

"Aintcha glad you came with me,
" 'long the Mississippi—
"you saw the place
"where the folks all meet,
"Heaven on earth,
"they call it Basin Street." ‡

And just in case you're one of those who can take their music or leave it alone, Heaven on earth still awaits you in the Pompano Marinière at Antoine's and the Trout with Sauce Vendôme at Arnaud's—to touch only the top of the inimitable alphabet of New Orleans gastronomy.

"Glad to be, yesiree,
"where welcome streets welcome me,
"and I can lose
"my Basin Street blues." ‡

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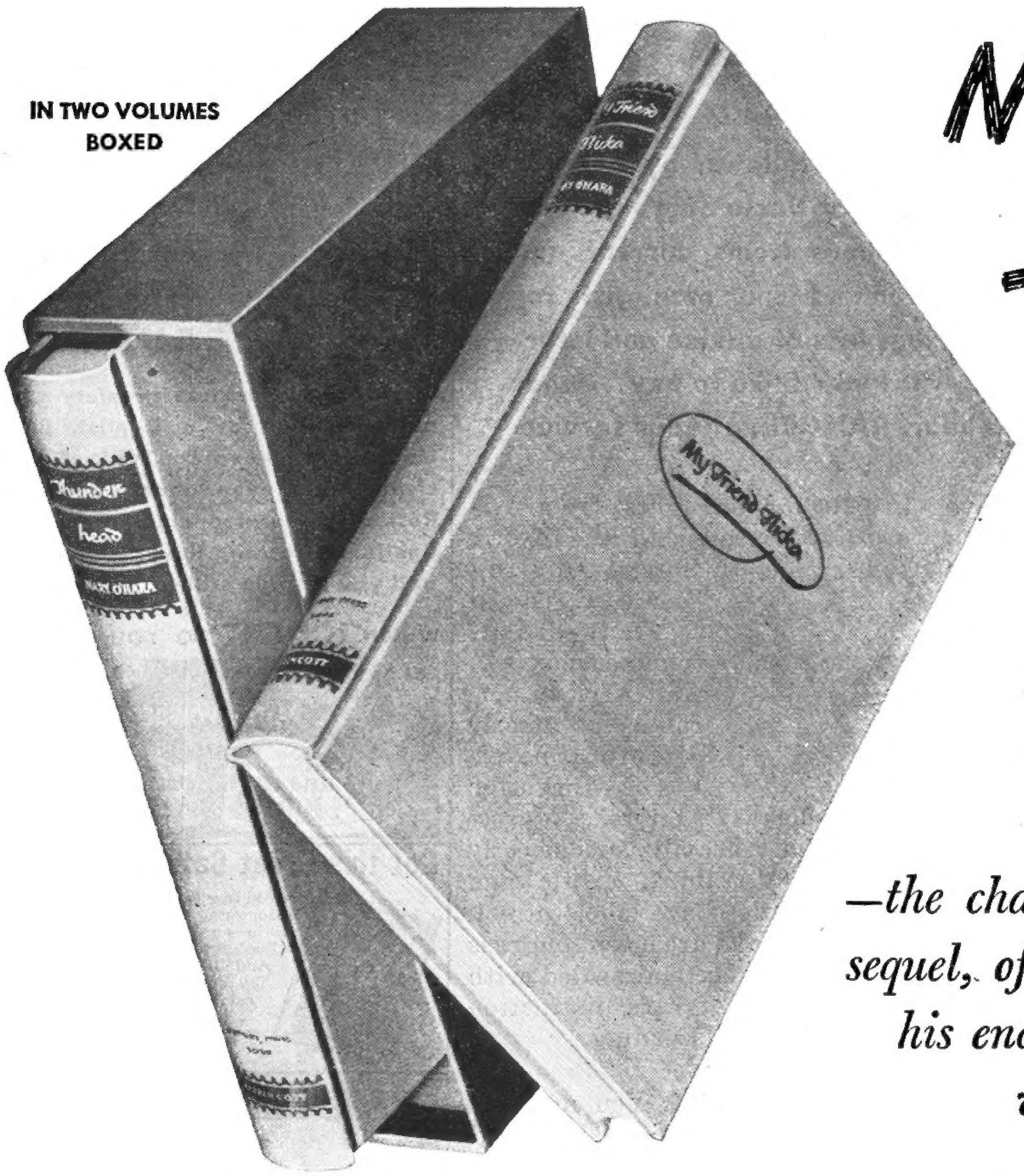

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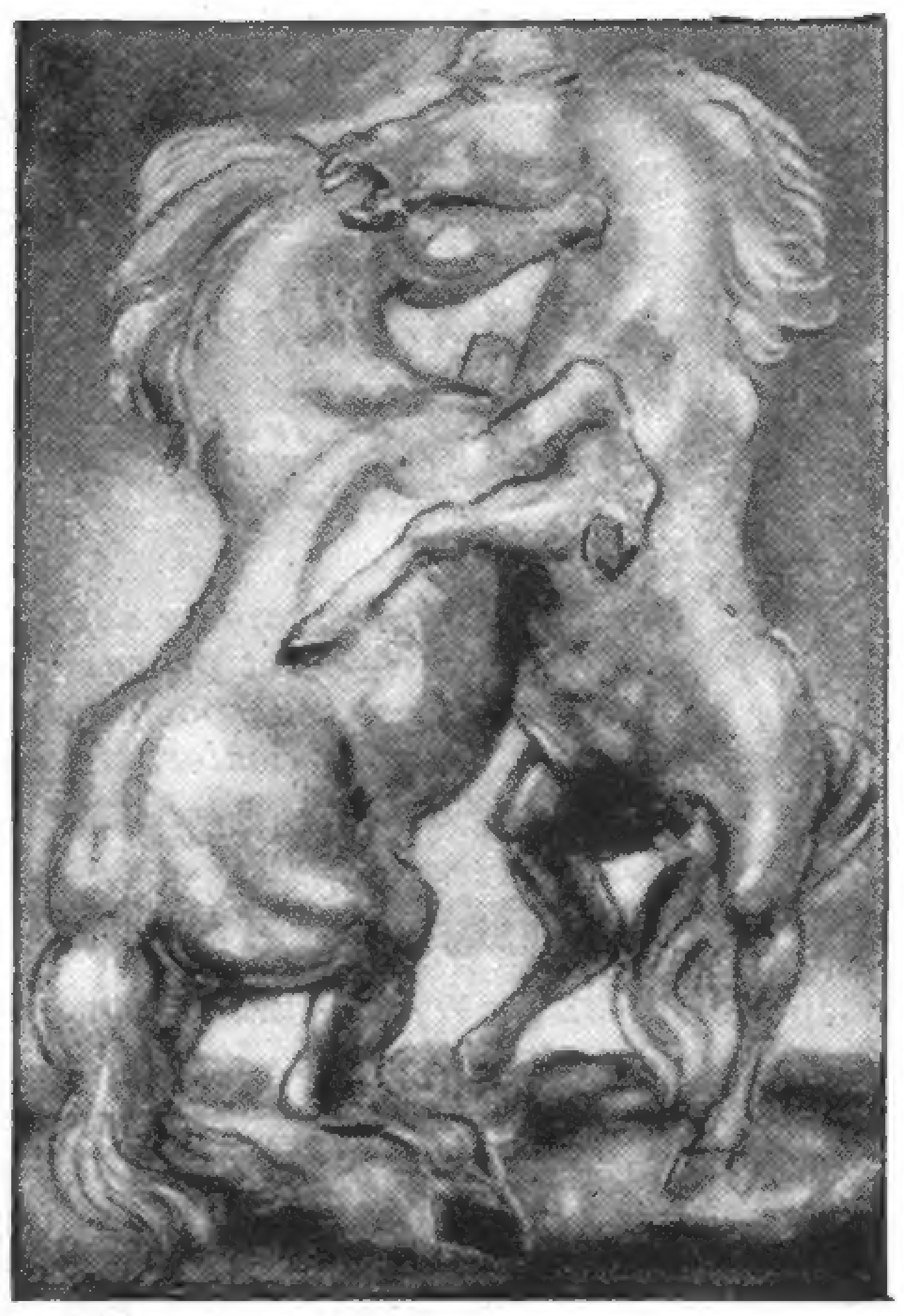

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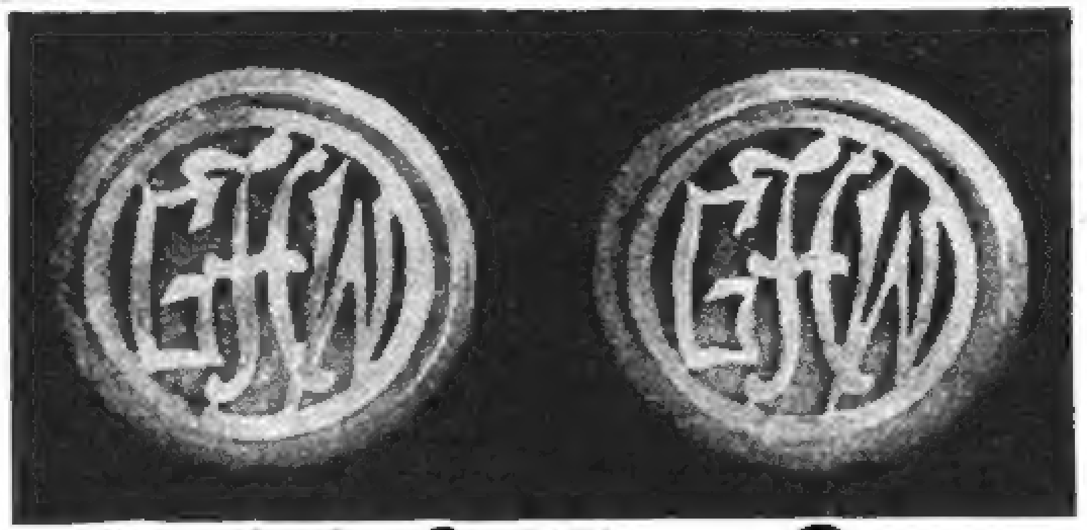

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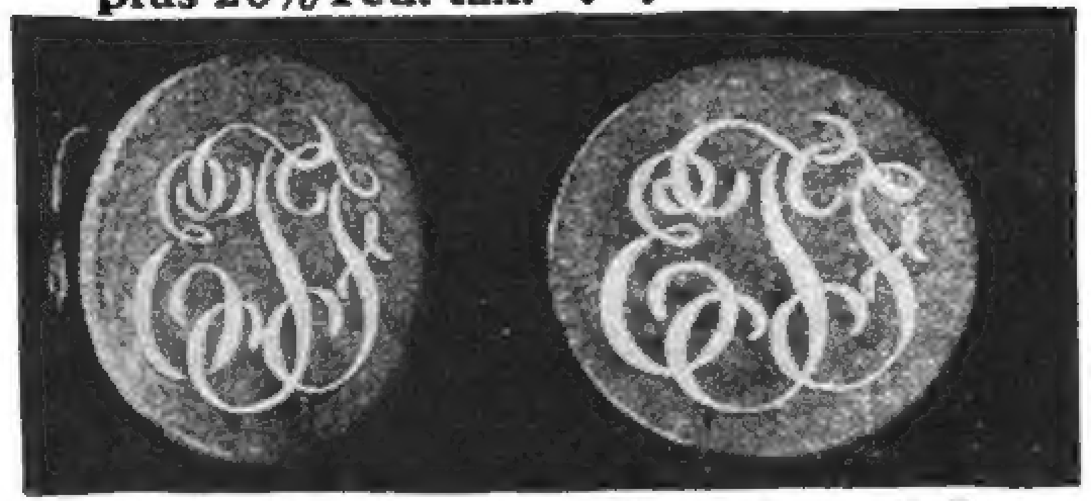

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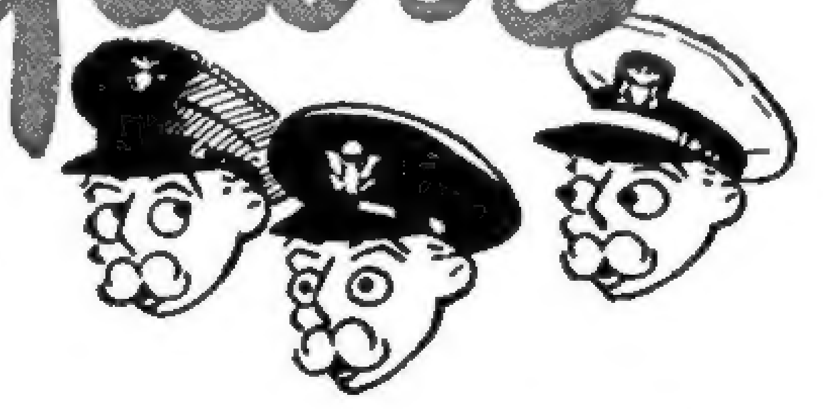
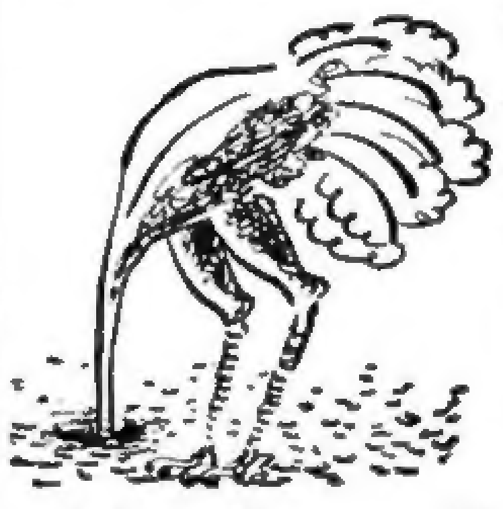


STRICTLY NON — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

"NAUTCHY BUT NICE". Gals love gifts from foreign lands. Here's a tip, fellows, it's usually smarter to buy your oriental stuff in the U. S., you're far less apt to get gypped. Frigsample: that nautch girl silver jewelry from India: there's a charm ring, the kind worn by Indian dancers, silver with 2 doz. small charms attached in the shape of sun, moon and stars. Also heavy silver bangle bracelets done in Indian motifs.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT". We continue to get requests for more Jap Jabbers, Nazi 'Nialators and what have you. Here goes: 1. The naval overseas knife has a 6-in. 2-edged blade of non-rust carbon chrome finish, steel in carrying case. 2. Combat knife used by landing crews has 8½-in. blade with heavy metal butt used as a back thrust in combat. The laminated leather handle carries a thong which wraps securely around the wrist. This knife comes in a heavy sheath with a compartment for sharpening stone. 3. "Ice skate" blade . . . a little nifty . . . 7 or 8-in. blade with runner which serves as a blood groove. 4. Swiss army knife . . . one of those 4-in-1 indispensables which combines a single Swiss steel blade, screw driver, leather punch and can opener.



PIN PETS. Want to buy something for a buck or so? How about a lapel pin made entirely of multicolored feathers and shaped to represent a butterfly, queen bee, ostrich, duck, angel fish or horse (sea or land). In girl talk . . . "terribly cute".

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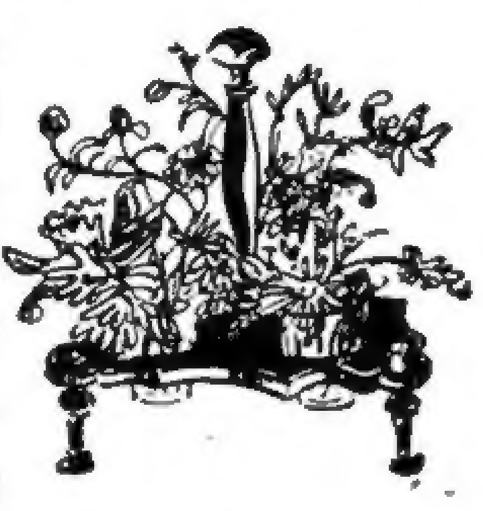
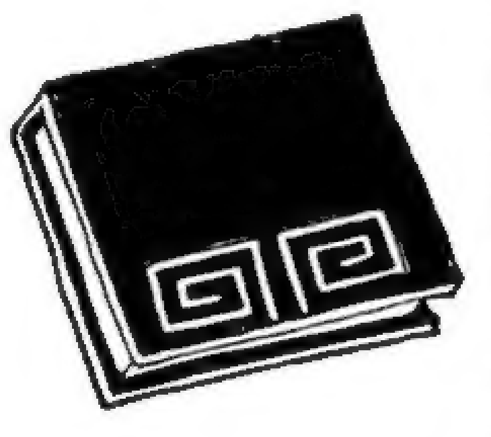


FLOWER HOLDERS. You may not be able to send her fresh flowers . . . but you *can* send an unusual flower holder. A charming old fashioned mahogany cruet stand is re-converted for flower or ivy arrangments. The 7" base holds 3 glass containers. Another quaint holder is a miniature of an old English library "step table". The top step conceals 3 glass tubes for flowers, the middle step is metal lined for tiny plants. In mahogany, and about 4" high.



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Jane Powell, starring in Charles R. Rogers production "Song of the Open Road" for United Artists

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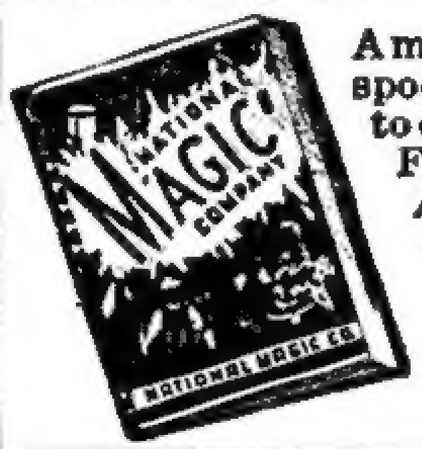

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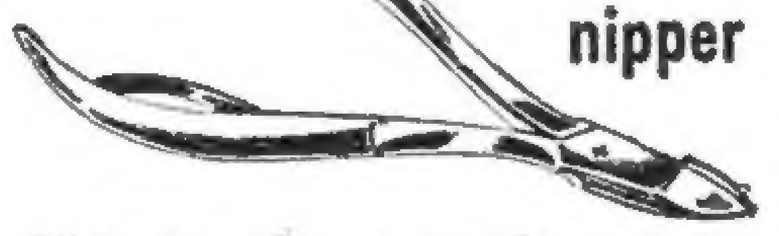

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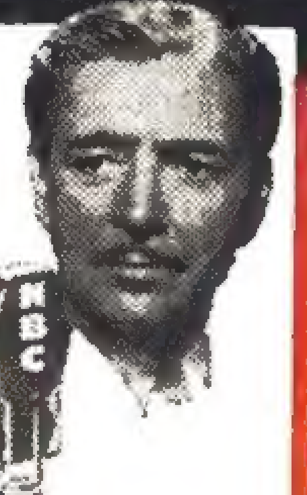

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

BEWARE OF SUNDAY PILOTS

We would like to tell James Wakefield Burke, not pilot, that the best way to exterminate the population of the U. S. would be to give everyone an airplane, one hour and fifty minutes' instruction, and a start on a cross-country flight from Memphis to Los Angeles.

It's a little relief to us, though, to find that flying is a "lead pipe cinch;" we were afraid that the wings on the chest of an Army combat pilot were won with a lot of sweat and skill and hard work. On the other hand, it does seem unnecessary to spend fifteen months and about twenty-seven thousand dollars to teach a thing so simple as airplane driving.

If Mr. Burke's post-war airfull of Sunday Flyers ever materializes, smart pilots will get the heck out of the air and start undertaking. . .

A/C Paul S. Howard
A/C Earl O. Dearmore
A/C Robert Murms
U. S. Army Air Forces
Lancaster, Cal.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE HISTORY OF THE SAXOPHONE

I was not a little surprised to read an article in Esquire written by Robert Goffin relating to the use of the saxophone in America.

He has his wires badly crossed, for in 1891 our little town in central Iowa was treated to a concert in which a saxophone quartet played a prominent part.

The little quartet was lead by a full-blooded Italian with the little E-flat saxophone, the other three used alto tenor and baritone as near as I can recollect. They alternated with valve instruments but the saxophone music appealed to the audience—it was so new. (I was a band man at the time.)

My dates are not mixed for I married the next year, 1892.

Respectfully,
Deary, Idaho W. H. Head

SHI SHI NEE

I have just read *The Flying Nightmare* in your May issue. I'm going to criticize this article, and I'm going to be justly tough; and I trust that my badinage will not be misunderstood; it is all in a friendly attitude towards Esquire, my favorite magazine, which I have read during my world travels. The articles and stories about "the hump" are of tremendous interest, not only to me but to millions of others, and I think we should have more of them,

BUT:

For heaven's sake, how does Gallico get off plastering so many inconsistencies high, wide and handsome!

1. Failure of the pilot to check his manifest for loading (and his C.G.) before take-off is inexcusable. 2. He dove down from 13,000 feet in an overcast to 3,000 in an area which I know literally to be full of 6,000 to 9,000 foot peaks—and lo! he missed them all. Incidentally, the lowest altitude in that area is approximately 4,500 feet. He was below rock bottom! 3. After doing a wing-over and heading *south* again he heads *east* to India. India has always been west of China. 4. Flies on instruments to cross the Naga Hills which extend to 13,800 feet and not 10,000 feet. 5. When one engine quits on a C-47 you don't get "hunches;" you automatically and irrevocably and immediately turn on the cross-feed *first*—if you know your business as a pilot. 6. He gives the impression of crossing the hump with a dead engine—and at 8,000 feet. The lowest portion of the hump on a straight line course from Kunming to Dinjan is 13,000 feet; on instruments you would fly at no less than 16,000 feet. 7. No competent Army captain would knowingly violate the T.O. not to take an Army ship aloft without parachutes for all on board, regardless of the reason; he would be subject to court-martial. 8. Finally, the Chinese word for thank you is, "Shi Shi nee," not She She.

Sincerely yours,
J. "Gen" Genovese
Evansville, Ind.

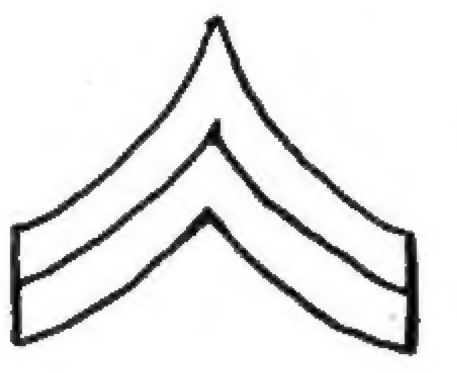
P. S.—Incidentally, I have flown this particular route "over the hump," completing 126 trips as Sr. Pilot for China National Airways, 1942—1943.

Another article in your May issue called *All God's Children Can Fly* sounds good. I think this man knows about he talks about.

Editor's Note: *In fairness to the author, we might say that art is long, but paper is short, and* The Flying Nightmare *had to be cut to the quick. Some of the omissions cited were in the original manuscript.*

VARGA GIRL OR HAND GRENADE

Just finished reading your March, '44, Esquire and want to make a few comments about that Naval lieutenant and that teletype printed in the front section. I'm only a corporal, but I think that Lt. James is full of baloney and ought to can that stuff. I feel pretty sorry for him or any other American who has no one to love him, no mother, no wife, nor sweetheart, and whose one love is a Varga girl whose picture he clutches in his hand while dying. Or maybe the Lt. believes he's not fighting for mother, home and country but for some unidentified Varga girl. May I respectfully suggest that the lieutenant send home for a picture of his mother, if no one else, of pocket size that he may carry with him. If it's not too much trouble. Varga girls, I understand, are run off on the printing press. A mother or wife or sweetheart isn't.



And then the lieutenant tells of some soldiers crying about strikes and strikers. Before I'd start crying useless tears, I'd look at both sides of this strike question, especially the Truman Congressional Investigating Committee Report minimizing the effect of the strikes where the newspapers had exaggerated their importance.

Lt. James is quite evidently expressing the opinion of the minority when he says he's fighting for the world he knew, the world of the past. The Esquire Sports Poll in the same March, '44, issue states that 80% of the sports editors believe military men will want large recreation halls and sports grounds at home like they had at camp. And they also supported a broad recreational program by 85%. Lieutenant, something new has been added.

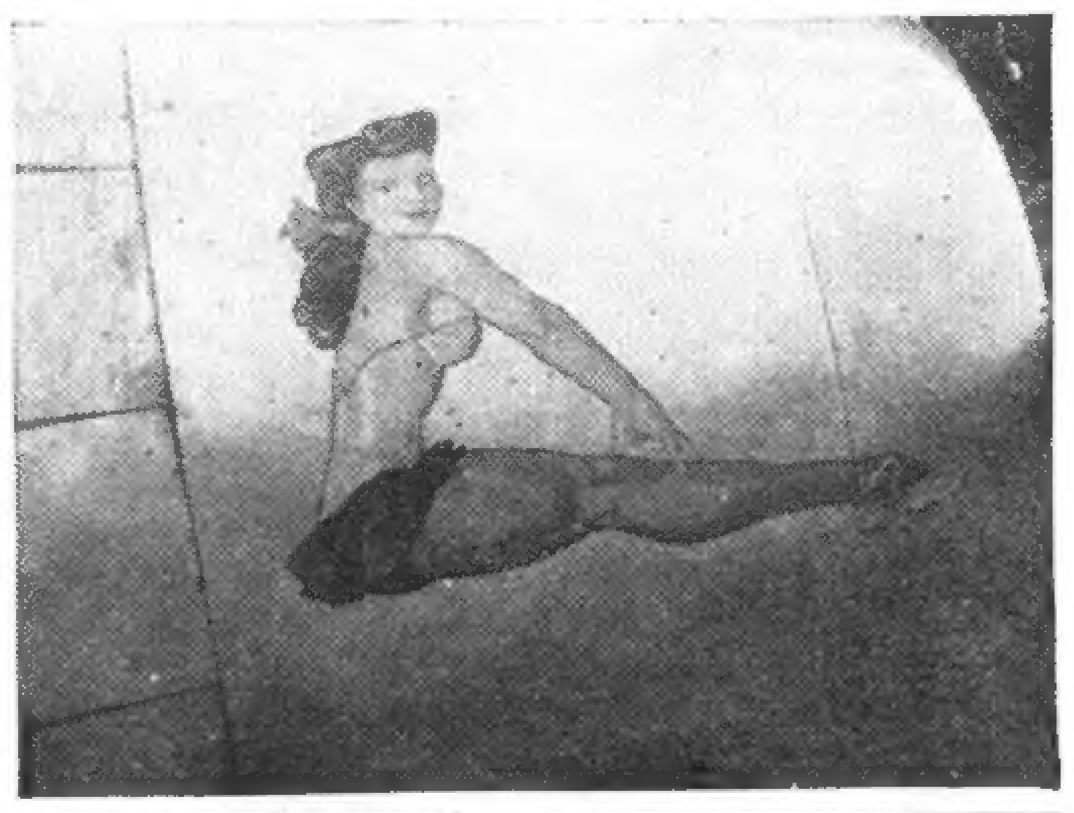
I think Esquire is lowering its standards when it prints stuff like that. I don't seriously believe Esquire would want American soldiers to die with a Varga girl in their hands, where a hand grenade or some other weapon should be.

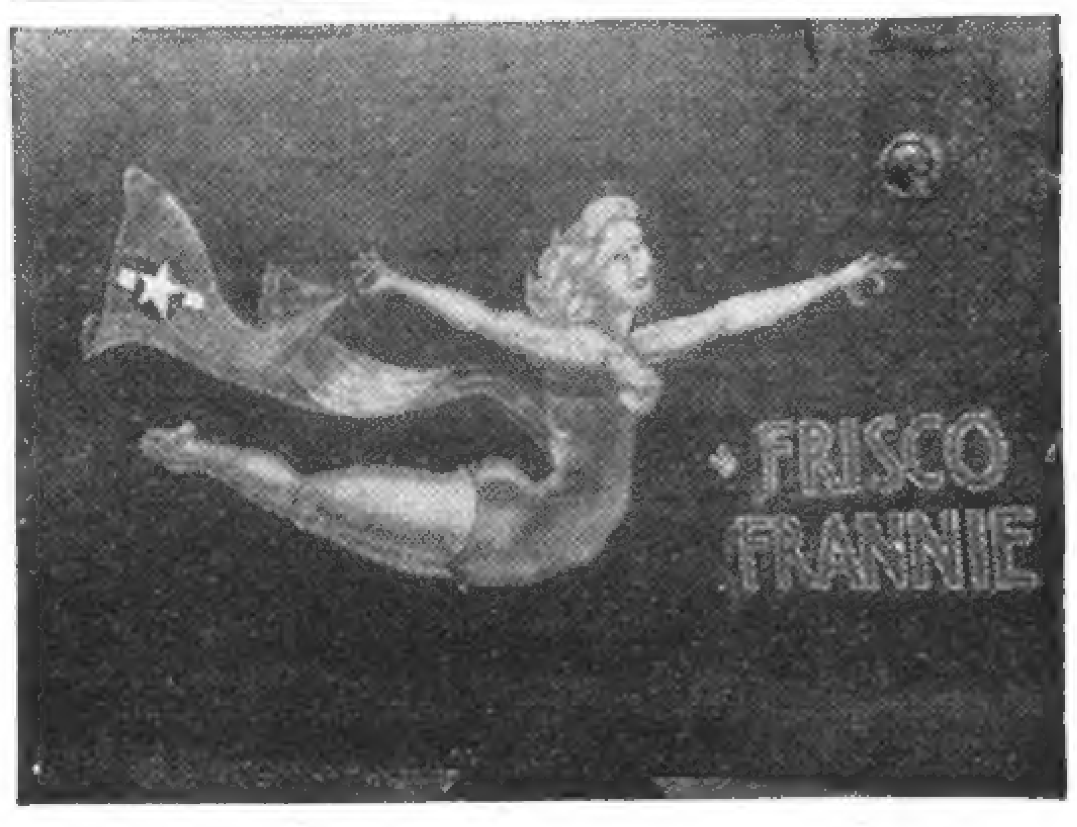
Sincerely yours,
Cpl. Norman H. Malakoff
Overseas

SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY

Naturally the world-wide interest in your case with the Postmaster General, concerning the revoking of second-class mailing privileges which Esquire now enjoys, is very evident in this theater of operations.

The boys are more amused than worried over your case. However, the possibility of Esquire along with other magazines losing their second-class mailing privilege is somewhat alarming to us boys "down under."





Recreation, reading material and news is limited in this theater due to circumstances beyond anyone's control. It is a real treat after a hard day "on the line," in the office, traveling dusty roads in this tropical climate, performing whatever the duty may be, to sit in your tent and completely relax with an Esquire. For all in one you find recreation, reading material and news.

A number of the boys in my outfit are subscribers to Esquire. Just the other day when December, '43, January and February issues arrived, the morale of this organization "jumped." Needless to say the issues are being passed around the camp with certain restrictions; namely, no "cutting or clipping," magazines to be returned intact.

If a vote were to be taken in this theater I'm quite certain that 95% or over would vote for Esquire.

Obscene? Absurd,

Sincerely yours,
Reuben E. Herr, Jr.
Overseas 1st Lieut., Air Corps

P. S.—I trust Mr. Varga will feel complimented rather than disturbed over these prints. I prefer not to mention the artist's name. These pictures appear on fighters and bombers.

FOR VALOUR

We think it is rather a pity that Esquire, in its article *Air Knights of the V.C.* in the new April issue, should have missed the name of Flight Sergeant A. L. Aaron, who was awarded the Victoria Cross on 5th November 1943, for conspicuous bravery on the night of 12th August 1943. Flight Sergeant Aaron, who was trained at this school, was the first (and we believe the only) member of the R.A.F. who received his training in the United States to be awarded this decoration.

Flight Sergeant Aaron subsequently died of the wounds he received during the action for which he was decorated: he was captain and pilot of a Stirling aircraft detailed to attack Turin on the night in question, and the official citation concludes with: "In appalling conditions he showed the greatest qualities of courage, determination and leadership and, though wounded and dying, he set an example of devotion to duty which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed."

M. W. Palmer,
R.A.F. Administrative Officer
Terrell, Texas

Editor's Note: *Arch Whitehouse, author of* Air Knights of the V.C., *has informed us that since his article was written, four more have been awarded the Victoria Cross. These are Flight Lieutenant William Ellis Newton, No. 22 Squadron, Royal Australian Air Force; Flying Officer L. A. Trigg, No. 200 Squadron, Royal New Zealand Air Force; Flight Sergeant A. L. Aaron, No. 218 Squadron, Royal Air Force and Flight Lieutenant William Reid, No. 61 Squadron, Royal Air Force.*

MUSIC IN THE MARSHALLS

Dear Charles Edward Smith:

I have just finished reading your article, *Collecting Hot: 1944*, and it really brought some sharp memories. I collect a little, but never miss any fine articles, such as yours. Just before I read your article, I received a letter from my girl, with the review of the concert and the photos from Esquire. It must have been a fine show.

At our rest base we have a pick-up speaker and about 40 records. Some of these records I tried to buy as a civilian and couldn't. Out here in the wilderness I hear 'em. That ain't all. While I was on the Marshalls the radios used to pick up broadcasts with some of the finest music possible. So I guess I can't complain.

Jerry T. Lublin
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

LAND OF THE SOMETIMES FREE

I read your article in the April issue of Esquire, about Manuel Martinez, the poor Mexican farmer, being given the medal awarded posthumously to his son for heroic conduct at Attu. And it made me mad. It made me so mad, I had to sit down and write this letter. Not because of anything in your article, but because it brought visions to my mind of the treatment this father would receive in the country for which his son gave his life so heroically. He gave his life in vain because for him and for the other Mexicans in our southwest, democracy does not exist.

I have lived in Texas for fifteen years and know for a Texan there is no kind of Mexican but a damn Mexican. The word is *used* as an insult. The Mexican is not served in many restaurants, cannot get his hair cut in so-called white barber shops, and is refused admittance to many amusement places. His children are segregated in schools and as a result, young Texans acquire an early prejudice. He is discriminated against economically, and the fact that he is a Mexican keeps him from getting many jobs for which he is qualified. All this happens in a free and democratic country, where every man is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. How can you foster good will and be good neighbors with a people whom you slap in the face and treat as inferiors?

Stanley Miller, Sp. M 1/c.
Miami, Florida

Somehow the talk got around to Manhattans

There were the cherries—big, red, luscious ones, too. And the rose bed was handy.

Putting two and two together, it was the most natural thing in the world to think of Manhattans made with Four Roses.

So—well, what would *you* have done?

Just what *they* did, we imagine. For, once you've sipped a gloriously flavorful Four Roses Manhattan, it's hard to recall that pleasant memory without wanting to renew it!

How to make the world's finest Manhattan:

Take one part sweet vermouth and two parts Four Roses Whiskey. Add dash of Bitters. Stir well with cracked ice (don't shake), strain, and serve with cherry.

If your dealer should happen to be out of Four Roses when you ask for it, please be patient and try again. He'll have more—soon.

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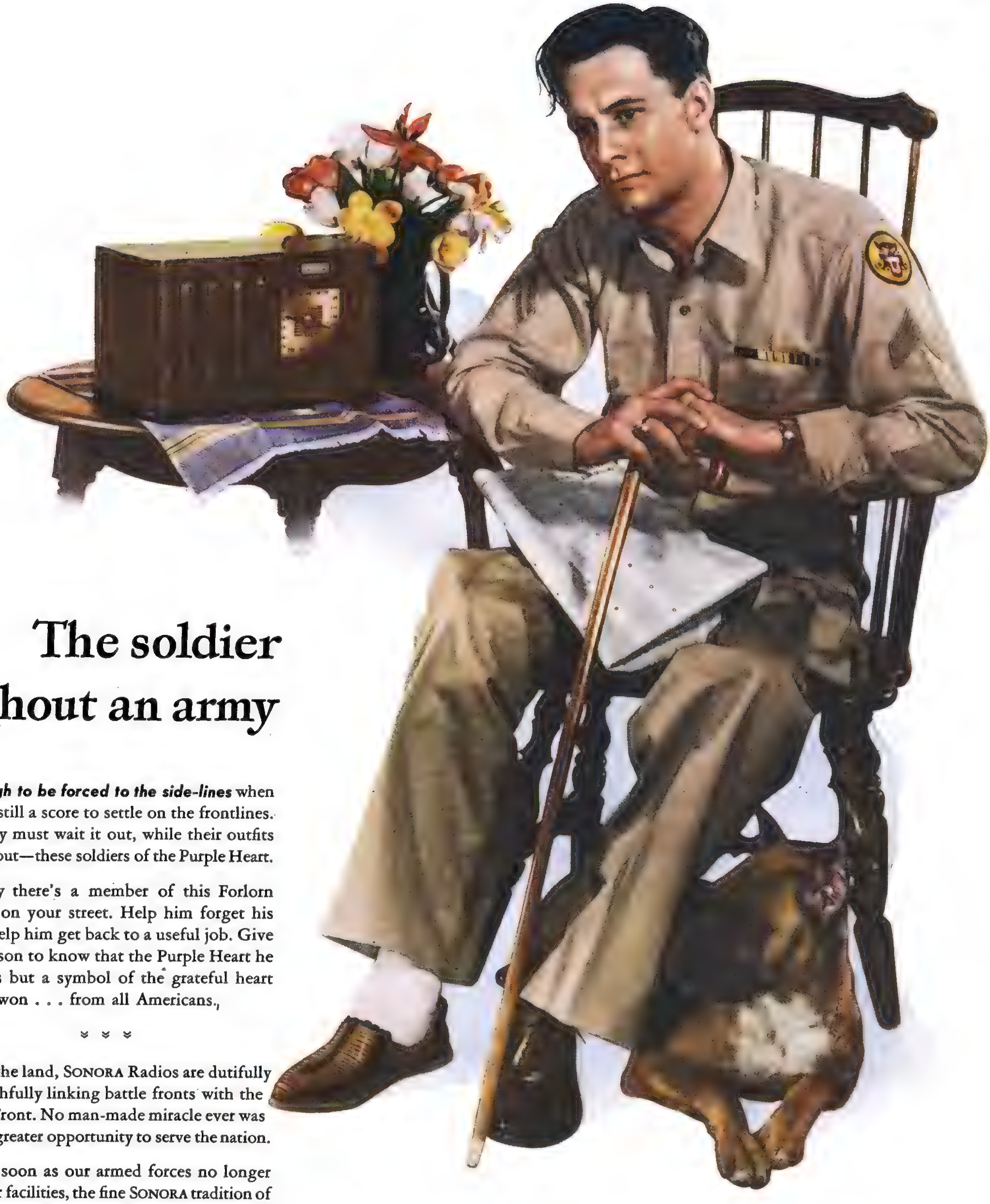

The soldier without an army

It's tough to be forced to the side-lines when there's still a score to settle on the frontlines. But they must wait it out, while their outfits fight it out—these soldiers of the Purple Heart.

Possibly there's a member of this Forlorn Legion on your street. Help him forget his pain. Help him get back to a useful job. Give him reason to know that the Purple Heart he wears is but a symbol of the grateful heart he has won . . . from all Americans.

* * *

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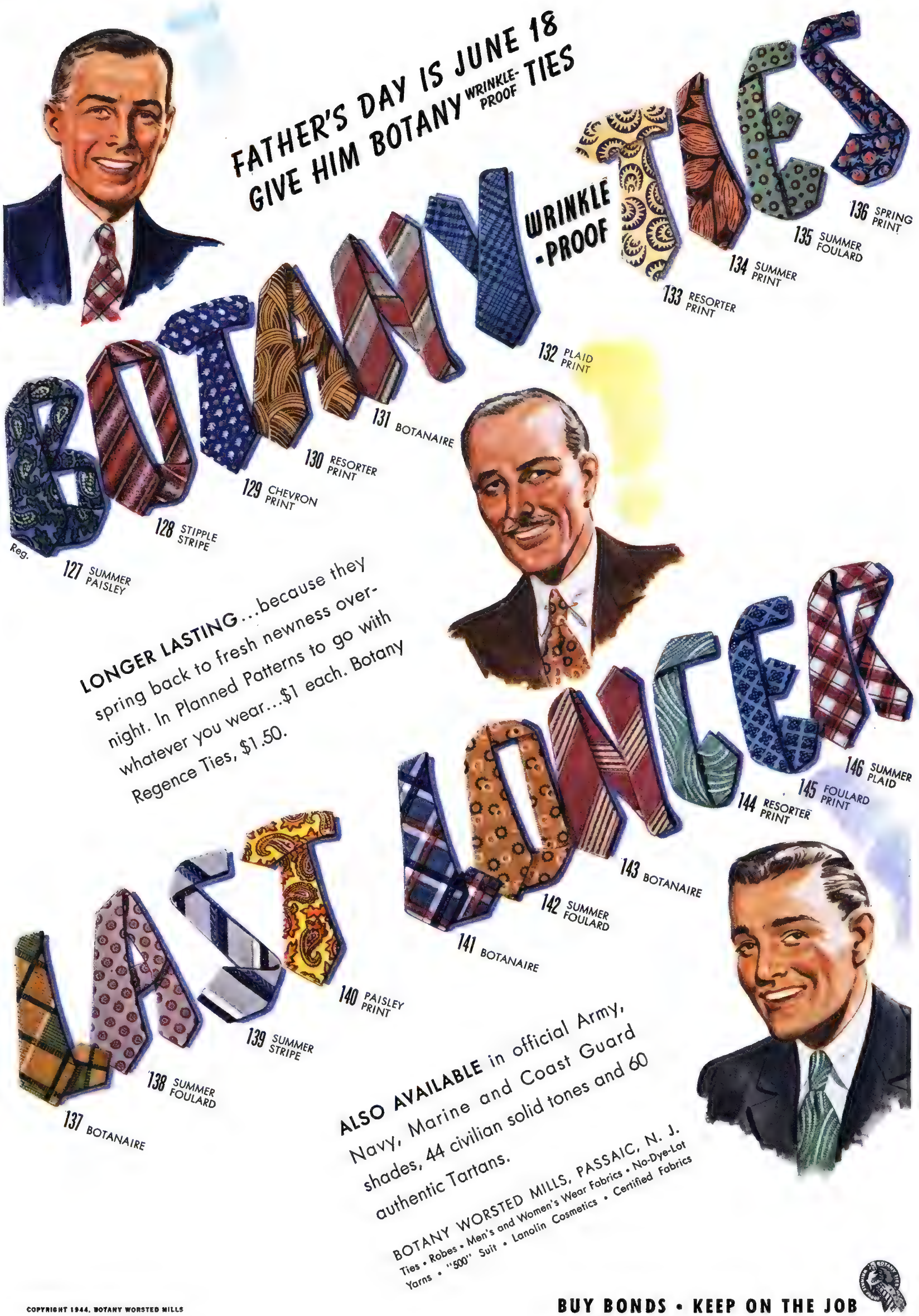
GIVE HIM BOTANY WRINKLE-PROOF TIES



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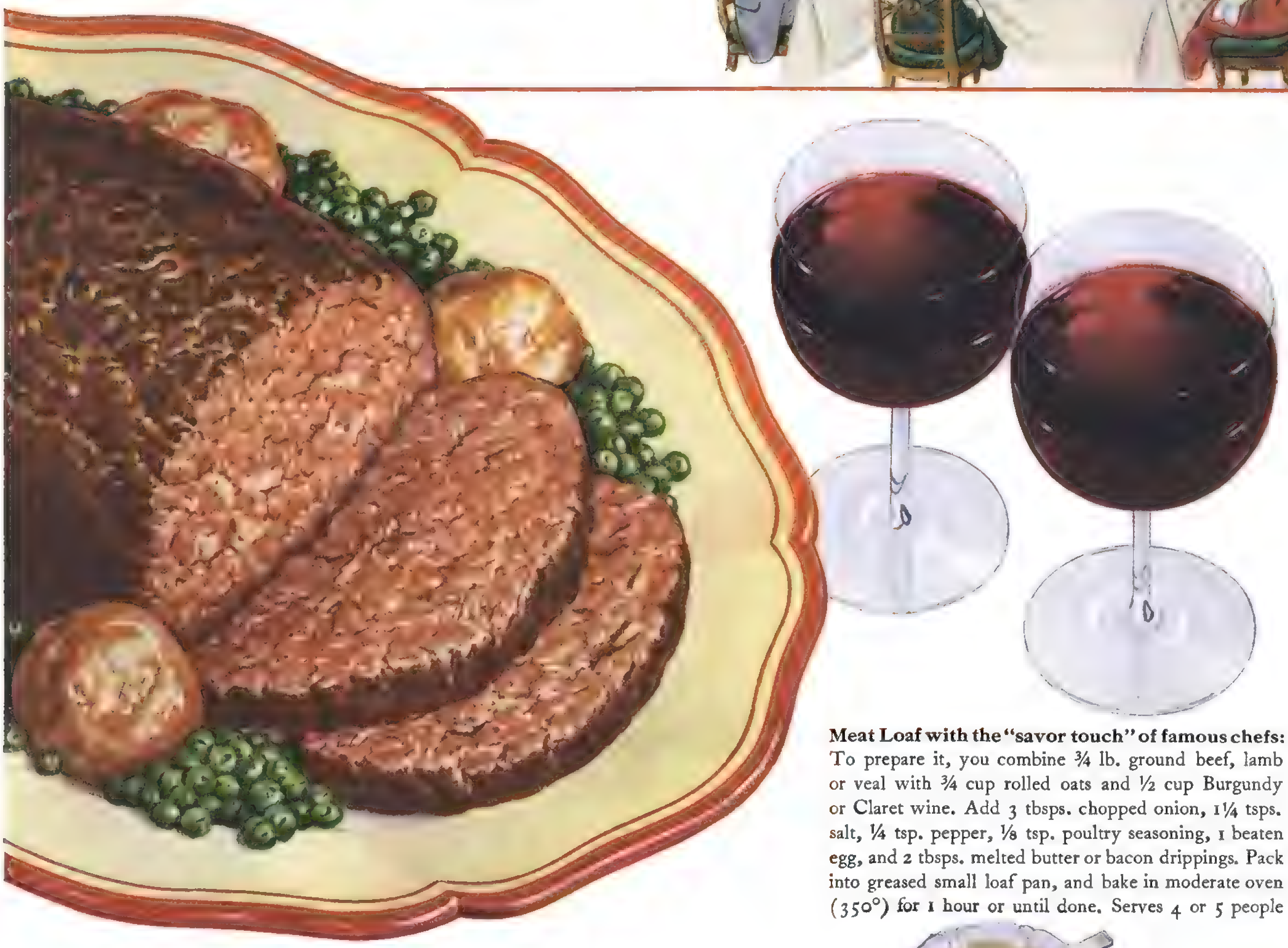
BUY BONDS • KEEP ON THE JOB

The company of friends means a lot these days, so have folks over to dinner often. You can do it by serving simple dishes made brighter with glasses of moderate wine



Meat Loaf with the "savor touch" of famous chefs: To prepare it, you combine ¾ lb. ground beef, lamb or veal with ¾ cup rolled oats and ½ cup Burgundy or Claret wine. Add 3 tbsps. chopped onion, 1¼ tsps. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, ⅛ tsp. poultry seasoning, 1 beaten egg, and 2 tbsps. melted butter or bacon drippings. Pack into greased small loaf pan, and bake in moderate oven (350°) for 1 hour or until done. Serves 4 or 5 people

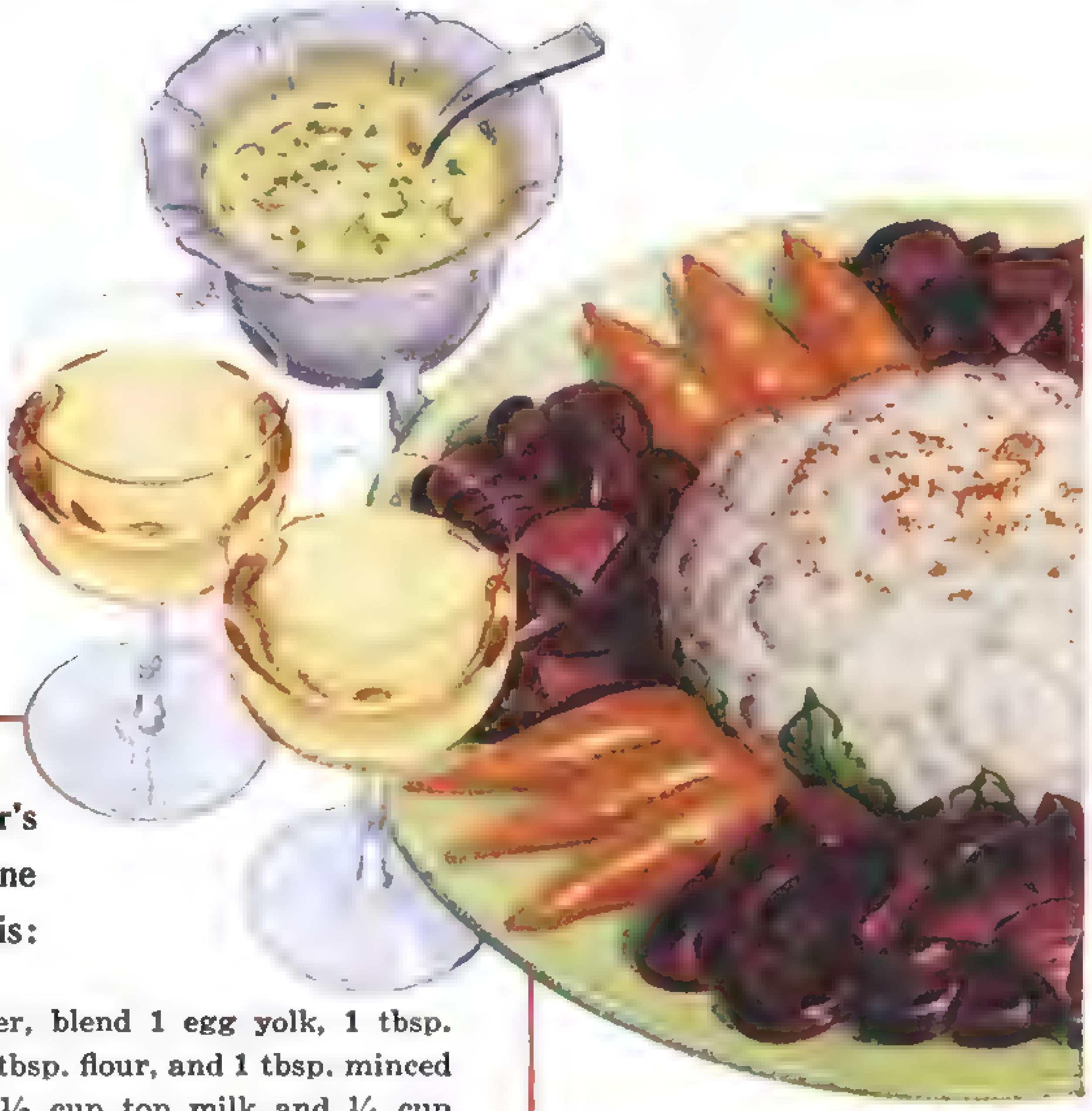
Yes, WINE does things for plain war foods

DON'T GIVE UP your friends! Keep on having them over to your house. Remember—it's good company, not party food, that makes a dinner!

These days, even simple meat loaf is a welcome company dish. And if you'll make your meat loaf with a little red table wine, you'll find it becomes *banquet fare.*

It's that way with other wartime dishes, too. With a touch of wine in the cooking, you can glorify the flavor of the plainest food. Then, if glasses of the same wine appear at the table, both good fellowship and appetite are rewarded.

We wine growers have a booklet on wine cookery that's full of wartime recipes we think you'll like. Write us for your free copy. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.



Hot vegetable platter's a treat with white wine sauce—made like this:

In top of double boiler, blend 1 egg yolk, 1 tbsp. melted butter or oil, 1 tbsp. flour, and 1 tbsp. minced green onion. Stir in ½ cup top milk and ¼ cup vegetable water. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring, about 5 minutes or until thickened. Add 3 tbsps. Sauterne or Rhine Wine. Salt and pepper to taste. Makes about 1 cup, serving 4 or 5. Serve sauce hot in separate bowl, the vegetables on a large platter

• May we also suggest Sherry before the meal? Or Port or Muscatel with dessert? You'll find when you try them that these appetizer and dessert wines, as well as the table wines, add a great deal to mealtime pleasure

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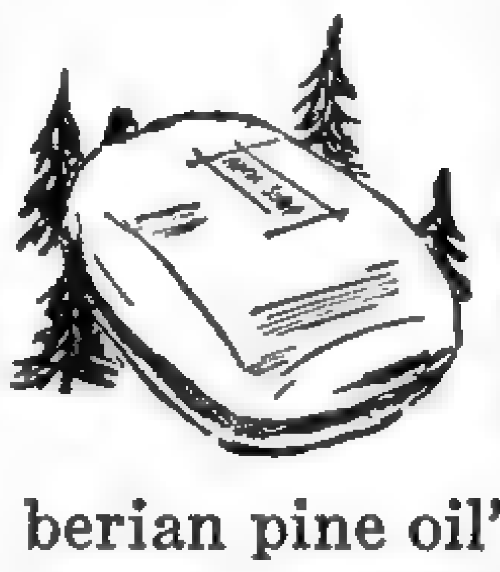
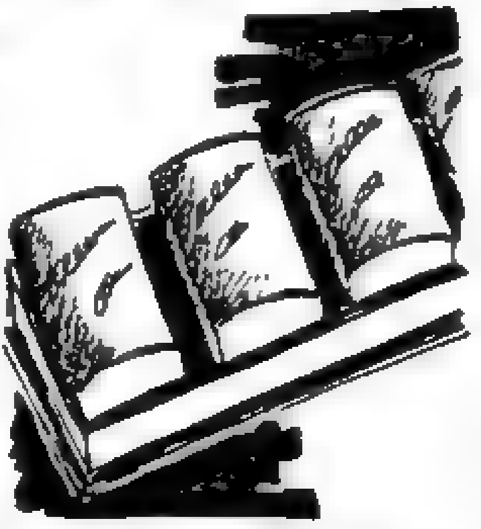
Talking Shop with Esquire

SOAP SPECIES. Soap, nowadays, can't be passed off lightly as something merely to aid ablutions. It has style, novel shape, fancy fragrance. And furthermore, is no longer of neuter gender. It now has SEX. There are masculine soaps, for men only; there are feminine fripperies for the ladies. We'll begin on the male species.

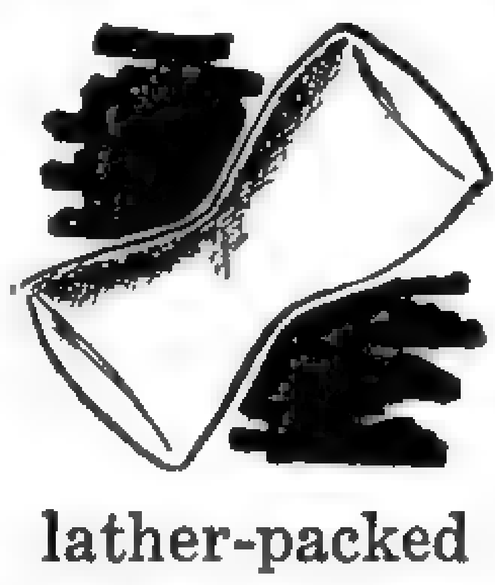
SPECIFICALLY SCENTED. Your bath and toilet soaps can now be as varied in scent as your shaving lotions. We quote a blurb from a famous soaperie: "bath superbe...a man's soap . . . forest fresh with fine Siberian pine oil". Think of it, fellows, no *ordinary* pine, this, but *Russian* pine yet! Same firm puts out a wonderful sandalwood scent, slightly on the exotic side, and a clean-cut carnation odor that's a dilly. These soaps have a creamy velvety lather that's unsurpassed. Always popular is early American old spice soap, decisively refreshing, skillfully blended. And elected by connoisseurs, "Tweed" . . . a companion piece to shaving equipment in the same odor.



AGGRESSIVELY MASCULINE. Definitely "butch" is a new rough-cut soap, rugged as to shape, giant-like in size (each cake 10 oz.) profuse as to lather. Or an English type soap bar shaped like a jelly roll, faintly scented with verbena. Easy to manipulate. Or that perennial favorite of gentlemen of taste . . . "Old English Lavender", purportedly the personal soap of British monarchs.



INGENIOUSLY SHAPED is a new "fit the hand" shower bar, the soap with the non-slip grip. As easy to grab as a maiden's waist, similarly nipped in the middle. Truly in a class by itself. Almond scented. Another lather-packed brand has squared off edges, smooth top and concave bottom for easy grasping. The fresh tang of pine woods abides in each of these.



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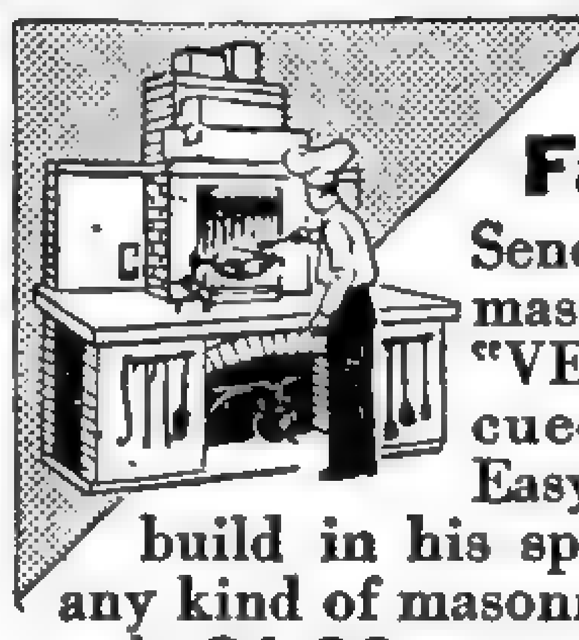

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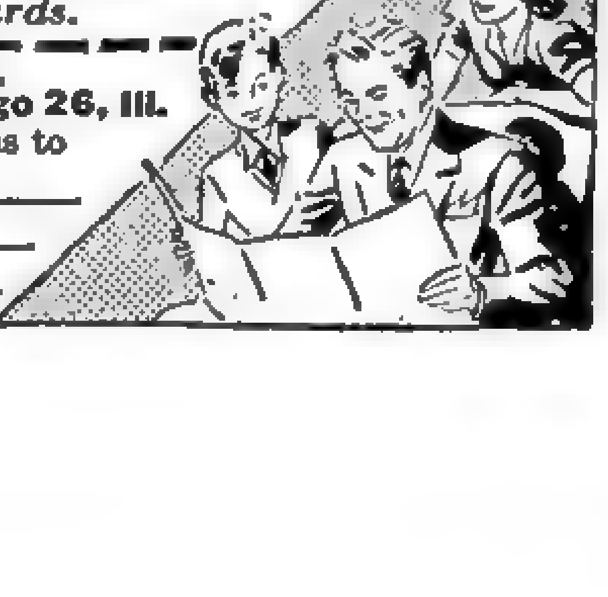

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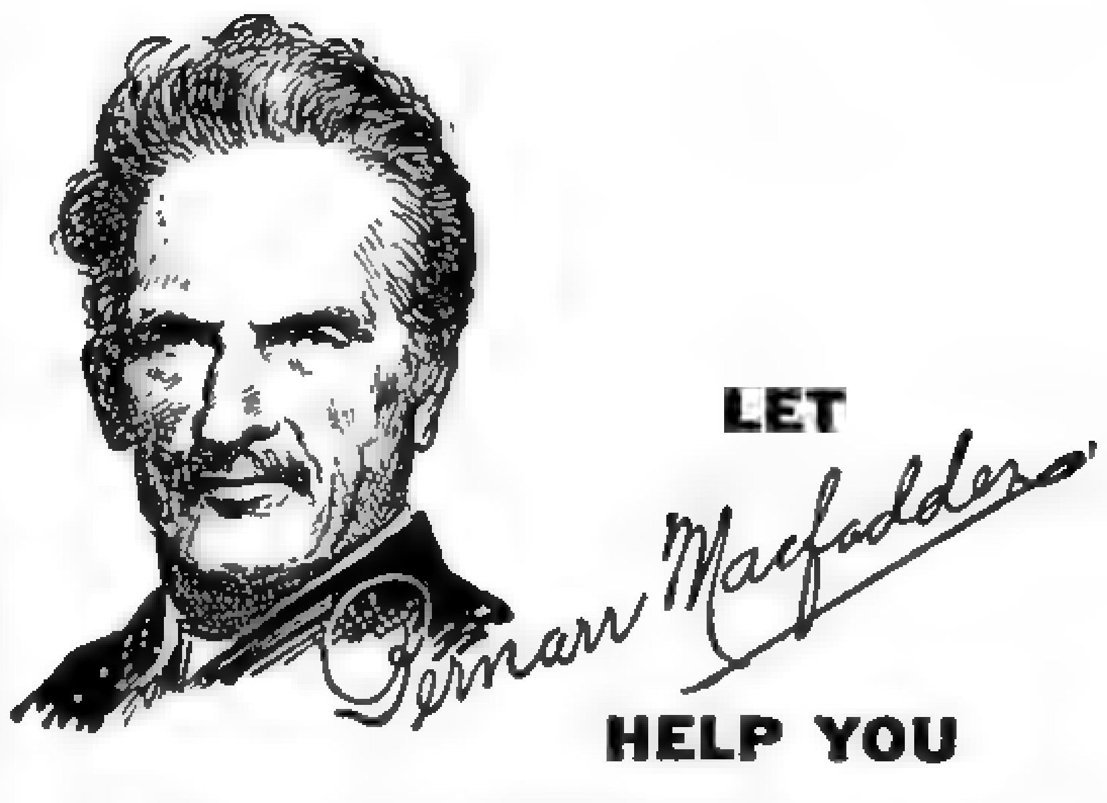

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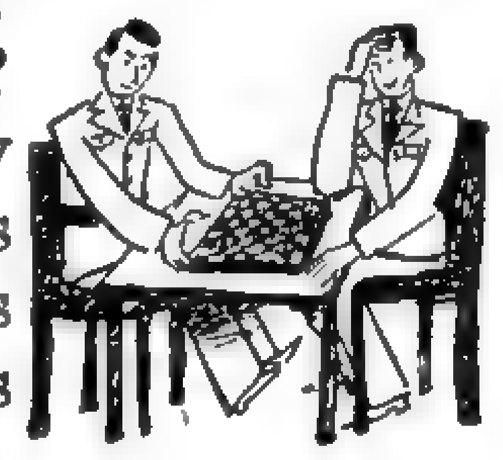

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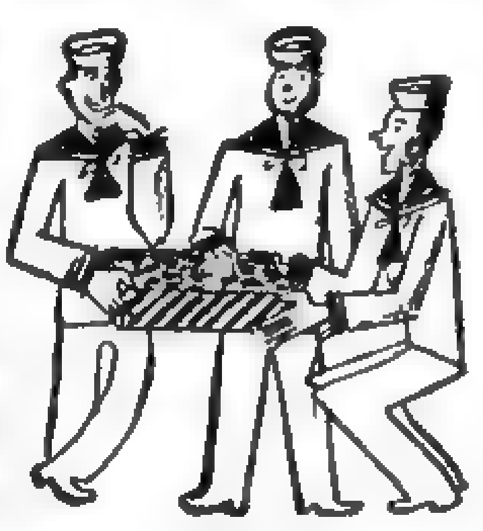

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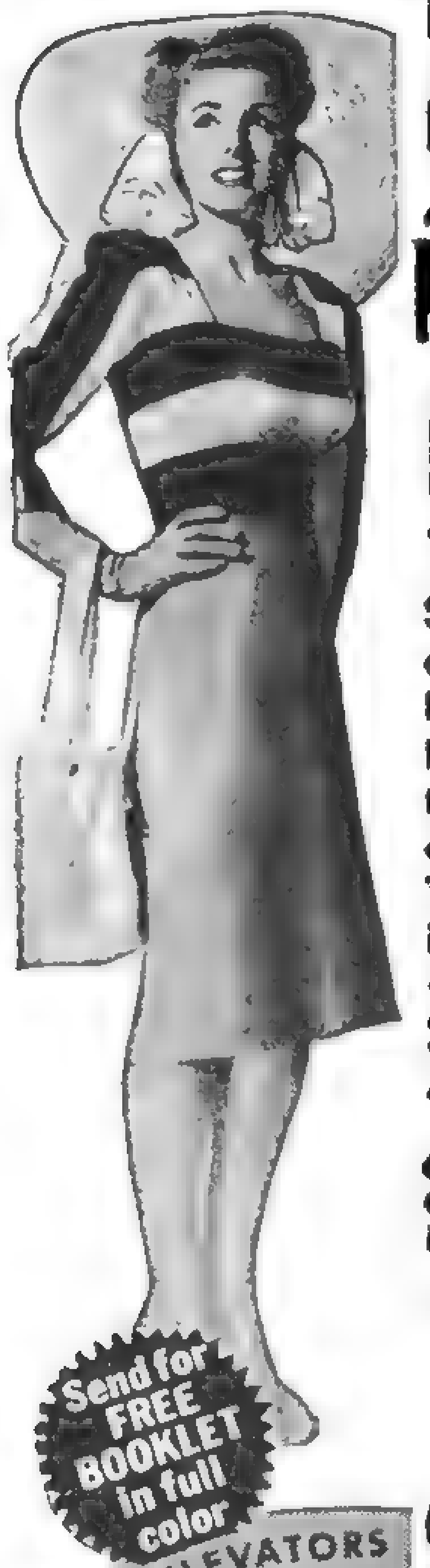

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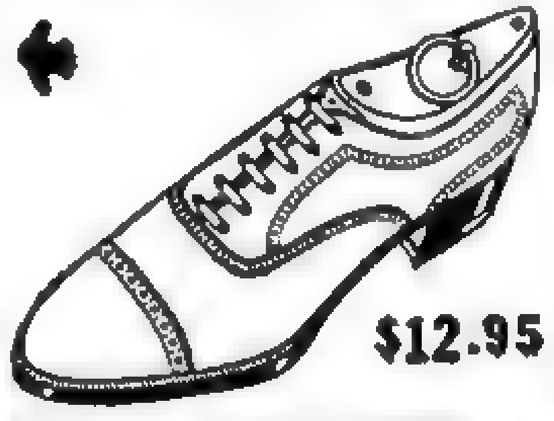

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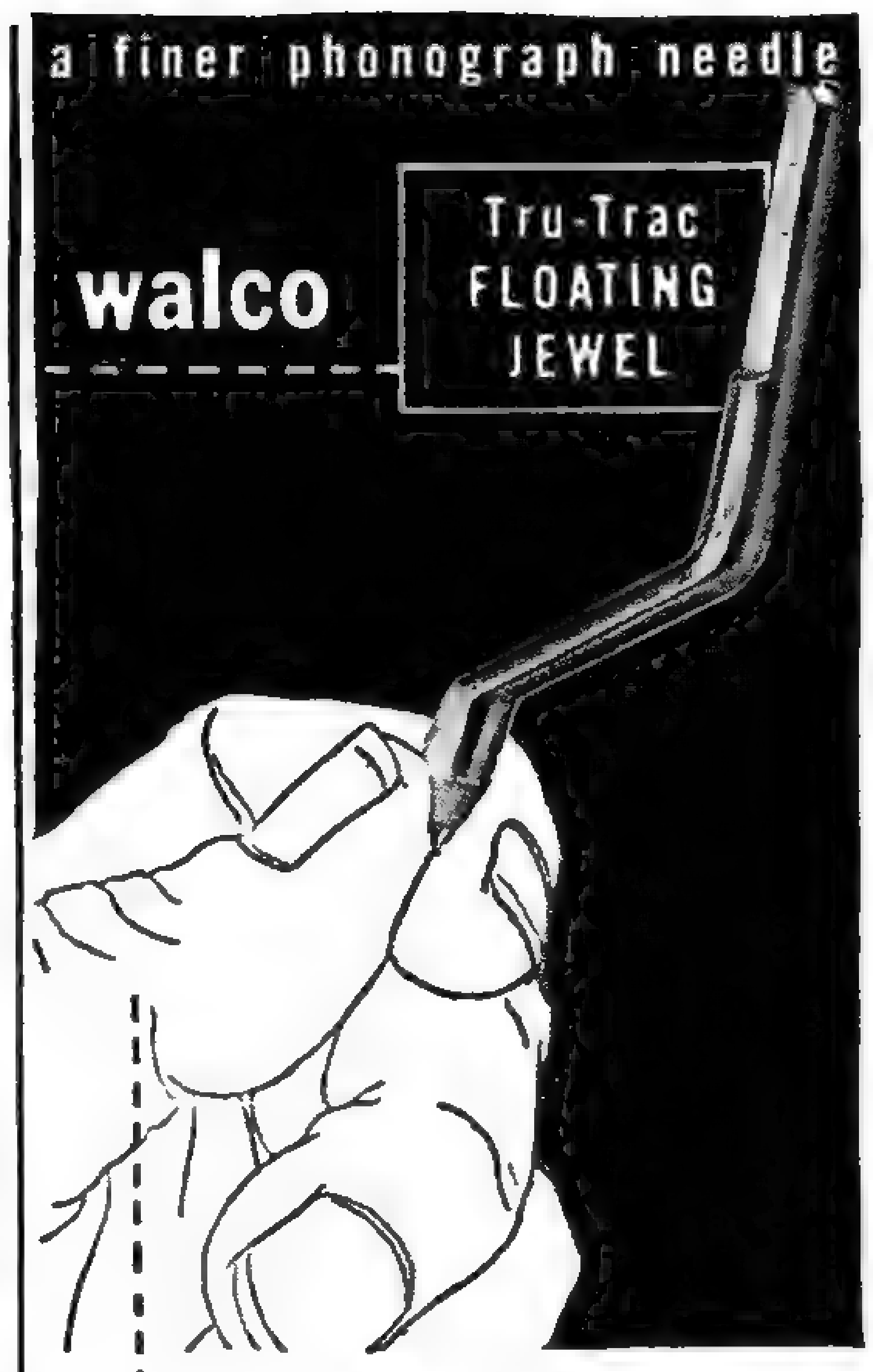

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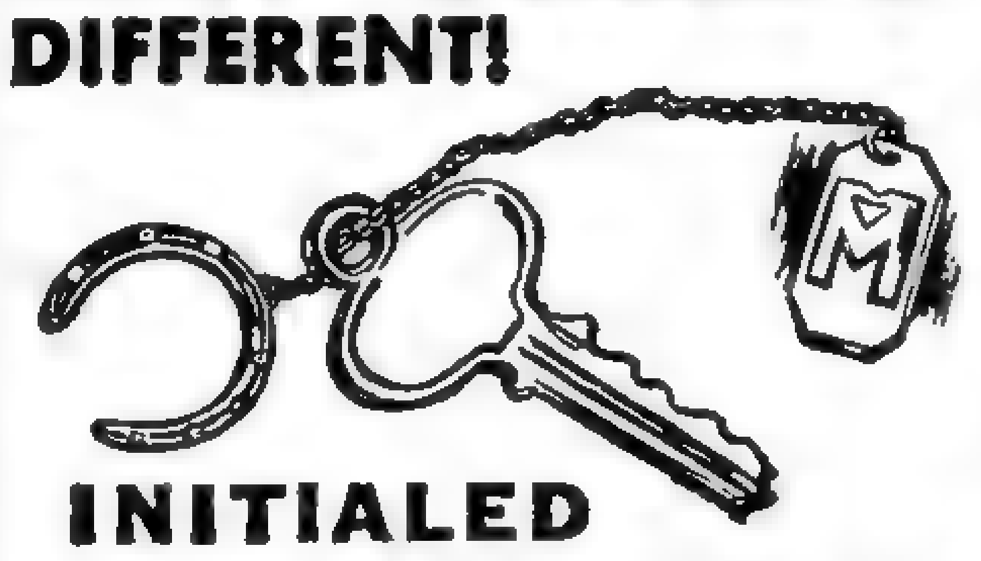

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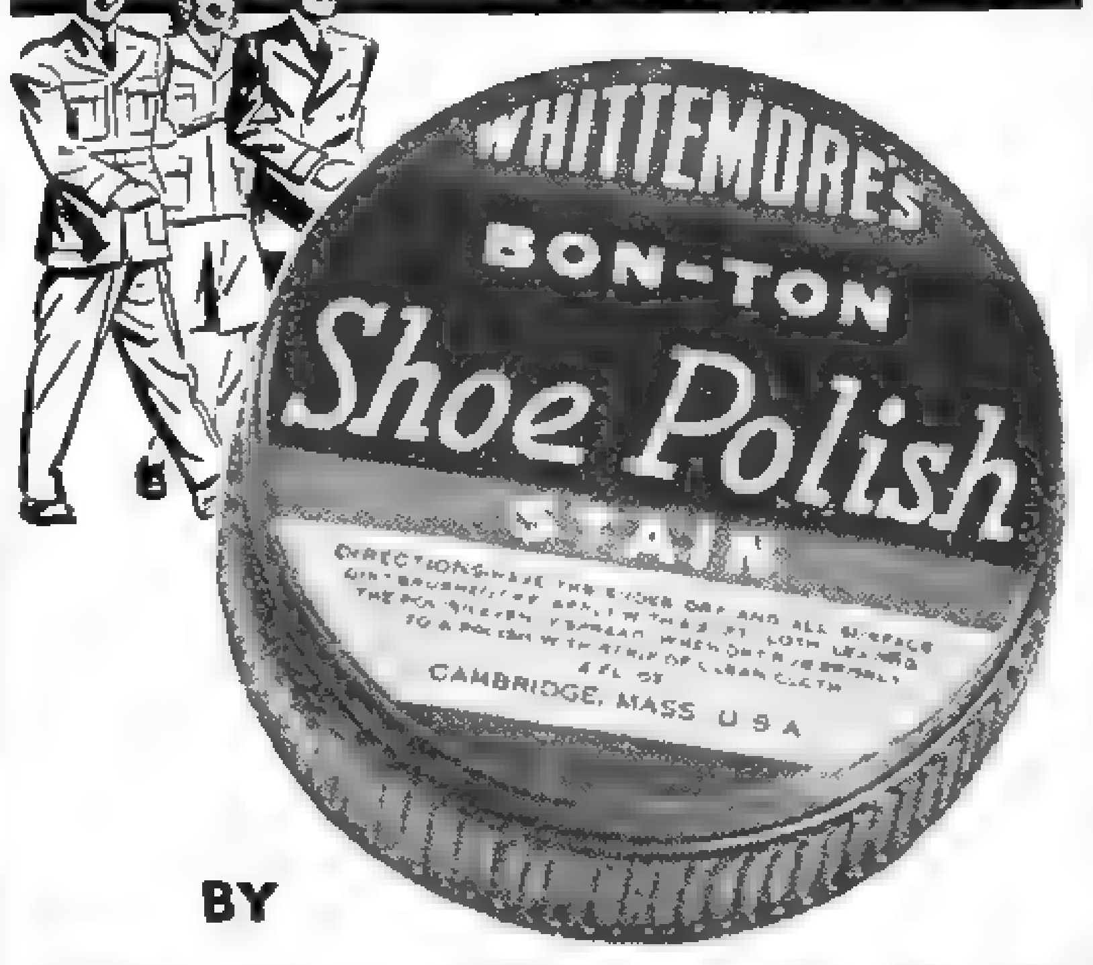

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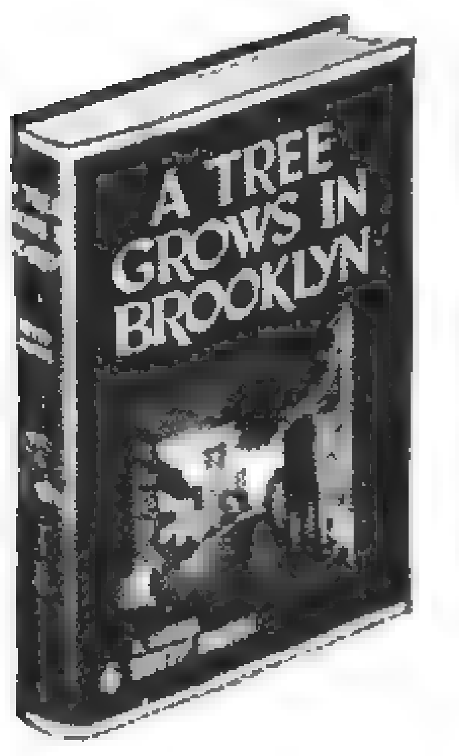

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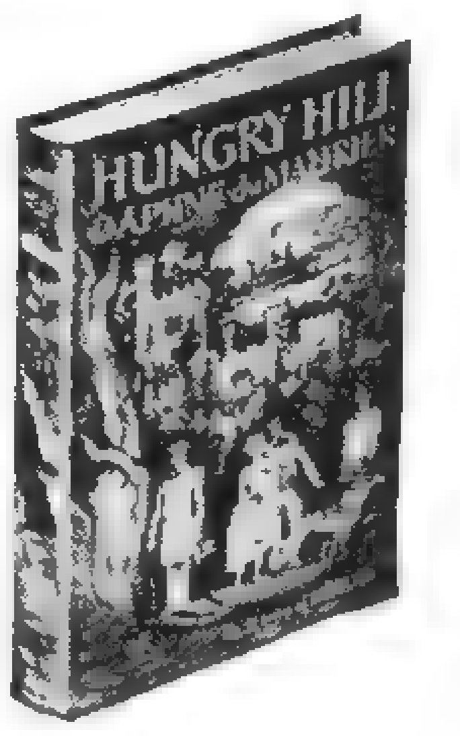

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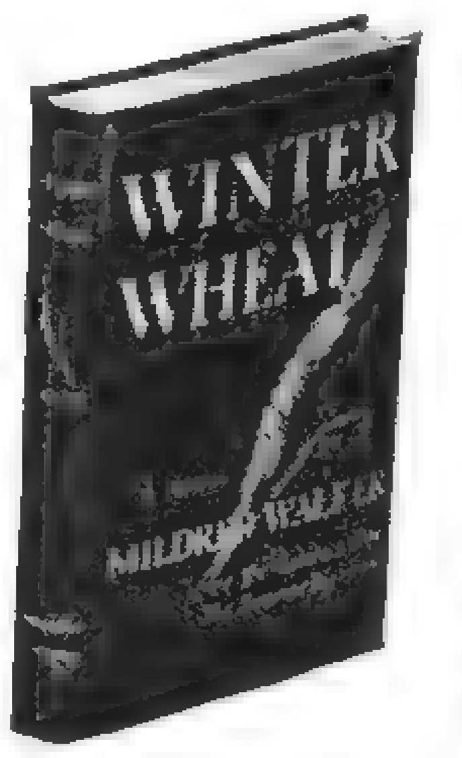

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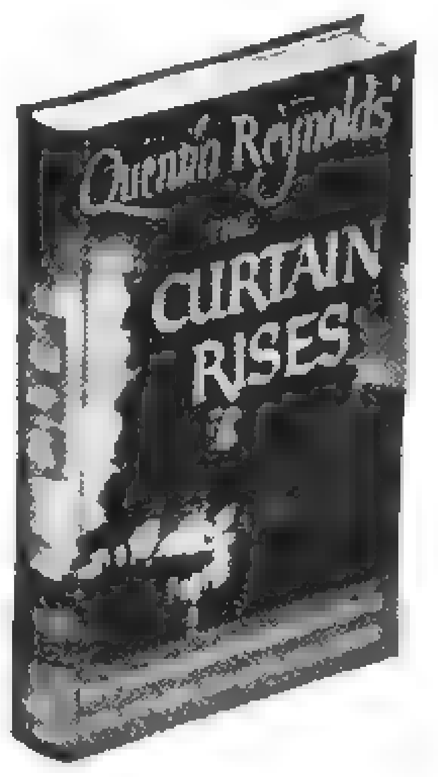

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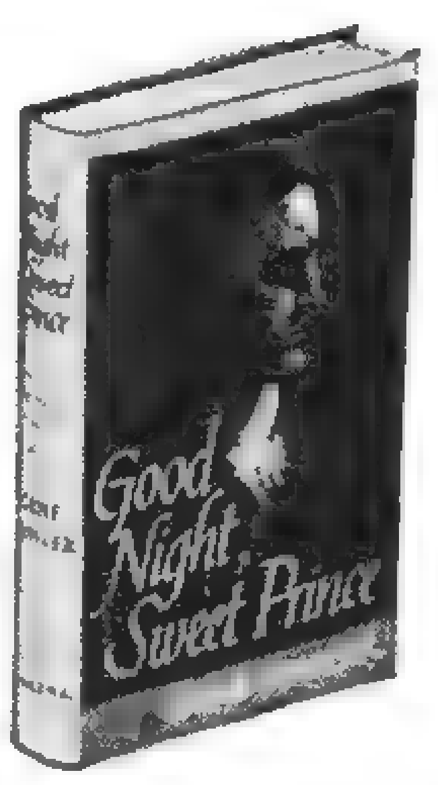

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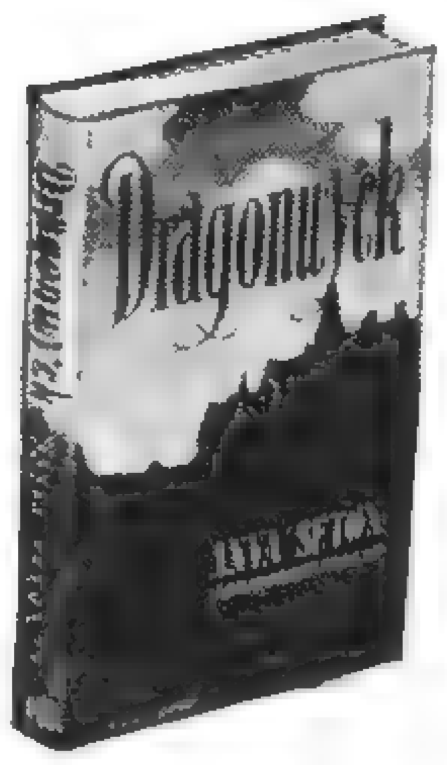

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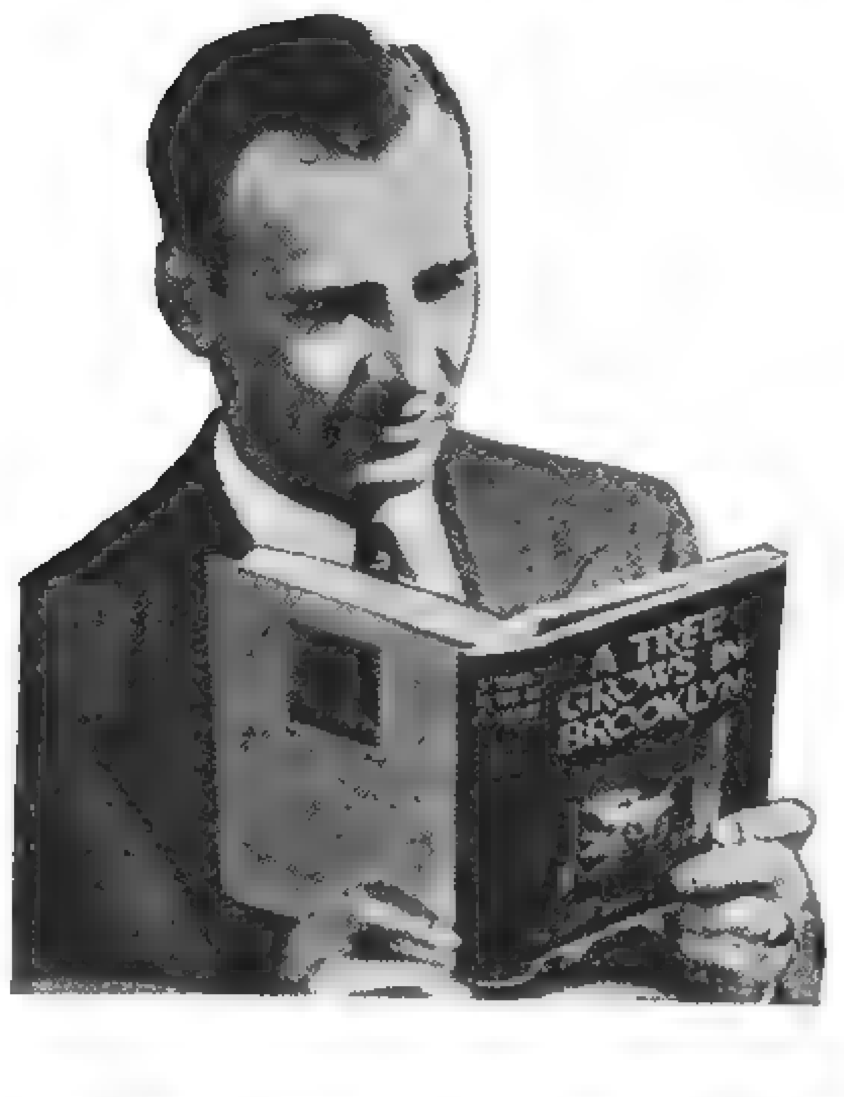

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Guild books are chosen for you with your reading enjoyment always the first consideration. If it's distinctive entertainment you want—the books that climb quickly to the top of the best-seller lists, that have all the public talking, and that win high acclaim from the critics—you'll find that kind of entertainment in Guild selections. As proof, look again at the typical books offered Guild members.

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As a Guild member you receive FREE each month the famous Guild magazine "WINGS", which contains illustrated articles about the current selection and its author and includes a special contribution by the author. "Wings" is sent to subscribers one month in advance so that it describes the book selected for the following month. If you feel you do not want to examine the book, merely return the accompanying form, which notifies the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you let it come automatically for your approval. "Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it keeps you informed of new publications by reviewing about 30 other new books.

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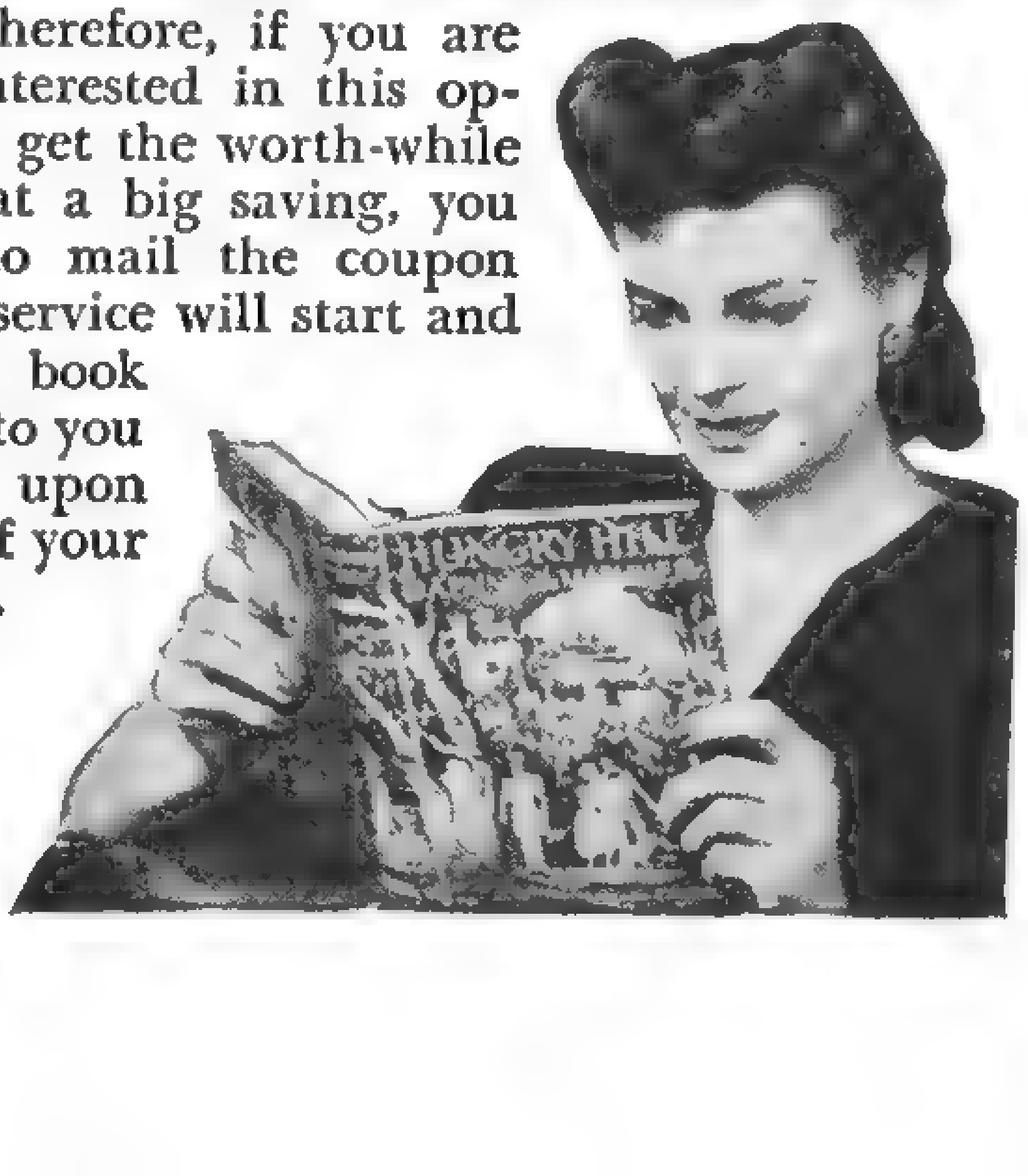
Under present restricted conditions, we are compelled to limit the number of copies of each monthly selection according to the amount of paper actually assigned to us. When this quota is filled, we will have to withdraw further invitations to new members. Therefore, if you are genuinely interested in this opportunity to get the worth-while new books at a big saving, you are urged to mail the coupon now. Guild service will start and your FREE book will be sent to you immediately upon acceptance of your membership.



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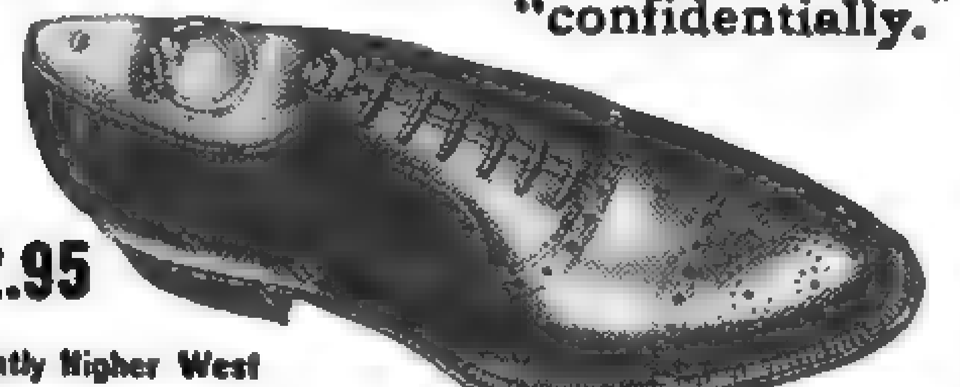

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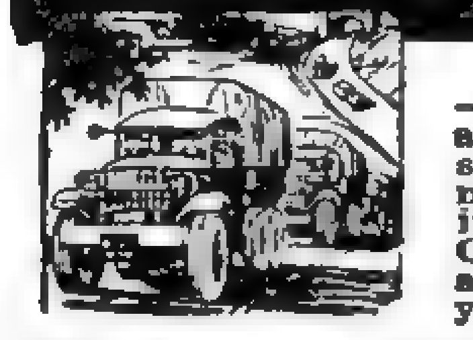

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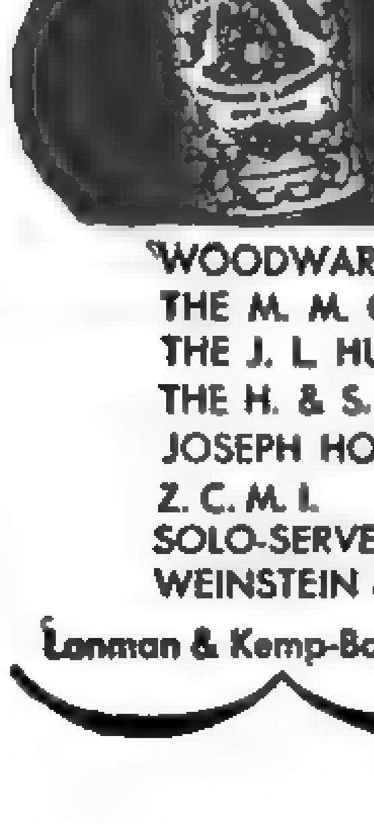

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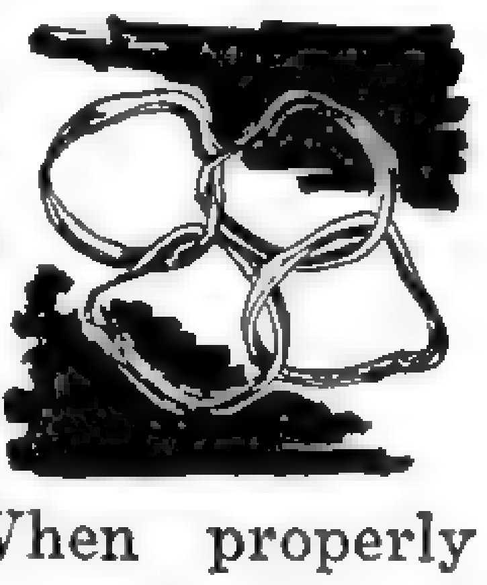
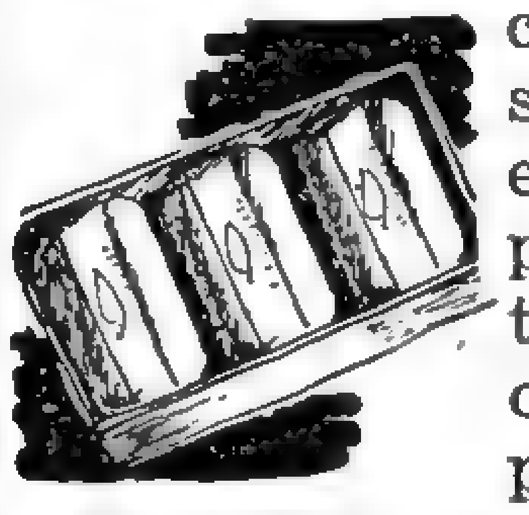
Talking Shop with Esquire

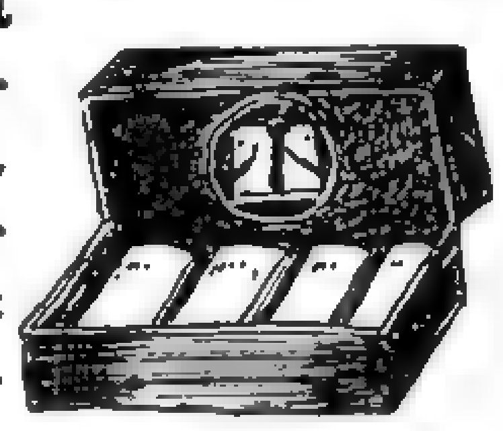
FATHERS' DAY comes up in June, as usual. If Dad fancies himself an amateur magician, give him one of the new, baffling Chinese puzzle rings composed of 4 narrow jangling bands which require some figuring to put together. When properly joined, they form a stunning 14 kt. gold ring. Another trick gift is the mystic link key ring, a gold plated chain with a tag for initial or insignia at one end and a horse shoe at the other. The catch comes when trying to figure how the keys slip on the ring.



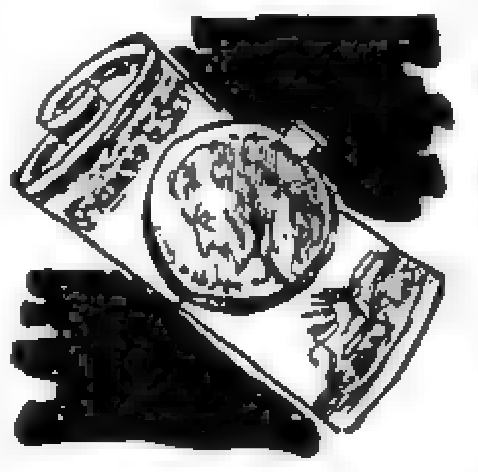
SPECIALIZED SOAPS. There are also soaps designed for different types of skin. Oily skinned gents can use an emulsion soap with extra cleansing power . . . a veritable balm to overly shiny complexions. Dry, scaly skins should use superfatted cream soap, extra mild and soothing to the most finicky hides. In answer to a cry from Sea Dogs, comes special salt water soap which works up a lather in Atlantic or Pacific waters. Comes in a special steel zinc-plated box made for shipping to outland points.



GIFT PACKAGED. Designed to make laving a luxurious thing is a box of blue-hued soap molded in the form of a shield, and emblazoned with a royal crest! Scented with wild lilac (sure, it's masculine smelling). In another handsome gift set, each soap cake is decorated with an imprint of a double horse-head insignia. Built to fit the hand, the soap comes in bath or toilet size and is further styled in hardy masculine colors to match your bathroom decor . . . dubonnet, ebony, moss green, tan or white. Packaged to match the soap.



GOOD LUCK CLIP. Dad can be always in the money if he carries the sterling silver money clip designed with a real silver dollar decoration. Flat, easy to carry and very good looking. Another "lucky" gift is the glass paper weight with a four-leaf clover embedded under glass on one side, and on the bottom side, a small roulette wheel! Fine way to decide who pays for lunch.



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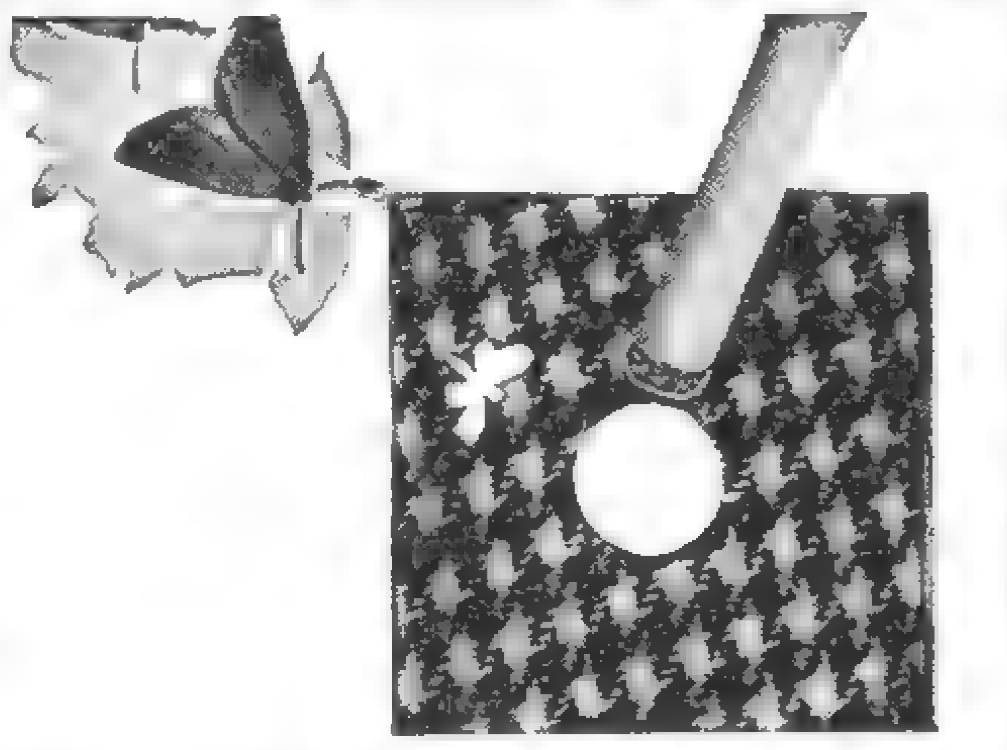

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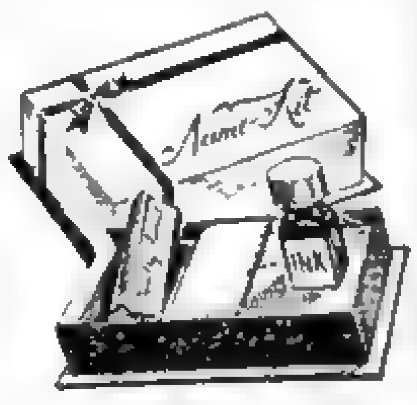

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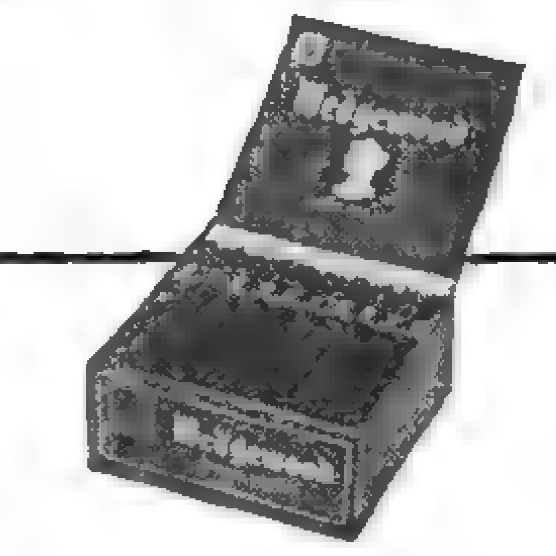

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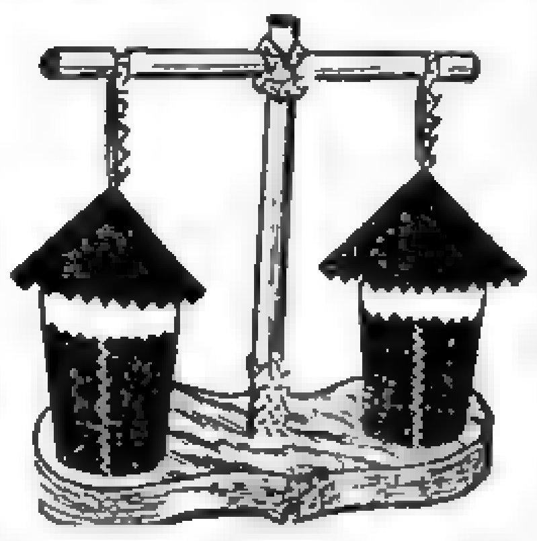

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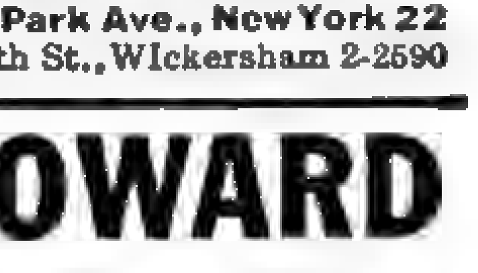

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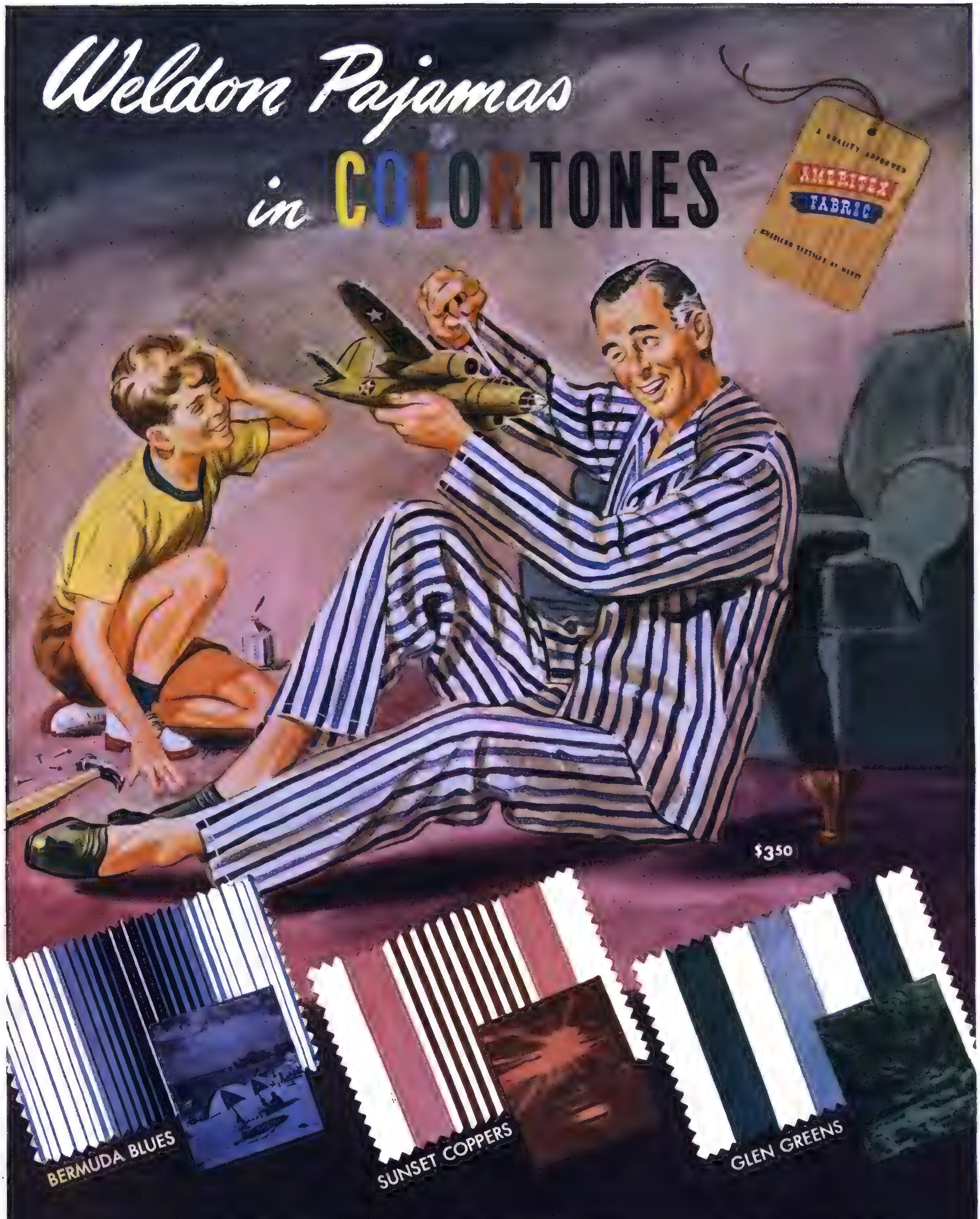
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Painting the Town with Esquire

THE star-blinked Roof of the splurgeous-gorgeous Waldorf-Astoria is flaunting two orchestras for hoof hypnosis: ever popular Mischa Borr's and (three alarm special) George Hamilton's, fresh from cutting a swath in Gumbo Land at the Blue Room of the New Orleans Roosevelt. Morton Downey, singing at supper, is mob-sieged with requests for old favorites and new . . . Hotel St. Regis's dream cabin in the sky, rid of the dim-out wraps it had to work under yesteryear, is its moon-snooped self once more, to the rhythms of Freddie Miller and his orchestra and scintillant Hammond organ-grindress Theodora Brooks . . . The Hotel Astor's festive flattop, which was empty all last Summer except for 350,000 people, has Harry James keynoting again. We suspect that another record will bite the dust.

AL FRESCO refecting and slaking in the Lower Fifth Avenue residential sector occurs with notable amenity at the Jardin du Perroquet, shrubberied sidewalk café to you, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "Amen Corner" of 9th Street. From the snug bar lounge restaurant which this Jardin opens off of comes the voice of Bruce Norman, baritoning songs à la carte, accompanied by Oscar Walzer who has operated the piano here so long as to rank as a neighborhood institution, repertoire unlimited . . . The bandstand at the Hurricane is serving as summer castle for His Jive Grace the Duke of Ellington . . . No elephants but quite a herd of shapely gazelles are a-swoop and a-twirl in a something called "Circus Daze" on the roll-out ice pond at the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room, with Tony Pastor leading his musical flock.

ROMANCE-minded duos you see diving into the subway for Brooklyn are headed for the ole swimming hole at the St. George (largest hotel pool in Greater New York). After a dip they'll dine and dance in that hostelry's Bermuda Terrace . . . G.I.'s in search of a big feed at a bargain hit duck-for-a-buck luck – and *such* duck, with soup and dessert included – at the hearty-mooded restaurant of the Sokol Athletic Club, 424 East 71st St., over near the East River. It's old-fashioned Czech cheer (beers, wines and liquors available) and worth the trek.

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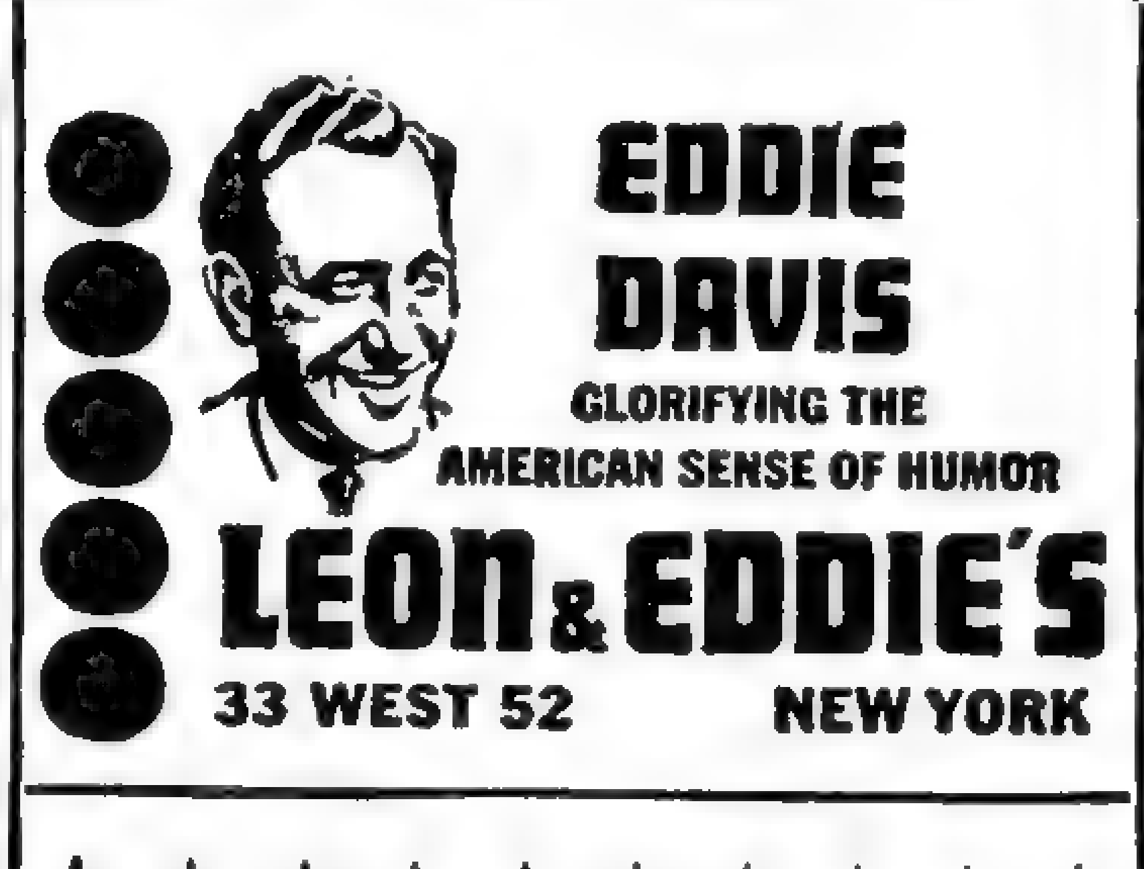
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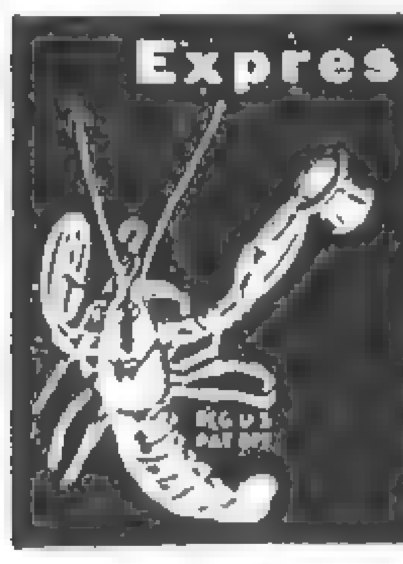

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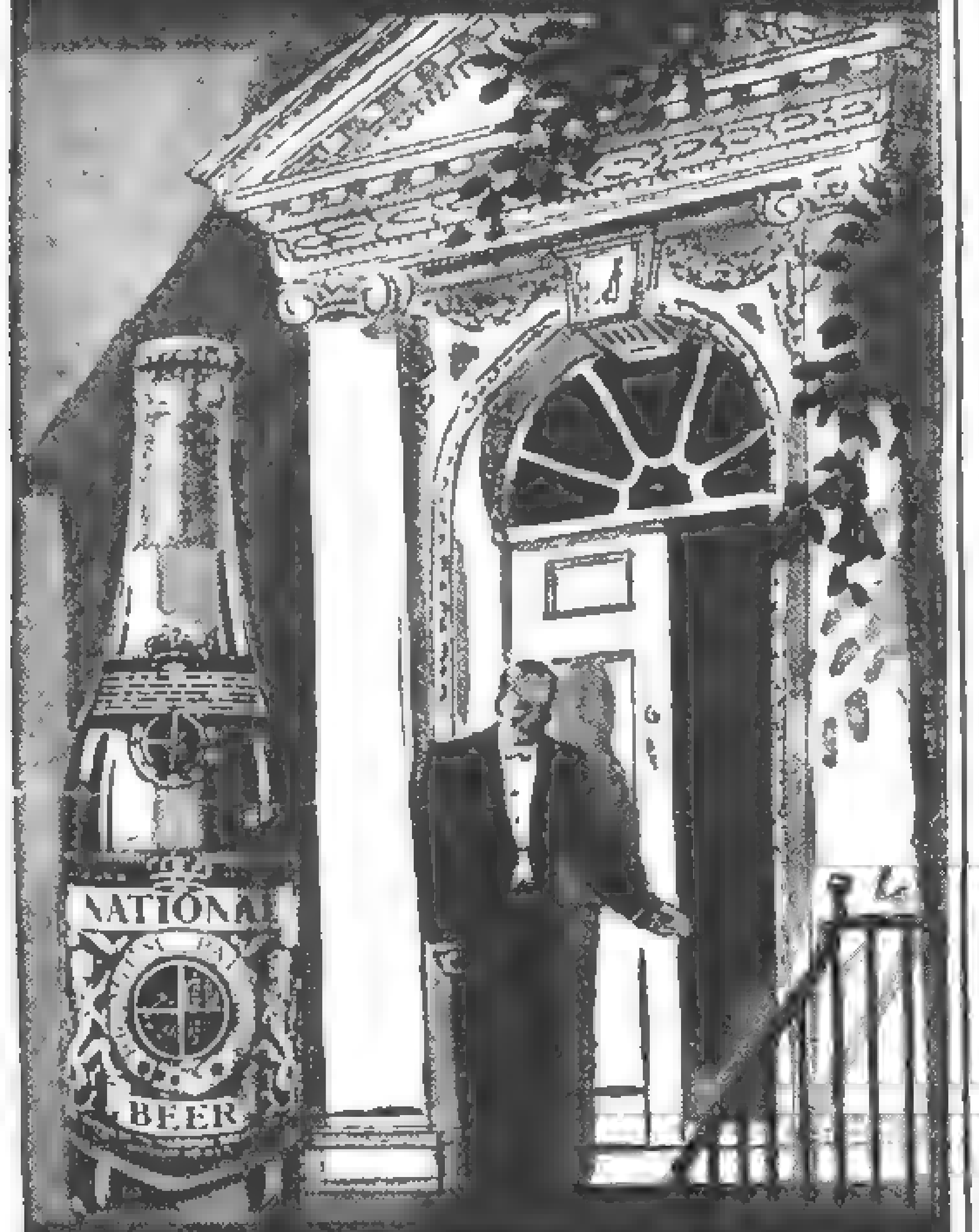

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PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT
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Painting the Town with Esquire

BRONZE General Sherman, forever heading for that gal on the Pulitzer fountain, misses a lot by not turning eyes left to the Park-outlooking mezzanine of the sumptuous chow department of the Hotel Sherry-Netherland where maître Robert flourishes one of the grandest menus ever, and white-capped Theophile Kieffer runs up sauces that blandish your taste-buds. Smoked Nova Scotia salmon, milk-nourished chicken casseroled with port wine, lobster sautéed in the manner of Bordeaux, mammoth black cherries jubilating in flaming brandy on ice cream, are some of the fang wares. Can you blame managing director M. Murray Weisman for liking to eat there himself?

NOW that Grand Opera and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe have finally caught up with each other, accent is on limbs and laffs instead of mere lungs . . . Knife, fork, and shank activities at the huge, but never huge enough, Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania are zested by the music of Glen Gray and his entourage, featuring the voice and looks of Eugenie Baird and the hot tootage of trumpeter Red Nichols . . . Amazing achievement of The Thin Man—to squeeze into the Bar of Sardi's during theatre intermissions on West 44th Street . . . Café Society Uptown's sly pantomimist Jimmy Savo has almost persuaded that river to stay away from his door. But not his fans—especially when Teddy Wilson's band has gone to work on them and Hazel Scott has them eating out of her piano . . . Those regional dishes at the Town & Country, 284 Park Avenue (in-and-outdoor restaurant which includes Country Dining Room for Men) are certainly gratifying to the belt region.

FIFTH Avenue's social-splash-historied Hotel Gotham, renewing its youth and its fitments under the Kirkeby banner (ah there, Hotels Drake and Blackstone in Chicago!) is sporting a new *lounge des cocktails*, done in the baroque manner with sculptured whimsies, black patent leather banquettes and tables à la oversized drums. Lighting is soft in deference to romance. For the stag line at the bar there's a row of highstools in the shape of Roman chariots. But cries of "Don't spare the horses" are frowned upon.

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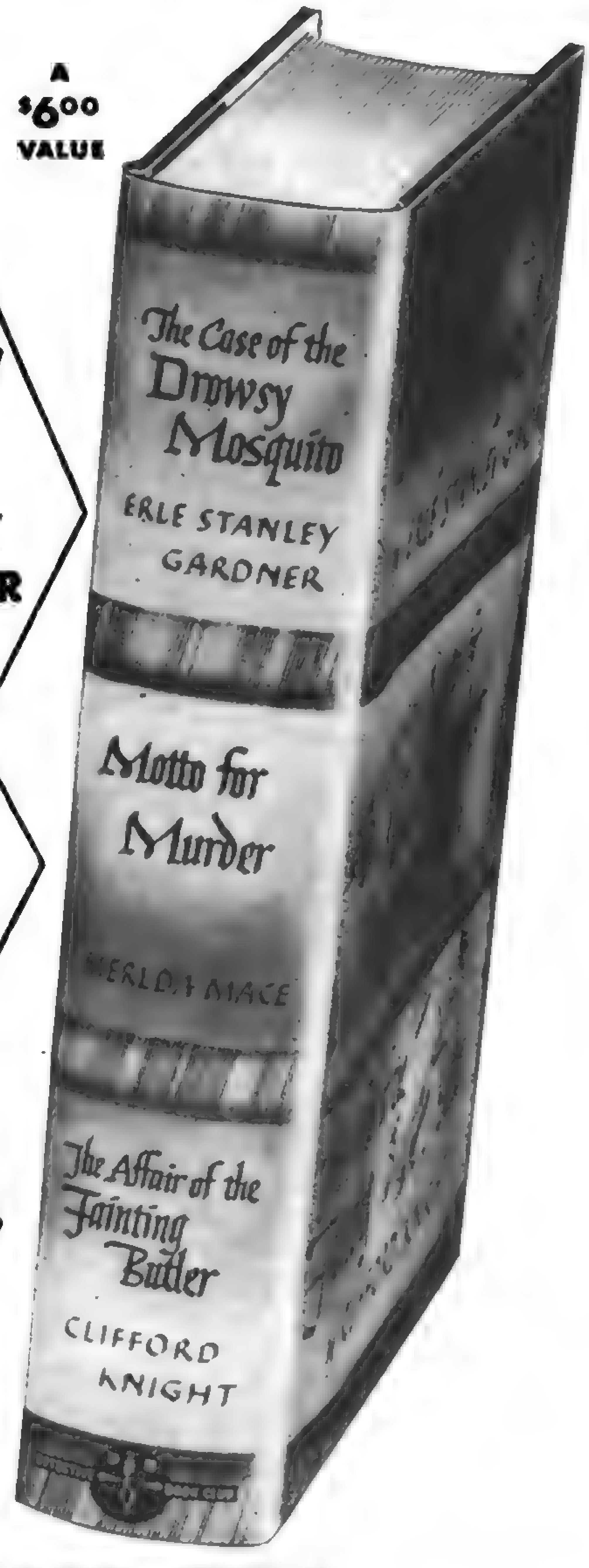
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Braven Dyer

Braven Dyer was born in Chicago and has lived variously in Michigan, Texas, Washington and California. He was graduated from Pomona College in Claremont, California, as a three-year letterman in football, basketball and baseball. Since 1923 he has been on the sports staff of the Los Angeles *Times*, except for an interval when he took a flyer in radio broadcasting. His sports articles have appeared in such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's* and *College Humor*.

•

M. Felzo, author of *Something the Heart Must Cherish*, is a teacher in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin with an M.A. from Northwestern University, and a one-time student of Whit Burnett's short story workshop at Columbia.

•

Bill Miller earns his bread as a press agent for boxing champs. The father of an air cadet, he recalls his own military career in World War I as undistinguished; his only decoration was a black eye, the aftermath of a brawl in Belgium. He served in the regular Army in the Philippines as a field clerk. He was also sports editor of the Manila *Daily Bulletin* and wrote editorials for a weekly magazine published in Manila. In the Far East his military duties took him to Japan, China and Siberia. The high point of these sojourns was lunch with the Sultan of Sulu in Maimbun.

Bill Miller

•

Paul Annixter, author of *The Red Shuffler Stays In*, has been contributing fiction to national magazines for a number of years and is best known for his animal stories. He was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1895, educated in Fargo, North Dakota, and on the "road." Every once in a while he turns his attention to stories dealing with crime and the underworld, but soon returns to natural history sources for his material. He has been writing since 1917, has traveled extensively in the United States and Canada and knows Mexico pretty well, too.

•

Arthur L. Paddock, Jr. is a first lieutenant in the infantry, currently serving in this country at The Armored School, Fort Knox. He writes: "I am by birth a Jerseyan, by education and sympathy an Iowan and at present a soldier. I like it fine, but I have a consuming itch to have a crack at the enemy firsthand. I am twenty-three and single. Since mid-1942 I have been in uniform, having been a Reserve Officer since then. All my military experience has been with armor and I have a warm affection for tanks. This explains in some measure why *Green Star Cluster* got written."

Arthur L. Paddock, Jr.

•

O. B. Keeler (*Golf Without Elephants*, page 50) is almost as well known in golf circles as is Bobby Jones, for whom he Boswelled during Jones' long reign on the links. Keeler was born in Chicago but has lived in the South since he was 4, with the exception of a few years spent in Kansas City during the time he was getting his sports writing training on the *Star*. He has been with the Atlanta *Journal* since 1920 and has covered innumerable national golf championships during that time, has written many magazine articles, two books—*Autobiography of an Average Golfer* and *The Boy's Life of Bobby Jones*—and has coauthored, with Bobby Jones, *Down the Fairway* and *Good-bye to Golf*. He has been an honorary member of the Associated Press staff since 1926.

•

Bolton Mallory, author of *Matador Who Plays Beisbol*, knows Mexico and its matadors thoroughly for he has lived south of the border ever since he left Hollywood in the thirties. Before that he helped test DH-4's at Wilbur Wright Field in the last war, spent a couple of years at Princeton, tried newspaper reporting and advertising and, in his own words, "was unaccountably invited to edit the old *Life* in 1930." He had been in Hollywood a little over a year when he joined producer John Ford for a cruise on Ford's *Araner*. "Ever south ran the *Araner*," said Mallory. "One *nochecita*—as the Mexicans so beautifully name the twilight—the *Araner* moved slowly into Acapulco Bay." Mallory decided to stay and there "followed very happy years in Acapulco, with a coastwise cargo and passenger business, prowling ports that Drake but sniffed in a twenty-ton tug laden with pigs, sewing machines, sesame seed and a frightened tractor." He's made at least one trip to New York since that time and in between writing fiction he wonders what he could do in this war with a DH-4.

•

J. C. Hammond, who contributed *The Gremlins in Washington* to this issue, says: "I was born in a small town in northern Wisconsin. My parents being dead, I had no one to say 'no' when I decided to join the Navy in 1917; so I called myself eighteen years old when my age was actually sixteen. I served in troop transport service and secured my release from active duty in 1919. My work between World Wars I and II was in the sales and sales engineering departments of two of the largest storage battery manufacturers in the country. At the outbreak of World War II, I attempted to re-enlist in the Navy; but after they had turned me down four times, I felt that they meant it. I then applied to the Army, finally receiving the same information from them. I would have tried the Boy Scouts but felt that the humiliation would have been too great if I had been rejected by them also. After I returned from my duties in Washington last year, I joined the Franklin Transformer Manufacturing Company in Minneapolis. I am married and have a daughter who is married, too. This provides us with an ideal group of four people for fishing, hunting and skiing."

J. C. Hammond

•

Lieutenant William H. Arpaia, author of that arresting article, *Take Off the Rose-Colored Glasses*, has seen action in the European and African theaters since he commenced active duty in the Navy in November, 1942. Since then he was awarded the Order of the Purple Heart and a commendation for the skillful shooting down of enemy planes in the invasion of Sicily. After secondary schooling in New Haven and Georgetown, Connecticut, he attended Connecticut Wesleyan and Boston universities as well as the De Paul and the John Marshall Law schools in Chicago, where he obtained his LL.B. and J.D. degrees. He was a trial lawyer for the Employers Mutual Casualty Company and had a private practice in Chicago before joining the Navy. His hobbies are swimming, farming, writing and athletics. His campaign ribbon contains two bronze stars, indicating he has participated in two major engagements. He is 35 years old and on the first of January this year was made a full lieutenant in the Navy. #

William H. Arpaia

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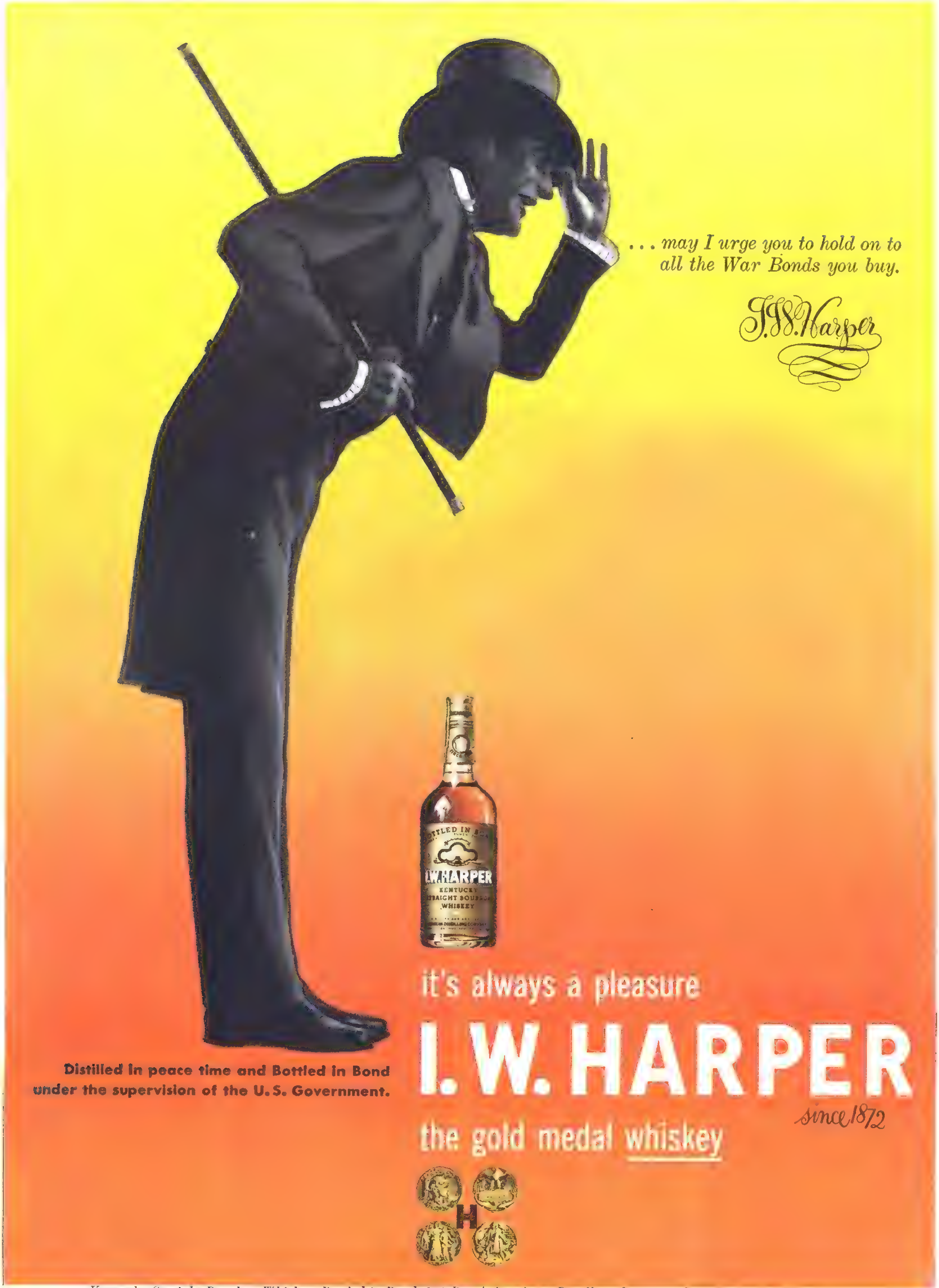
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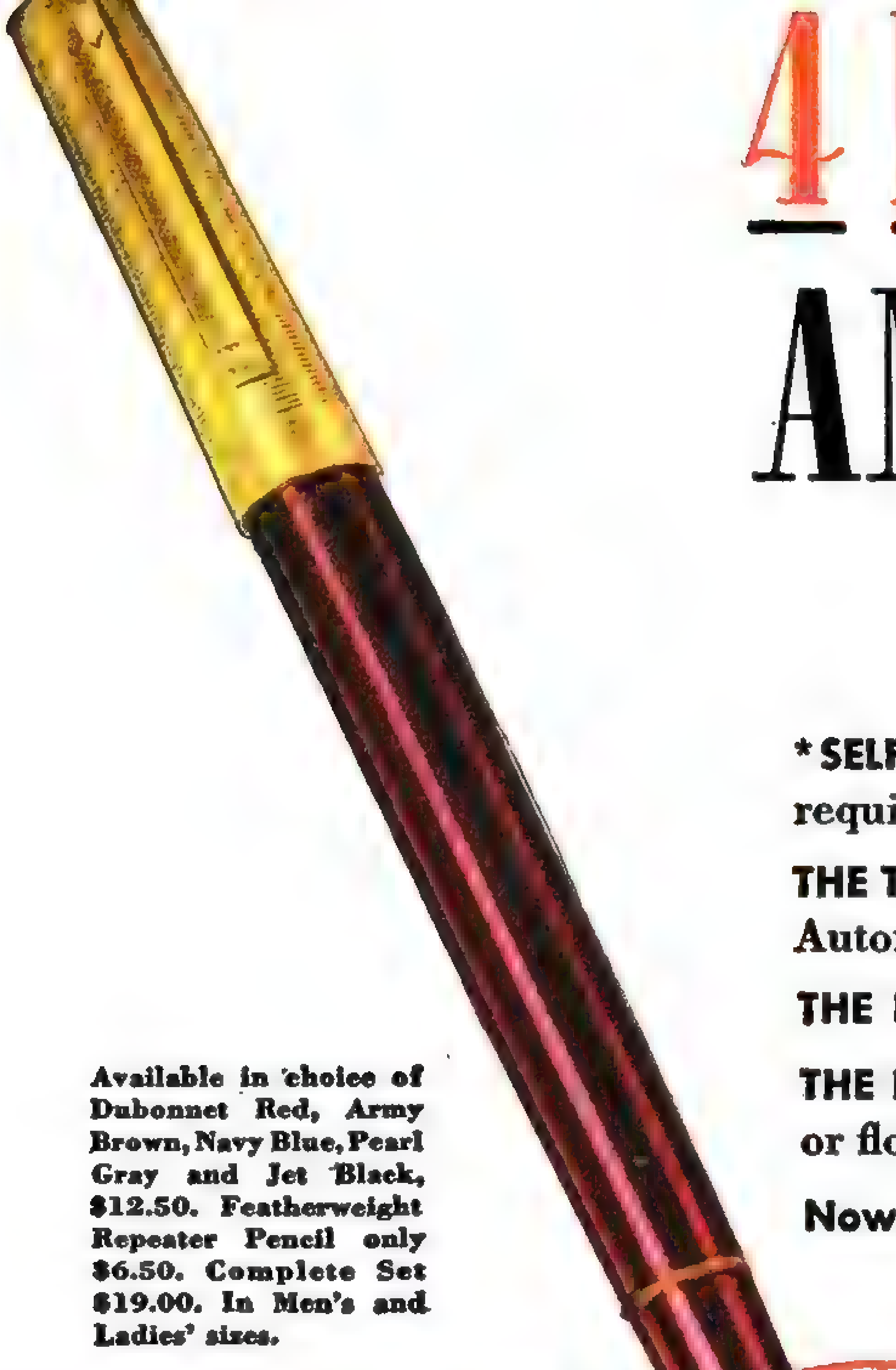

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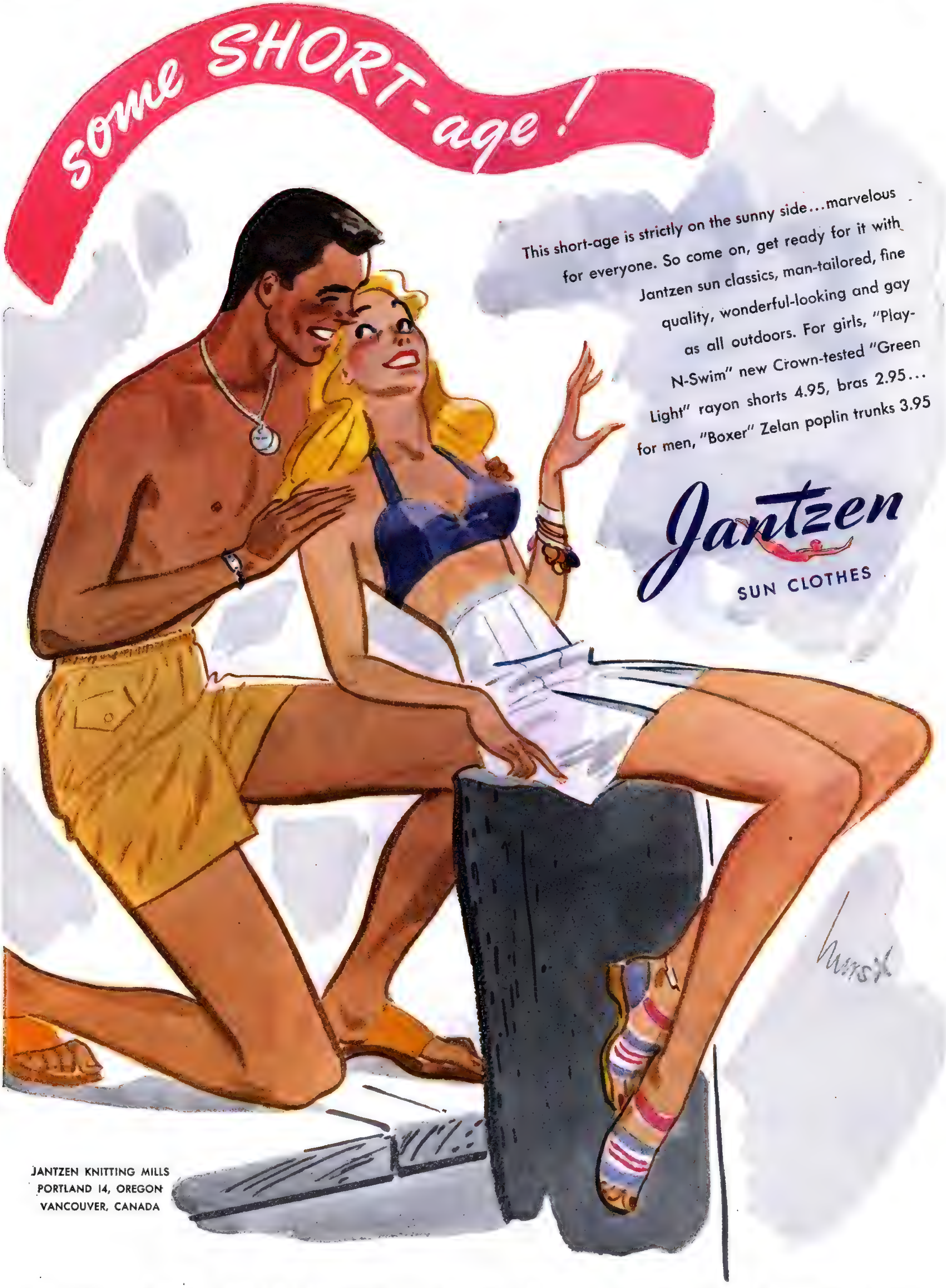
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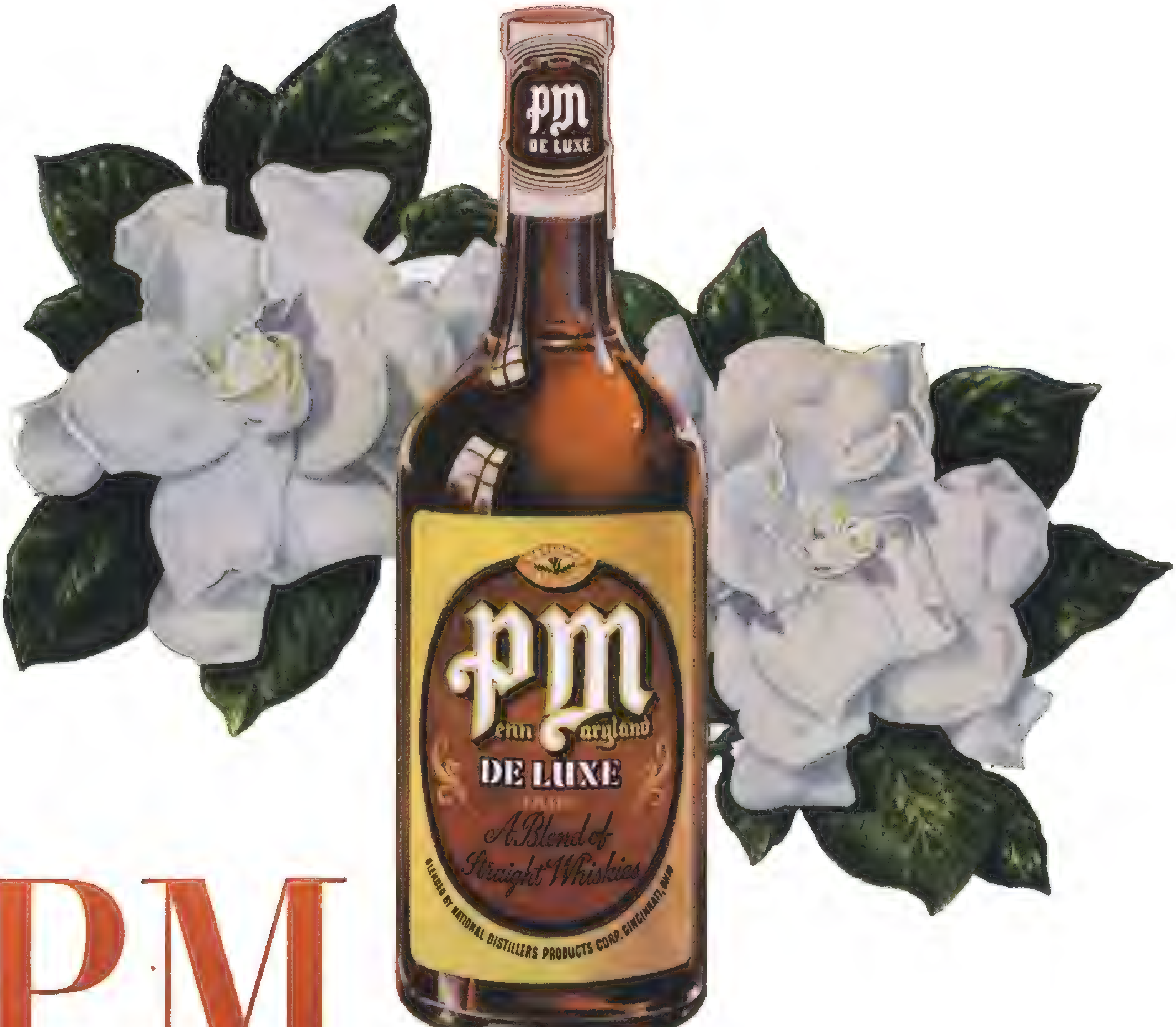
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Take Off the Rose-Colored Glasses

America seems strangely apathetic to a Navy officer who has seen hundreds of shipmates die and felt enemy fire

by LIEUT. WILLIAM H. ARPAIA, U.S.N.R.

• ARTICLE •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lieut. Arpaia is a gunnery officer in the United States Naval Service on duty with troop transports. One of his ships was torpedoed in the North Atlantic. He was picked up wounded and with hands and feet frozen after six and a half hours in water three degrees above freezing. He recovered and returned to duty in the Sicilian campaign. Besides his service in foreign waters he has, up to the time of this writing, completed six round trips overseas. He was formerly a Chicago lawyer. He gives here a few cursory impressions gathered ashore by a fighting man who has seen his ship sunk under him with the loss of many American soldiers who went down to hopeless death.*

THE writer has been on active duty with troop transports for more than a year. I have had, therefore, an opportunity to study our servicemen in about every phase of their military cycle in which they can talk. I see them prior to leaving the United States, enroute on the high seas, in overseas bases before going into battle and after coming out of battle. And I see and talk to men who are physically shattered by wounds.

From the nature of my service I have contact periodically with civil life ashore at home. I see between the attitude of the men in uniform and that of the civilian a difference that sometimes is shocking.

Experiences in home visits by some of us in uniform make it seem that the war simply has afforded an opportunity at home to make money, get drunk, have fun and raise hell generally. The point and the purpose of war appear to have been lost in the rush and tumble of the commotion of wartime. The war seems secondary. True, the American is an optimistic fellow by nature and can't imagine that the war could go wrong. But this optimism, combined with a lack of personal responsibility, can prolong the war for months, if not years, and could even bring about serious consequences.

A man just off a transport feels that. He remembers what happened to France. He is sensitive to evidences of personal profiteering, shiftlessness, negligence, ill-founded optimism and the failure of each American to recognize that this is his own war and his own life and it is his own neck that is sticking out.

I am not unduly sensitive. A man in service quickly gets over that. I know the splendid attitude of the many towns and communities all over the United States. It may be that the evidences I cite have a tendency to collect in spots. If so, they are bad spots and, as such, symptomatic.

On March 7, 1943, I returned to the United States from an overseas base after having been wounded in one of the most horrible disasters this country ever suffered. It took one month minus one day to make the homebound voyage. As the ship steamed into Boston harbor I was able to realize that once again I would be able to place my frozen feet upon the soil of this country. Up and down my spine ran a tingling sensation such as I have never been able to explain or describe since. To say the least, I was extremely happy and grateful merely to be alive and back in the United States. I had had a taste of war and knew about the mercilessness of the enemy. The difference between life overseas and in the United States had been cut sharply and distinctly. Erroneously, I had assumed that everybody in America also knew. I soon found out otherwise.

An ensign whom I had met overseas had asked me to call up his girl friend in New York to tell her that he was safe and sound. After spending several days performing the duties one must perform when your ship is sunk from under you, and having bought new uniforms, I got in touch with the lady. We made an appointment to meet after working hours. She brought a girl friend with her and we three went to a café bar. At the time my hands and feet ached badly, I was pale, had lost a lot of weight, was nervous and physically shot to pieces. To be truthful I needed a drink badly. After a few rounds we decided to go elsewhere.

I asked the waiter to bring the check. It was in the neighborhood of five dollars. I gave him a ten-dollar bill and he brought back the change on a platter. I left him a tip of sixty-five cents. As we were getting up the waiter tapped me on the back and said, "I am sorry, Sir, but I relieved another waiter at this table and if I tell him you gave me only sixty-five cents as a tip he won't believe me." He said this in a loud voice so that my two companions could hear him. Under ordinary circumstances I would have been embarrassed and probably left him more money and let it go at that. However, I became angry. My mind flashed the thought that here is a profiteer and a chiseler with a little racket of his own. He has a nice warm job where he is free from want, danger and fear and of all things he has the gall to work his racket on a serviceman who just returned from war. I picked up the sixty-five cents on the platter and without saying a word walked out.

In August of 1943 I returned to the United States after having been overseas for seventy-five days. We had spent fifty-one days in the Mediterranean shuttling troops back and forth from Africa to Sicily. Death stared in our faces continually. We saw dead bodies floating at Gela and had been under continual bombardment for two hours and twenty-five minutes at Palermo. I saw three ships blow up before my very eyes. Eight bombs fell around our ship; we were machine-gunned. Our job was to take in reinforcements and bring back wounded and prisoners. Those fifty-one days were fifty-one days of living hell. After the first month we ran out of fresh food and from then on we ate out of cans. Fresh water was so scarce that those of us who had to look presentable shaved with grapefruit juice. The sea water along the coast was contaminated. We were forbidden even to swim in it in certain ports. Upon our arrival in New York the one thing I desired more than anything was a nice thick slice of roast beef. A certain restaurant, famous for its roast beef, was the first place to which I went. I sat down at a table and asked the waiter, "Have you any roast beef?"

He said, "No."

I was disappointed and hungry. I then asked, "Have you any lamb chops?"

The waiter nastily replied, "No! Don't ya know dere is a war goin' on?"

If I had had my .38 caliber revolver on my person I would have felt like shooting him on the spot. I stalked out of the restaurant and ate a sandwich some place else, talking to myself.

Toward the latter part of September I returned to New York from Scotland. In every respect it had been a mean crossing. I spent several hours trying to get a hotel room and finally did in one of the better hotels, but upon the condition that I would have to check out in two and a half days as the room had been reserved in

Continued on page 145

PRIVATE
Angelo

"I got tired trying to keep the wolf away from my door"

It's a Long Way Home

With hostile planes and subs always waiting, the flattop dared not show lights nor answer the lost Hellcat

by ROBERT GOLD

• FICTION •

R

The six of us that were left plowed across the top of the overcast at seven thousand feet. Mark still hung close to my tail and the other boys held their wings in a formation that was wonderful after what they had been through.

Six was good, better than I had expected. We had drawn the sweet job of being the protection over the basin at the far island. We had the most water to cover, got there first and left last. We had been busy over the bay, but we had seen some of the hell poured into the Nip navy when our big boys came downstairs and laid their eggs . . .

Going home, the six of us, relaxing jolting nerves behind the pounding power plants pulling us through the afternoon sky. On the deck in five minutes, I was thinking. A shower, a rest, then back to the game and that ten bucks of mine sitting in Mark's pocket. He might have been thinking the same. When I turned, he was looking my way. I waved and so did he. A great guy, Mark, and good guns to have on your tail, even when your flight is on its way home . . .

"All Charlie's Nephews—" the voice snapped inside my helmet, "all Charlie's Nephews, this is Charlie," the words came clear and fast and vibrant through the phones. "All Charlie's Nephews, this is Charlie, come home—come home quick."

Six hearts must have paused at the same time. They could have only one reason to break radio silence. The boys still sat smoothly behind me, waiting for me—but there was no more waiting. I put the nose down and went over the edge.

There was about four thousand feet to that overcast, not much flying time, but it seemed as if we'd never clear it. Nose down through the fog with throttle wide open—the others were howling down behind me and I'd bet Mark was still on my tail.

We broke out of the cloud at a speed a Hellcat wasn't supposed to stand and we were through the Japs before they knew we were there.

I snapped a split-second burst at a Zero that was out of my sights before I stopped shooting. Another swelled up in front of me—the pattern of my tracers poured into him, and I was under the sky of tangled planes. I pulled up, started climbing. A Jap was coming down on top of me and I was a sitting pigeon.

The Jap's guns were flames one second, then the Zero itself was a falling torch and Mark followed him down to make sure. A swell guy, Mark, and good guns to have on your tail.

The Japs were running and we chased them a minute, just to keep them running. We swung back and I counted noses. There were ten of us. More of Charlie's Nephews had come home. Something was wrong and it took my drumming brain a long moment to know it. Mark wasn't on my tail any more.

Maybe he was still chasing the Nips. Maybe—but trouble even worse than that lay in the ocean spray far below us. We came down in a long sweep, each of us cursing and praying in our own way. We knew she was going, even before we went over the heartbreaking tilt of the flight deck. There were men in the water, and two of our tin cans were spilling boats over the sides.

It couldn't have been planes. The ragged rips in the armor spelled nothing but submarine. We climbed into altitude and circled helplessly. Charlie was more than just a ship. It was life to us and more than that—it was home.

"All Charlie's Nephews, this is Charlie," the words came slower now out of the air that bore them, "look after Charlie's relations—" the voice hesitated one moment, then crisply, "Charlie out!" and the radio was silent.

You don't waste time on tears in war. I took a quick look at my strip chart and estimated the heading to Charlie's sister ship—if the strategy of battle had left her unmoved. I set the nose of my Cat on the compass point and the flight held tight behind me.

I watched the water as we went over, but there was nothing more than the shadow of our wings. Mark, Mark, I was thinking, I need the guns on my tail . . .

She wasn't there. The Lady had moved. The water spread empty to the horizon and we had no place to sit down.

The best part of the day had gone and we had only one more chance. I headed west and the boys played it my way. I should have felt like a hero, but finding the Lady within a half hour was like filling an inside straight—more luck than brains.

As soon as we caught sight of the flattop and her escorts, I had to risk a call. No plane was a friend to an aircraft carrier in these seas.

"Lady, this is Charlie's Nephew Eight," I called. "Ten of us coming home."

She wouldn't answer, but no shells came up as we went over her.

The Lady swung into the wind and the flag was waving us in. I must have been coming down too fast. The flagman was almost on his knees, and I held the Cat, to the risk of stalling.

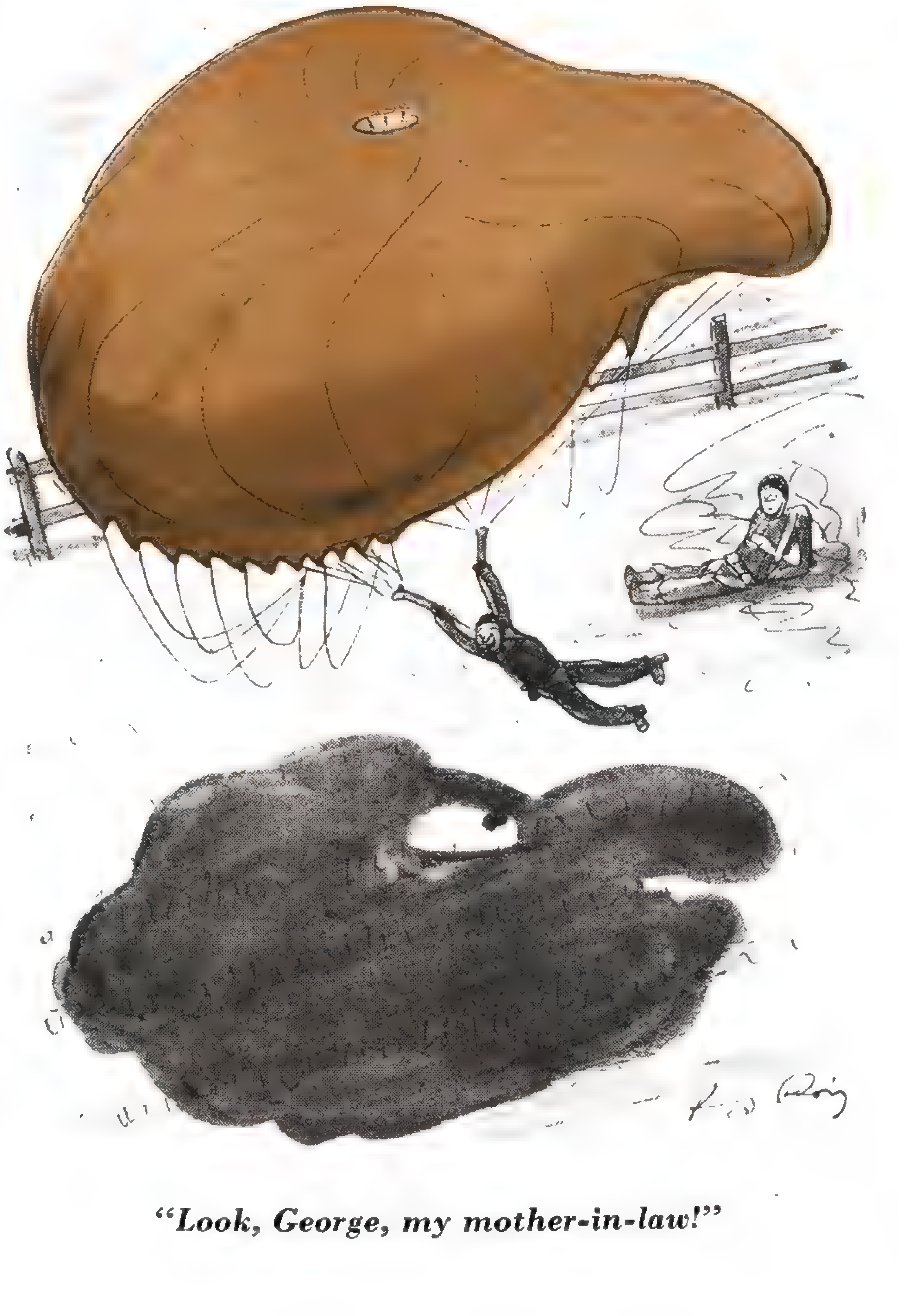
There wasn't time for too many tries. The deck was racing under my wheels—I bounced hard and was down.

They started to tuck my baby away almost before I was out of it. Two planes were down behind me. A third was coming in fast, much too fast. They flagged him off, and he pulled up, roaring over our heads.

The deck crew seemed nervous, and then I noticed the whipping gusts.

Nichols was coming in, but he could handle a plane. Over the deck, just at the right place and speed—ten feet up, and the wind lifted a wing. The Cat slammed down on one wheel, crumpled the gear and careened across the deck, stopping on the brink, half of her hanging over the fifty feet down to the slapping sea.

We started to run, but Nichols was climbing out of his shaking perch. The flight officer looked up at the Island, and the skipper motioned from his bridge. It was over the side for that Cat and over



"Look, George, my mother-in-law!"

she went. Nichols looked like he wanted to cry.

Intelligence wanted our stories and we told the little we knew.

"It was a great job on the base, boys!" the Brains told us. "It makes up a lot for Pearl Harbor."

It didn't make us too happy and he must have known how we felt.

"Okay, boys," he said, "that's about all—any more planes in the air?"

Mark didn't look like a man who would die easily. He was slim, confident, the kind you'd bet on in a fight. But then, he looked too young to have a couple of kids and the sweetest wife to go with them, but he did . . . "One," I said, "one more, maybe.

"I'd like to go up on the Island," I told him and I guess he knew how it was with Mark and me, because he nodded and said nothing.

The flight control bridge was seventy-five feet above the water line and I could see the ocean chopping whitecaps out to the far horizon. The wind was rising as fast as the sun went down. I stood outside Radio and watched the empty sky. He'd come looking for the Lady, as we had, but where would he turn from the battle position . . . there are no ranges on the damned seas, Mark! We can't even tell you how to come home . . .

I half listened to the stifled stutter of the radios. There was a sudden transmitter squeal.

"Lady, from Charlie's Nephew Seven—" I moved inside the tower and stood silently with the radiomen. "Lady, this is Charlie's Nephew Seven, trying to come home—still looking," and the voice was out.

You could pick up a microphone and say, "Latitude —, longitude —," and Mark would come down, but you don't. There were hungry subs also searching for the Lady. There were land-based planes who would like to find the Lady. Mark knew this as well as we. He realized we couldn't tell him what he had to know, but he would look . . .

Mark married his wife the day after Pearl Harbor and enlisted a week later. He was confident, Mark was, but he knew he had to fight for his happiness. I guess a lot of us knew that. Mark went home twice in two years, and twice later he had to hand out cigars. He took a lot of ribbing about that, but Mark had confidence, more than some of us had.

It was getting dark. We watched the shadow creep across the sea, and at the same time it stole between Mark and his wife and a couple of kids who would never know him . . .

It was queer that a man who was so sure of winning could be so good a loser. I took him over the board so many times, it hurt me to do it, and he paid with a smile. He should have had a flight of his own, but he stayed on my tail without complaining.

Come on in, Mark! How can I ring the bell and wait for her to open the door? How can I look at her when I know I am not the one who should be standing there? What can I say to her that has not been said before? What could be said in the face of the hopeless truth . . .

It was over us, on us, the first dim curtain of night hiding the high overcast. Then we heard him—the faint beat of the motor in the distant sky.

It was a winning hand after the chips were cashed. It was too late, too dark and too late.

"Lady, from Nephew Seven, from Charlie's Nephew Seven," his voice was calm and loud. "Can you give me lights, can you show me any lights? Over."

It was the control officer's job and I couldn't take what it must have cost him to slowly shake his head.

The operator switched on his mike, said, "No lights," and was off the air again.

You can't land on a flattop at night, not with an overcast, not without lights, Mark, even if you find her . . .

The flight officer looked at me, and his face was lined and tired as he wrote a few words on a scrap of paper.

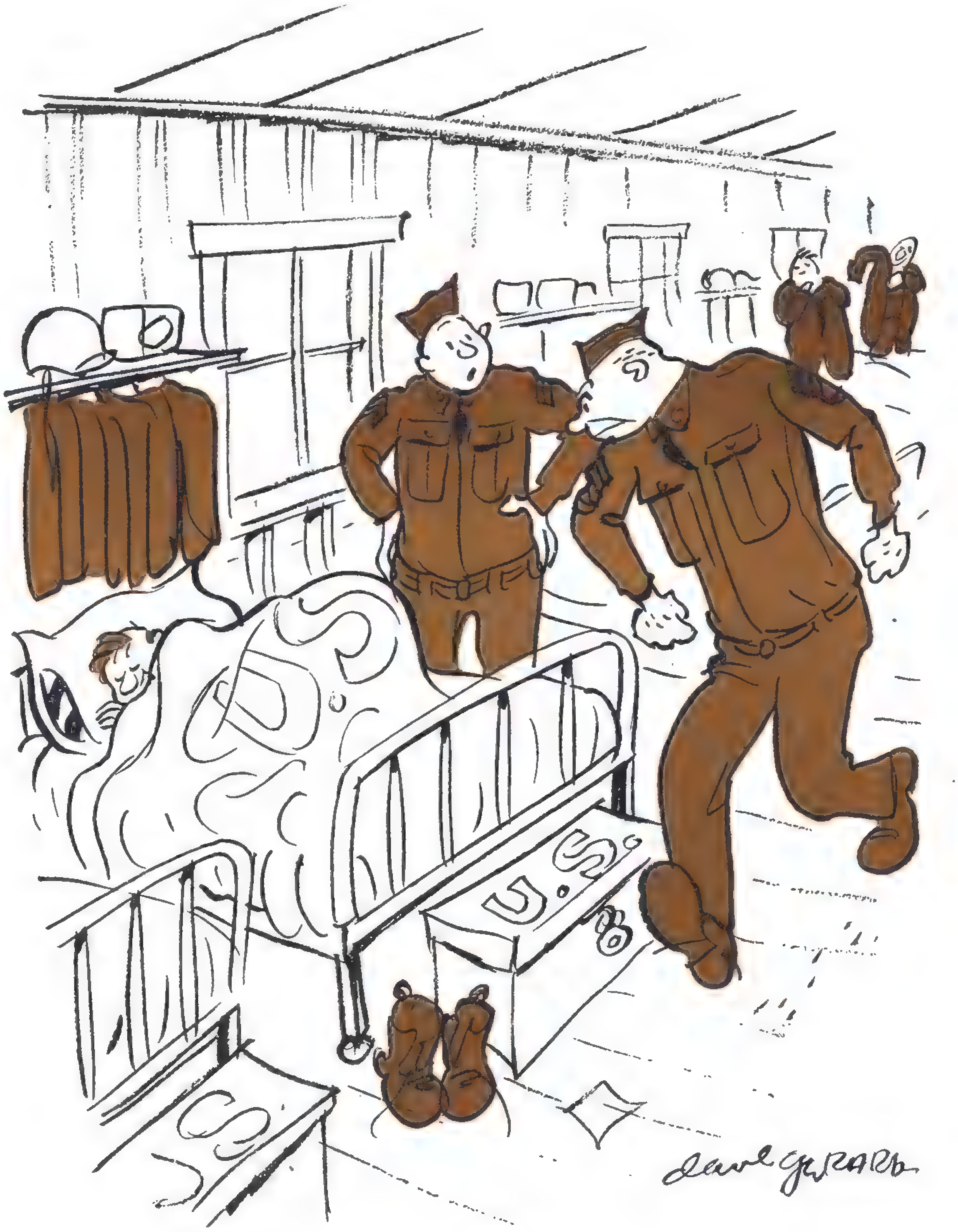
The radioman took it, hesitated a moment as he read, then sat before his panel and again hesitated before he put his mike on the air.

"Nephew Seven, from Lady—" he called, "nearest land, north, northwest—four hundred and twenty miles. Lady out."

The motor pulsed in the distant sky. Did you get that, Mark? Are you laughing with me? Four hundred and twenty miles—with a half hour's gas . . . are you sitting up there and laughing with me?

"Lady, from Nephew Seven," his voice was steady on the crackling air, "Roger, north, northwest, four twenty—thank you. Out."

And the motor was gone from the far sky. Go on home, Mark, just a half hour home, Mark. I'll be on your tail this time. ⌗



"He says he's going to sleep all morning—it's Father's Day!"

Report from the Glider Troops

In the night before the dawn of invasion gliders swoop silently into enemy terrain, disgorging fighting men grouped for action

by LT. L. W. BROOKS

• ARTICLE •

When the fellows in the XII AAF Troop Carrier Command, sweating it out in mud-spattered Sicily, got hold of an October issue of Esquire containing *Bayonet Fighter with Wings*, they read the article by candlelight, with loud and critical comments. George Sessions Perry's story brought back to these men the gruelling but comparatively luxurious life of training back in the United States. It also recalled more recent memories of the real thing—the invasion of Sicily.

News about these "bayonet fighters with wings," the glider pilots, has been as scarce as that concerning the Norden bombsight. The Army Air Forces have guarded glider information so closely the pilots and mechanics often wonder what the next day will bring to light about this awkward-looking but death-dealing weapon of modern war. Skepticism dawns with the sun because these men have been trained for come what may.

The two glider pilots' names mentioned in Perry's article are not unfamiliar in the XII Troop Carrier Command. Both men, Kenneth Hollingshead and Tom Lockhard, were towed from a Tunisian plane airdrome on the night of July 9, 1943, and their destination was Axis-held Sicily. Lockhard didn't have two laughing spectators on this ride. Instead, he and Hollingshead carried steel-helmeted troops into combat for the first time the Allied Nations had employed this type of warfare. Today, only Tom Lockhard remains. "Kenny" Hollingshead did not return from the mission and was reported "missing in action." No word has come through to date. These troops were unexpected and their work of blowing out bridges, controlling roads with machine guns and mortars and their general presence caused confusion behind the German lines and aided the troops invading the seacoast.

The way the glider pilots feel about that mission is expressed by Flight Officer Roger N. Zenoby. He holds the highest respect for the troops he carried, and the tow plane pilots who were on the front end of the rope as they went through walls of searchlights and antiaircraft fire. "They could locate the tow ships by their engines. When we cut loose we were noiseless and without lights," he said, "but those tow pilots had to fly back through the lights and flak. You've got to hand it to those fellows," he added.

The feeling is mutual because the tow pilots know that when the glider cuts loose he's on his way down into enemy-held territory. First Lieutenant Larry E. Spears, a tow pilot with four paratroop and one glider mission to his credit, says, "I don't envy the glider pilot. I kept wondering what his thoughts were when he cut off. There I was with two good engines to take me back to safety, and those fellows were on their way down to fight for and hold ground until reinforcements fought through to their position. You've got to give them more than just credit for flying the glider," he concluded.

Life among the glider pilots differs considerably from what it was at Lubbock, Texas, and other training schools. The conditions are not the same. There are no concrete runways, no near-by towns to illuminate the sky at night, and no comfortable operations building to protect them from the near-unbearable weather of Sicily. Here the troop carrier squadrons carry on under the most adverse weather conditions. Mud is everywhere, the wind whistles down through the valleys as the veterans continue their incessant training. Glider pilots never finish training! From the time the glider pilot stepped into his first glider until the day he stops flying them, he is constantly training and developing new techniques for this infant of the Army Air Forces.

There is a knack to flying the combat gliders. It would be a simple story if there were two engines, as on the "Mother Ship," the Troop Carrier Command's C-47 Skytrain. But there aren't! There is exactly nothing but the forward motion held constant by slightly nosing the ship toward earth. The glider pilot must be prepared to carry freight or combat troops into "two-by-four" fields, onto the side of a hill or even in small lakes. His flight may be over large bodies of water, mountain ranges or hot desert land, and he never knows when he might be required to "set her down" should he break loose from the tow ship. These gliders and the men who fly them are prepared for come what may!

Besides Tom Lockhard, Mr. Perry would recognize many faces among the glider pilots in this area. They are different now. No longer are these men just students "sweating" out a check ride—they are veterans of the struggle for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They have picked their branch and it is the toughest the Army Air Forces has to offer. One thing is still evident. They still swagger with their "don't-give-a-damn attitude," and the idea that "you've got to be nuts to be a glider pilot."

Since very little information has been released on these "bayonet fighters with wings," the American public and others have unmeaningly committed injustices to the glider pilots. These men, whose silver wings bear a "G" in the middle, have been asked whether the "G" stands for "ground forces," "gunner," "G-Man," and a dozen other branches. There goes a story about an infantry colonel who asked a glider pilot, standing at a bar, what the "G" on his wings meant.

The glider pilot (probably celebrating his fourth cousin's birthday, on his stepfather's side), feeling rather high and not recognizing the colonel's rank, turned and belligerently exclaimed, "Brother, that stands for GUTS, by God!" The colonel quietly slipped back into the crowd as the glider pilot yelled for the bartender. If that story is true, the colonel knows now it was no idle boast.

The celebrating glider pilot had not seen action at that time, but he was preparing for what finally came to pass on the night of July 9, 1943. That was the night when troop carrier units, bearing paratroops and glider infantry, formed the spearhead for the invasion of Sicily, smoothing the way for convoy landings at dawn. So well did they carry out their mission that alibiing German dispatches gave them credit for a much larger force than they actually had.

The glider is considered an expendable piece of military equipment in combat. Lightly constructed of fabric over steel tubes and wood, it is not expected to withstand the shocks of repeated landings with heavy loads. Released from its tow plane, a glider can float along for twenty or thirty miles. It takes off on wheels but once launched in flight, usually drops its landing gear. So when it lands, it skids along on its belly.

While the glider is expendable, the glider pilot is not. He represents a substantial training investment for Uncle Sam. And it is his duty to get back on his own side of the lines if he can, ready to fly in another load of men.

Consider yourself being towed into enemy-held territory with only a rope holding you in the air behind the tow ship. You escape the searchlights and flak being thrown up by the Jerries. The landing zone is below, you look at the towline release handle and a million thoughts run through your mind—mainly those about the battle-scarred Axis troops seeking your presence in the darkness. You've been trained for this moment and you thrust your fist against the release handle. It's gone! The rope is gone, and there isn't a way in the world to get it hooked back to the nose of the glider. You slow the air speed down to minimum in order to land as slowly as possible.

The landing zone has been thoroughly studied and picked by the wise and knowing men who planned the mission. But it is pitch dark, and Jerry might have expected you and prepared barricades, with welcome signs for gliders printed on them. Hit one of these and the glider and its occupants can be put in a peanut shell. You avoid the obstacles, but now the real work has to be done. You must now fight for your life by holding this ground until supporting ground forces can reach your location. It may be a matter of hours (if you're lucky) and then it may be a matter of days. All that time you are slugging it out with the enemy—on his own ground!

Remember all this the next time you see a "G" on a flight officer's silver wings. Yes, you know it stands for glider pilot in military language. But you can also be sure that it stands for "GUTS"! #

My Father Is an Educated Man

He has learned not from books but from living, for he is a farmer with a deep understanding of rugged mountain earth

by JESSE STUART

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Yesterday I was in town with my father. This town has been the center of his universe. He has never traveled a fifty-mile radius from this town. He goes on Saturdays, dressed in his overalls, clean blue work shirt, overall jacket, his soiled, weathered cap with a shrinking bill and his turned-up-at-the-toes, stump-scarred brogan shoes. He walks a path four miles over the bony hills to the town as he has done since I can remember.

My father talks to a group of men on the courthouse square, where the men from all over the county meet on Saturdays with the men from the town, where they tell their stories, chew their tobacco, try to whittle the longest shaving with their pocketknives, while they listen to the courthouse bell calling men inside the courthouse for justice. Once while they talked and chewed tobacco from long homegrown twists of burley and spat mouthfuls of ambeer on the courthouse square, I heard a man standing in another group not far from my father's say, "There's old overalled Mitch Stuart . . . see 'im in town every Saturday." This fairly well-dressed man, teacher of a rural school, pointed to my father, and the men in his group looked and listened while he talked. "Never amounted to anything in his life. Never will amount to anything."

Pert Maldin went on telling the men in his group how my father loved to come to town on Saturdays and loaf, just loaf and try to whittle the longest shavings, how he loved the sound of the courthouse bell and how he'd listened to it for a half century. And he told them he'd known my father that long and how my father had gone to the same little tavern, run by the same people for a half century, and got his beer on Saturdays and after he had a few beers how he talked to his old friends and told them big windy tales. He told about his seeing my father have a few fights in his younger days and how time had now slowed him down. Since Pert Maldin talked confidentially to the men that surrounded him, I couldn't hear all he said. I did hear him say my father wouldn't know his name if he met it in the road, that he couldn't read a beer sign and he couldn't write his name.

I thought once that I would walk over to Pert Maldin and tell him a few things. One thing that I would tell him was that my father would know his name if he met it in the big road or saw it printed on a sign beside the road, but if it were in a paper he would not see it for I'd never seen him look inside a newspaper in my life. Yet he knew his name, for my mother had taught him the letters in his name and he knew these letters as he knew from memory a rock cliff, an oak tree, beech, sassafras or persimmon . . . And that if he saw his name, he would know it immediately since my mother had taught him letters in our alphabet, that he would slowly go over the letters in a word and piece them together and pronounce some of the hardest words correctly.

I thought about walking over and popping Pert Maldin on the nose. But I stood silently and listened as long as I could, and many thoughts flashed through my brain as the ambeer spittle flashed brown in the November sunlight from the mouths of the men in the group where my father was talking, where they were laughing at some story one of his group had told. I thought a pop on the nose would serve Pert Maldin right and then I thought, "What's the use? What does he know about my father? And what does he know about education though he is a school teacher?"

While I stood on the courthouse square watching these figures of the hill earth that came to town on Saturdays to swap their windy tales and try each other's twists of home-grown burley, I thought about the members of the human family I had known. I thought about my own people and the path they had come over the earth. I thought about my father and my father's people, beardy-faced, tall, figures of the earth, tillers of earth, men who had cut the timber, cleared the fields of brush and sprouts and who had plowed the root and rock-infested mountain slopes with oxen hitched to yellow locust beamed cutter plows.

And the longer thoughts flashed across my brain, the more I knew Pert Maldin didn't know what he was talking about . . . for my father's people had helped to build the railroads up the Big Sandy and into the mountains of West Virginia. They had helped to build the coal drags of the nation . . . They had helped to build the cities, though not any that I knew lived there now or had ever lived there. My father's people had helped to build the highways. And the schools where children only of the late generations have attended. They had helped to build church houses where but few attended since such limitations had been put on the kind of the life they had loved, tobacco chewing, smoking, drinking of wine, whiskey and even beer.

Such would never suit his people. They raised their own tobacco and they used it; they made their own whiskey and they drank it. They carried firearms and used them in time of danger while they helped to build America. What did they know about letters of the alphabet? These little things didn't mean a lot to them! And what did they care about books? Why should they spend their time in a closed-up schoolroom controlled by school authorities and strive to learn to read secondhand life in books when they had firsthand life before them to live?

The older men in my father's family, now sleeping in the Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky mountains, if they were alive today would pity their offspring, entangled in the spider web of civilization. They would despise and fight with all their might, if they could rise from their graves, any barriers that would confine their freedom. What would they care about books?

Let Pert Maldin talk on the courthouse square. Let him talk about my father's not having an education, that he wouldn't know his name if he'd met it in the big road. Pert didn't know about education. He was speaking about these secondhand things called books when my father's people had lived an education while they were helping to build a nation and a civilization. Yes, they had taken the law in their own hands, for they had to do it since the law didn't protect them while they fought their enemies, helped to build the railroads through the mountains, bridges to span the rivers and blast the turnpikes around the rocky slopes and the turnpikes. They cleared the fields and broke the first furrows through the roots. They built the log cabins from the giant trees they didn't split into fence rails; they hauled giant saw logs with yokes

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"Now exhale!"

Something the Heart Must Cherish

Otto's father cursed the fate that had given him a boy who was not like other children and who made him feel ashamed

by M. FELZO

• FICTION •

℞

Anton Rachek sighed dejectedly as he turned into the street lined with rows of narrow, boxlike houses. It was six o'clock after a long shift at the ordnance plant. His stocky frame in the worn corduroy jacket was stooped and his broad face was seamed with fatigue.

It wasn't as if Otto ever asked for much, Anton thought. No, Otto was satisfied with very little. He had never asked for an electric train, a scooter, or a drawing set because other boys had them. So if Otto wanted a dog now, what was the matter with that?

But Anna said there would be trouble. Remember, she said, what happened with the cat that Otto brought home and said he had found it on the street. And the chickens!

But Otto didn't mean to steal the chickens. Anna was a mean old woman. She didn't care anything about her grandson.

Anton Rachek turned up the sheepskin collar of his jacket, as he crossed the alley. The wind from the river carried a dank, sweet smell from the dump near its edge. Fronts of the identical houses, begrimed with factory soot, each had a row of three windows, a small porch, and a barren patch of yard. He shifted his lunch bucket and thrust his right hand into his pocket to get his fingers warm. Outside his house a group of the neighborhood boys were playing hide-and-seek. He could see them darting behind a tree and scrambling beneath the porch.

Anton felt a twinge of unhappiness as he watched them. Otto would be sitting in the chair by the front window, his nose pressed against the glass, awaiting his father's arrival. Poor Otto. In spite of his strong body, overdeveloped for his twelve years, he was slow in his movements and never any good at games.

As Anton walked down the narrow sidewalk he saw there was no light in the window and the dingy, lace curtain was not pushed back. He missed Otto's large, pale face and smile of welcome. Turning down the walk, Anton went to the back of the house. As he pushed open the kitchen door he met the strong odor of boiled cabbage and wieners. He hung his coat and cap on a hook behind the door and smoothed the matted grey hair on the top of his head.

The old woman stirring the coffee in the white enamel pot on the gas range looked up and said, "Well, Anton, you are late, no?" She was in a loose, faded house dress with a man's old sweater, the elbows out, buttoned over it.

"Yah," Anton set down his tin lunch bucket. "We have overtime now." He went to the sink and began to wash his large, calloused hands, stained with grease and grime. "Anna, where is Otto?" he asked.

"I send him by the store." Anna took an old cracked bowl from the cupboard and began to fill it with steaming cabbage.

"By the store, now?"

"Why not?"

Anton looked at the alarm clock on the shelf above the sink. "Is late now. I don't like Otto should be out on the streets."

"We have no coffee for the morning so I send him by Kranz store."

"Why don't you send him earlier when he was home from school?"

"Why? Why? Because he come home late." Anna slapped the bowl of cabbage on the oilcloth-covered table. "Here, supper is ready."

Anton finished smoothing his hair with the wet comb. Then, crossing to the table, he sat down. The old woman eased her arthritic-ridden body into the chair opposite Anton. She began to eat greedily with sucking noises.

For a few moments there was silence while Anton attacked his meal hungrily. Then, wiping his mustache with the back of his hand, he asked, "Why was Otto late from school today?"

The old woman shrugged her worn shoulders. "I don't know."

Frank BEAVEN

"My new hat just took off and joined that flock of ducks"

"You don't know. You don't know. Is that all you can say?"

"Well, what should I say? Otto don't talk."

Anton looked sharply at the old woman. He emptied his cup of coffee with one gulp and stood up. "I'm going out to look for Otto."

Anna held a forkful of cabbage between the plate and her mouth. "But you have not finished eating."

"I don't care. I don't care. Put it back on the stove. I eat it when I come back."

The old woman threw up her hands. "Ah, Anton, why do you worry so much about that dumbhead?"

"Anna," Anton turned angrily. "You keep your mouth shut. You have nothing but bad things to say about Otto. You don't care what should happen to him, even if he is your own daughter's son."

"I suppose I'm to blame if he is not right in the head."

"Anna," Anton's body became suddenly rigid. "You say that once more and I—I—I will give you one."

For a moment the old woman looked at him warily. Then she shrugged and went on eating.

Anton slammed the door as he left. His anger made him clench his fists and his broad lips were pressed together in a hard line. How he loathed the old woman. For five years she had made his life miserable. When Maria was alive the house was neat and clean, fresh, white curtains at the kitchen windows, green ferns in the front window, the kitchen floor always freshly scrubbed with clean newspapers spread upon it. Now the curtains hung torn and dingy, furry rolls of neglected dust were under the furniture, and always the stale odor of cooking.

But more than this, Anton hated Anna for the way she treated Otto. She not only berated the boy for his dullness, but she took mean advantage of his mild, patient temperament to make him perform all the heavy tasks. One Saturday morning, when Anton had returned unexpectly from the shop, he found Otto hanging out the wash, which he had previously scrubbed in the basement. The neighborhood boys stood about jeering and taunting him. Anton had stormed in then, threatening to drive the old woman from the house, but she had muttered angrily, with her everlasting shrug, "The dumbhead might as well be good for something.”

Anton quickened his pace as he approached Kranz's grocery store.

Behind the counter Mr. Kranz was unpacking a carton of canned vegetables. He said, “Good evening, Anton!”

“Good evening,” Anton replied curtly. “Have you seen Otto?”

“Sure. He was by here only a short time ago.”

“Where is he now?”

“Well, he come here and got a pound of coffee and I thought he went out right away.” Mr. Kranz looked around. “Oh, there he is.”

“Where?”

“Over by Jiggs in the corner. Hey, Otto. Aren't you ever going to leave that dog alone?”

The boy was sitting on a chair at the back of the store. At his feet was a large brown-and-white collie whose head he was stroking gently. The boy's lips were moving as if he were talking to the animal.

Mr. Kranz laughed. “He sure loves that dog,” he said.

“Otto.” Anton spoke sharply.

The boy raised his eyes slowly. Then his large features brightened with recognition.

“Papa!”

Anton strode angrily over to the boy. “What are you doing here?”

“I—I—” Otto began, but he was frightened and though his lips moved no sound came out.

Anton shook the boy. “Come, come, answer me!”

Again Otto worked his mouth in an attempt to speak. Finally he said, “I—I just want to pet Jiggs.” In a kind of despair he stroked the dog's head.

“So I have to stop eating, leave my supper, go out on the streets, and worry God knows where you might be, while you stay here to pet this dog.”

Otto swallowed and wet his lips.

“Do you know what I think happened?” Anton's voice was harsh.

Otto shook his head slowly.

“I think maybe you fall in the river. You stay out so long.” Anton stooped over and picked up Otto's cap from the floor. “Here, put this on.”

Otto took the cap from his father's hand with trembling fingers and put it on his tousled, dirt-streaked hair.

“Well, what do you have to say?” Anton asked finally.

Otto looked up quickly. Then his whole body began to tremble. He seemed to shrink deeper into the worn jacket he was wearing, and he lowered his head, cowering.

Without waiting for the boy to answer, Anton took him roughly by the arm and pushed him toward the door.

The two walked silently, Anton with his quick, heavy step and Otto doing his best to make his lagging footsteps follow. Every now and then Anton heard a snuffling and a slight whimpering sound. But he hardened his heart and said nothing.

It was always like this whenever Anton had to reprimand Otto in public. There was something about his son, so weak, so defenseless, shrinking away from him, as well as the nudging, knowing glances of onlookers that destroyed any pity he might have and made him almost cruel. Why, he thought bitterly to himself, did he have to have a son who was like this? It was the only thing he could never forgive Maria for—in every other respect she had been a good wife—no man could have asked for better.

Anton looked at Otto as they turned under the street light. The big tears running down the boy's cheeks he made no effort to brush away. Occasionally he ran the worn sleeve of his faded jacket under his nose and snuffled loudly.

They approached the house and went into the kitchen.

Anna filled Otto's plate and motioned to him to sit down. Anton ate nothing, but took the paper and sat down in the front room.

Otto came in when he had finished eating and went dejectedly to the bench where his model airplane equipment was strewn about. He slowly picked up a model, holding it in trembling hands and began to glue some paper to its skeleton form. Every now and then he would look at his father.

Anton felt very uncomfortable. Some of the quick anger which had risen suddenly was gone. He only felt tired—too tired to make any scene. He cleared his throat suddenly and said, “Otto.”

The boy looked up and his big hands dropped the airplane quickly.

“Otto,” Anton repeated more gently. “Come here.”

The boy obeyed, standing humble before his father, a strained look in his pale, large eyes. His big body in his patched and faded trousers and sweater that was several sizes too small for him looked awkward.

“Now, tell me, Otto, what happened today in school?”

Otto shifted his weight from one foot to another and then said slowly, hesitantly, “The teacher

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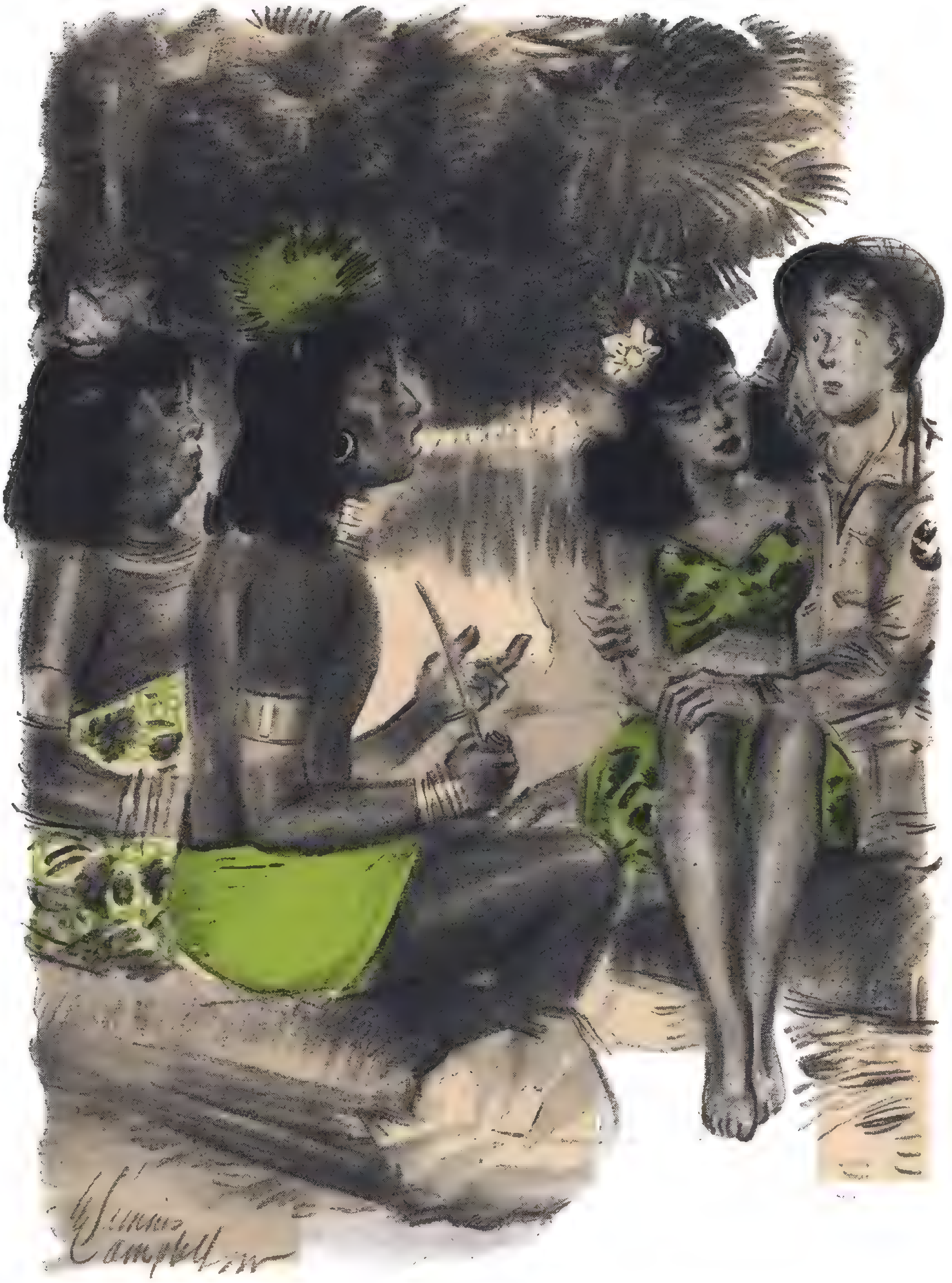

“Can you support her in the fashion she's accustomed to?”

Sport Sired the PT Boats

Gar Wood's urge to design and drive the fastest racing hydroplanes in the world gave the Navy its deadly small fighters

by DALE STAFFORD

▪SPORTS▪

Gar Wood is an amazing combination of engineering genius and reckless, daredevil sportsmanship. For many years his major purpose in life was to build faster and faster speedboats and drive them himself. When for the first time in history a hydroplane hurled itself over the water at 100 miles an hour it was Gar Wood's *Miss America IX* and Gar Wood was at the wheel. He drove his own boats in all his races. When the last, *Miss America X*, roared over a measured course at the unheard of speed of better than two miles a minute Gar Wood steered her.

The physical urge in him to drive these thunderbolts himself is what makes him unique. His fellow industrialists in Detroit couldn't understand a man like Gar Wood. It was all right for a big manufacturer, a rich man, to toss out a few hundred thousand in promoting the sport of motorboat racing. Naturally he would hire the best race driver available. To get out there and drive the boats himself—what sensible man would do that?

But without that overmastering desire to feel the boats leaping under him, to feel the wind and the cutting spray in his face, Gar Wood would not have built the boats. Driving them himself in competition was the supreme thrill, and he would not give that up to anybody. To be an onlooker from a grandstand box while another man drove his boat meant nothing to Wood. He was a competitor. Wood is two men. Up in the top of his skull is the calculating mathematician. It is mounted on the chassis of a roaring race driver.

That is why shaggy-haired, millionaire Wood is known as the "Father of the PT Boats," the Navy's expendables, if you please. But with the characteristic pride of the mechanic and inventor for his product, Wood still insists that *Miss America X*, the last of his series of record breakers, should be called their mother.

"They're all her offspring," he chuckles while fondling a model that will be the speedboat of tomorrow.

This wedding of *Miss America X* and Mars is Wood's eloquent answer to those who raised eyebrows at his going in personally for Harmsworth Trophy racing and international speedboat competition. Wood stayed with speedboat racing until in 1933 there wasn't a challenger in the world to dispute his supremacy. His experience and his engineering innovations were to pay dividends to his country. The day was to come when deadly, high-speed, easy-to-maneuver small boats would streak over the sea, a hard striking arm of the Navy.

The day came—and the PT's were the expendables of the Battle of Bataan. Gen. Douglas MacArthur and his party escaped in one and so did others, including President Quezon of the Philippines. And today the remarkable PT's are major factors in the ever-expanding Battle of the Pacific. Moreover, they and their gallant crews are contributing to the ever-tightening noose the United Nations are ringing around Nazi-occupied Europe.

In Detroit the credit for their existence goes entirely to Wood because the Navy declined to listen several years back when he suggested they build a few thousand boats and have them ready.

No less an authority than General MacArthur has been quoted as saying that 200 torpedo boats in the right place at the right time could have put us on top in the Pacific at the start of the war with Japan.

The lightning striking power of small craft was born when Gar Wood had the idea of redesigning the concentrated fury of an airplane motor so that it would drive a speedboat. His aim then was to build a world-beating racer. From this revolutionary adaptation of air motors to marine use, together with the designing of hulls to make use of their tremendous power, came the PT boats.

Gar Wood wasn't born to the water, but he arrived at it at the age of two when his parents moved in 1882 from Mapleton, Iowa, to Lake Osakis, Minnesota. Here the elder Wood became the operator of a wood-burning steamboat named the *Manitoba*. On the same lake was another ferry called the *Merry Mann*. The boats were exceedingly slow but still a rivalry existed that probably had much to do in creating in young Wood the will to win.

When Gar was eight years old the race to end all races on Lake Osakis took place. The *Manitoba* was chugging over the lake in leisurely pursuit of her daily duties when the *Merry Mann* came up from behind.

"My father was at the wheel and my brother and I were looking after the fires," Wood recalls. "As soon as the *Mann* came abreast, my father turned on full steam and the race began.

"Our old boat drew ahead. Then, when we still had a mile to go to the dock, we discovered we were running out of fuel. My father shouted, 'Break up the furniture,' so we went to work with axes on the tables and chairs. We won the race but there wasn't a free piece of wood left on board. Our average speed in this victory was around eight miles per hour."

It was inevitable that Wood's association with boats should continue. As a young man he got a job working on a fleet of motorboats at Duluth, Minnesota. Here Wood, the tinkerer, found ways to increase the speed of the engines.

"In those days there was no carburetion system in gasoline engines and we used high-test fuel and air valves," says Wood. "I decided that if I could get gasoline into the engine along with the air I could maintain the power. So I would open the valves and squirt in gasoline from an oil can. Thus, I had the crude equivalent of a modern carburetor.

"The engines also had a fixed spark device, advanced spark not having been invented. I found that sticking a screwdriver between the spark cam and the roller advanced the spark and increased the power of the engine. This made the boat run faster and in friendly races my boat invariably won."

The day of the first Wood-owned speedboat wasn't far distant. The hull cost forty dollars and the name was *Leading Lady*. It made 34 miles an hour and as Wood says, "the racing bug had me."

Strange to say Wood's wealth, which enabled him to further his racing ambitions, didn't come from boats at all.

He was walking down a street in St. Paul when he saw a driver unloading five tons of coal by hand. It seemed to Wood that there should be a mechanical device capable of dumping the entire load in a few seconds.

The problem intrigued him. Suddenly he remembered the hydraulic cylinder of the old *Manitoba* that reversed the engines. The first requirement was a gear pump to create high oil pressure and when he found one he came to Detroit, the automotive center,

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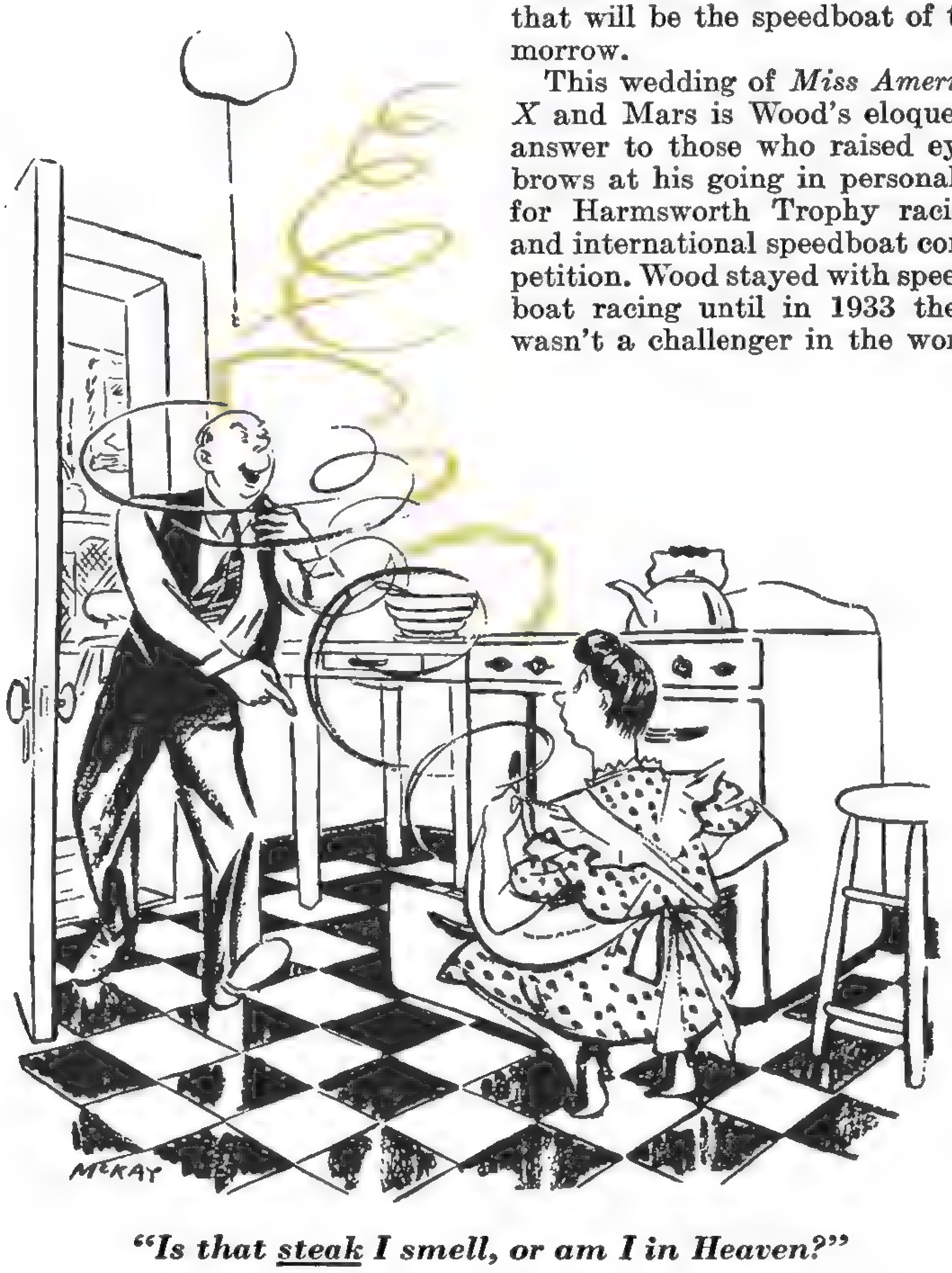
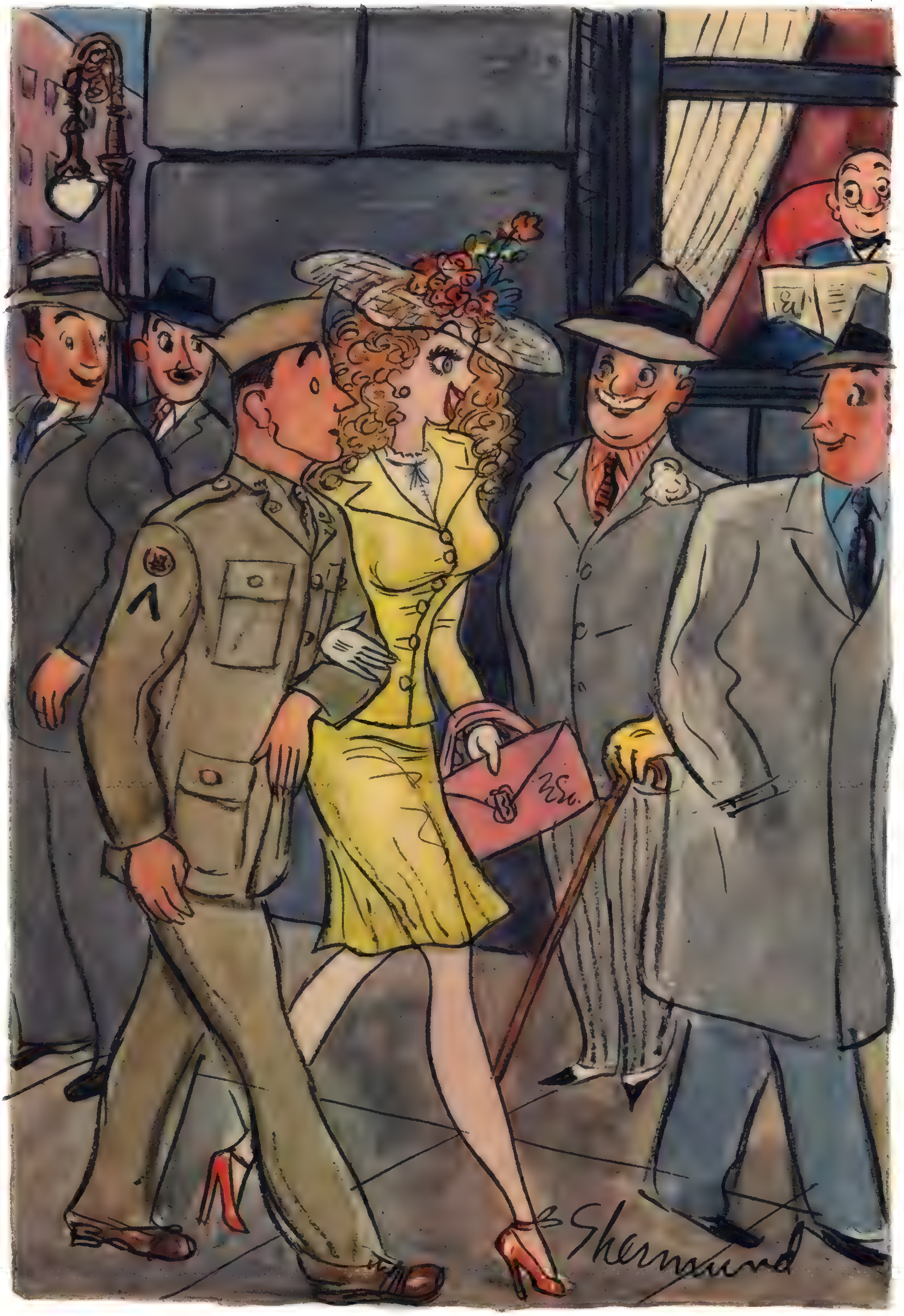
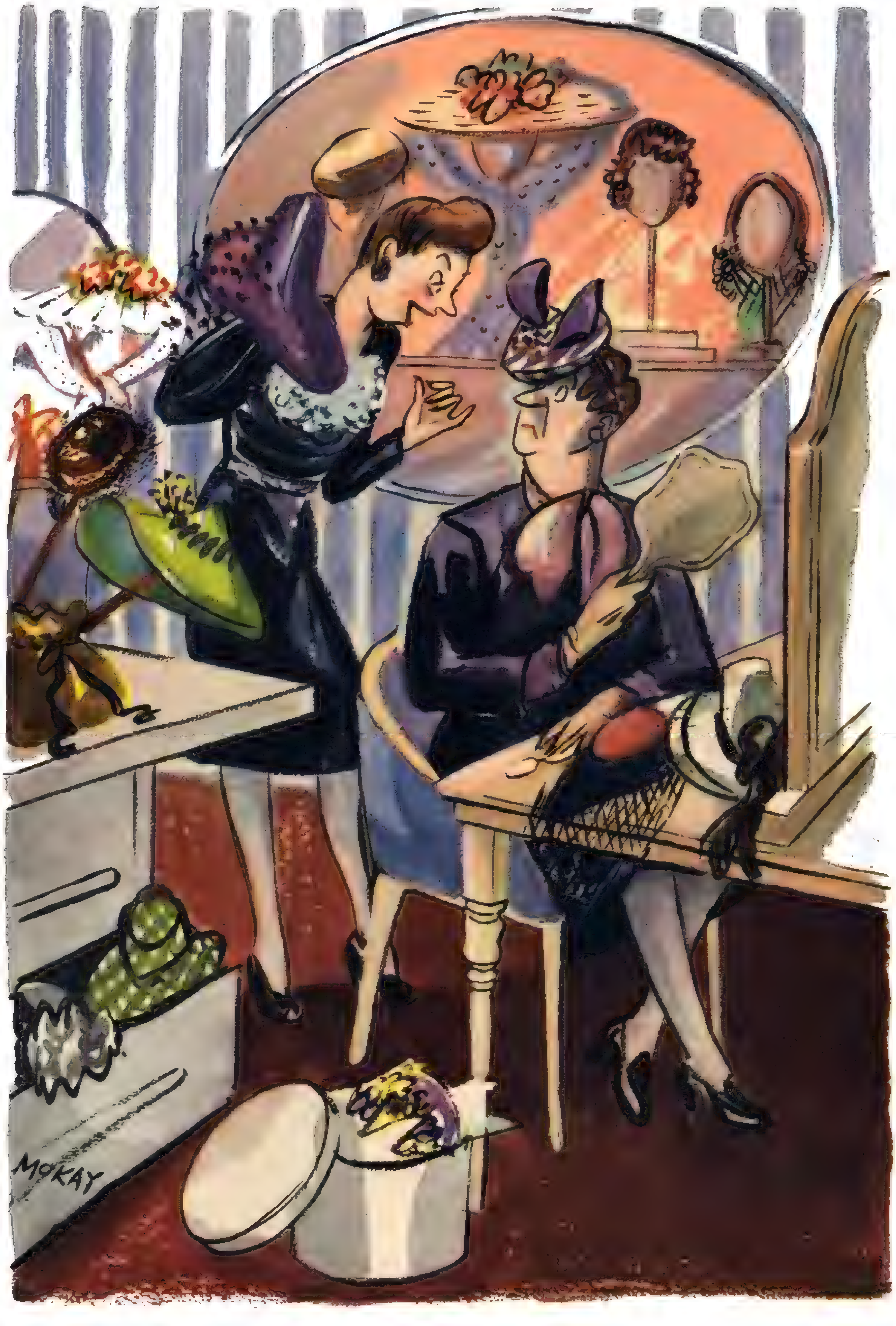


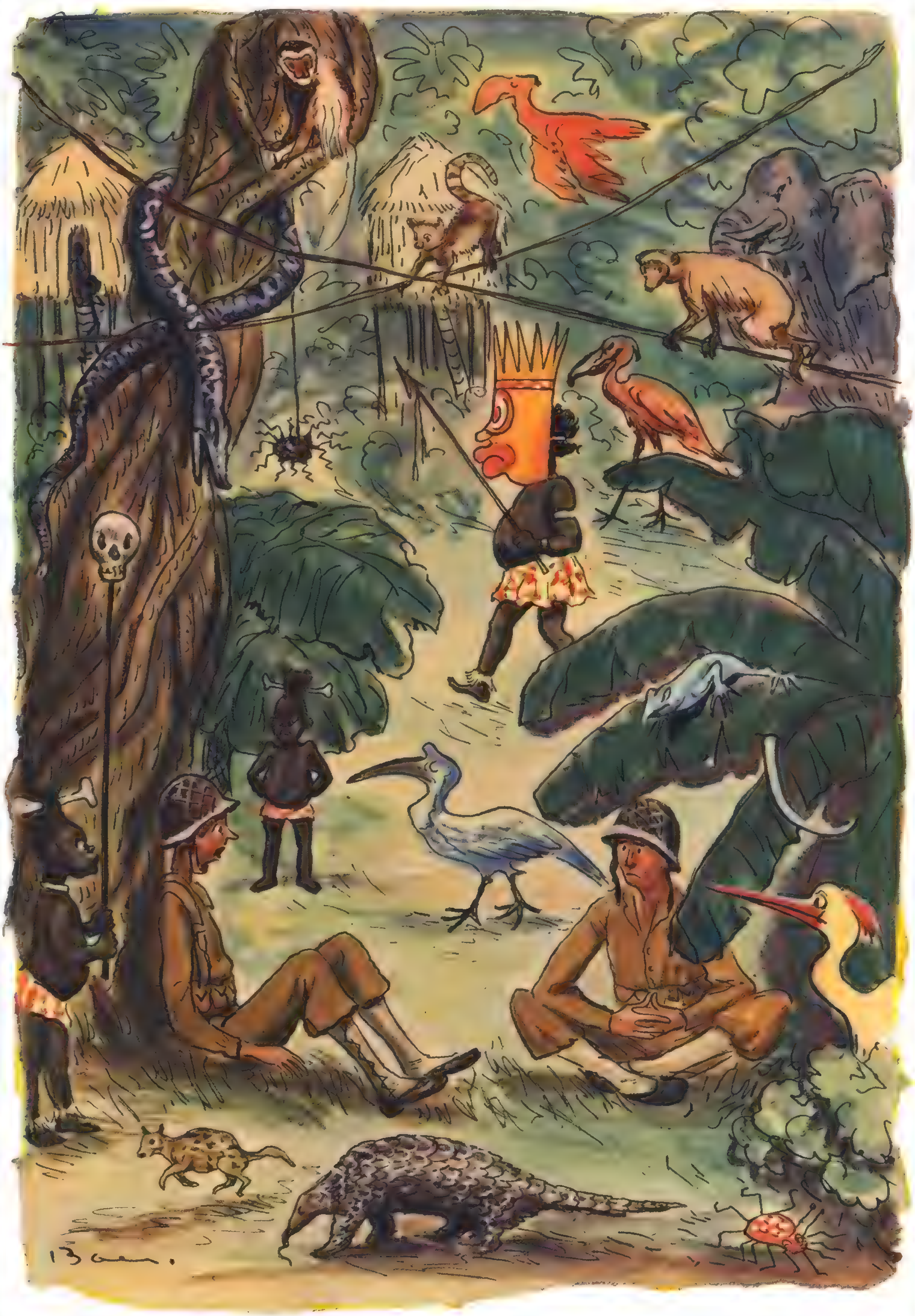
"Is that steak I smell, or am I in Heaven?"



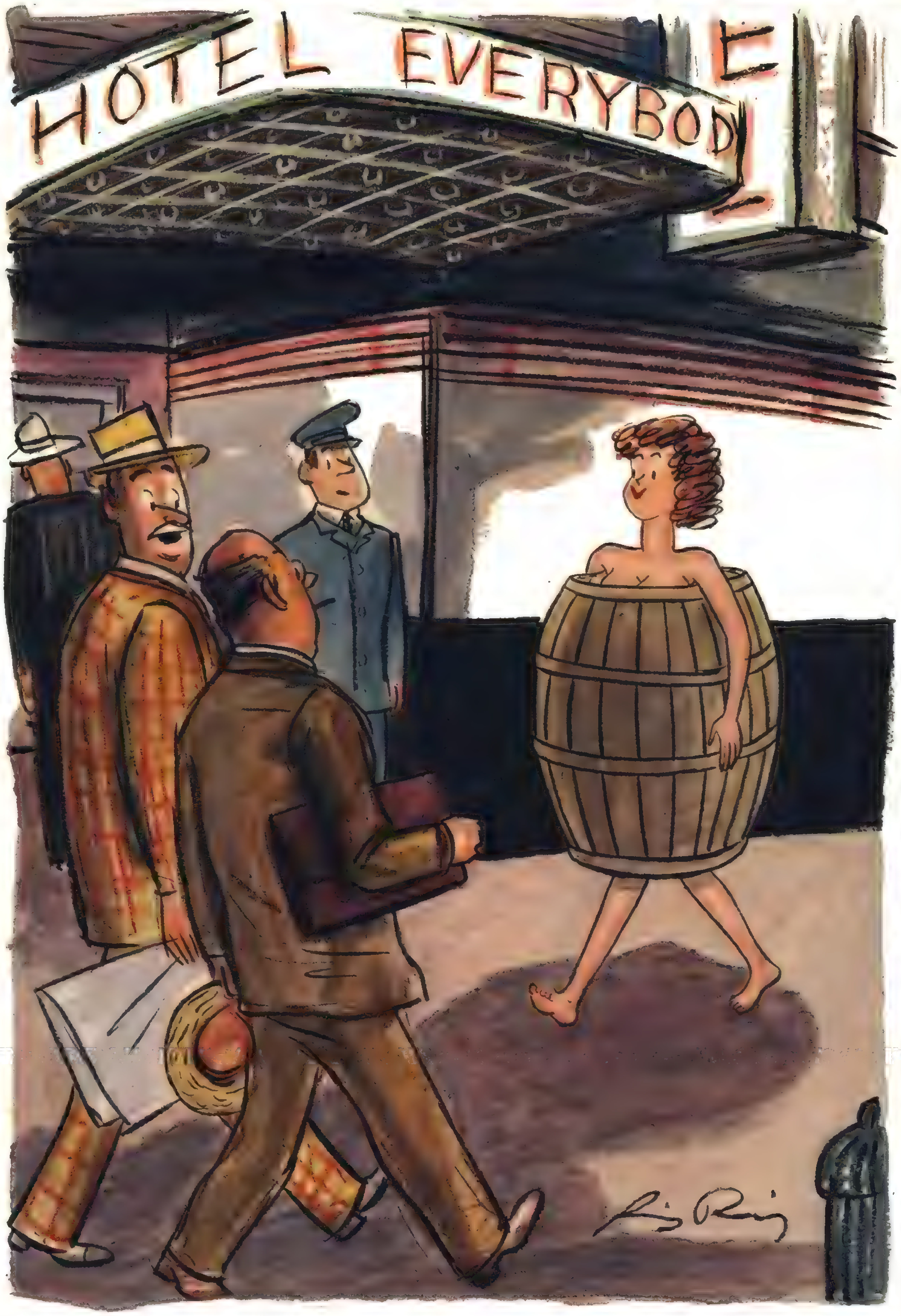
"Your uniform is sure attracting a lot of attention, Elmer!"



"Will Madame go another half a buck?"



"Sometimes I wonder if my living in a house on Elm Street back in Pottsville wasn't some wild dream I had"


HOTEL EVERYBOD
E

"She's the champion bond buyer in town"

The Gremlins in Washington

Suggesting those so-and-so's in the government and businessmen who damn them are not such distant relatives

by J. C. HAMMOND

• ARTICLE •

℞

My apologies to the R.A.F. and to the Gremlins which they discovered and classified. Their Gremlins are gnome-like creatures who gum up airplanes.

Washington Gremlins look very much like human beings, (well, at least most of them do) and they work at desks in the W.P.B., O.P.A., X.Y.Z. and C.O.D. offices in Washington.

I cannot tell you about the life of the R.A.F. Grems, but I can tell you about the gang in Washington. I was one of them. I did not become one of my own free will; I was drafted. I belonged to a special fraternity known as Dollar-a-Year Gremlins.

If you are in this classification, it means that you immediately become suspect with your own company because you are government tainted. The regular Government Varsity Gremlins won't really accept you because, to their trained nostrils, you have a positive stench of industry. However, this gives you an opportunity to study the Washington Gremlin.

His work, in your opinion, probably consists of giving you an AAA on a special Jap Eliminator and then refusing your supplier anything better than an AA5 on the handles necessary to operate same. He probably will return form QT17630 seven times for correction while Marines are waiting in the South Pacific for this Eliminator. You know that having balled up your order he is proud of having efficiently created so much inefficiency.

I started my study of these government workers. I call them Gremlins; but some people call them a name which, if they use it on a man from Texas, they must accompany with a wide smile.

When I arrived at Gremlin Gables, in my case the air-conditioned offices of the W.P.B. in the Railroad Retirement Building, I was sure that these creatures were entirely different from us enlightened perfectionists in industry. I expected that each desk would be stacked high with questionnaires which were never looked at.

I was surprised to find that the huge building was like any other large place of business. My first tests were quite simple. I started counting ears, noses and eyes. Believe it or not, my survey proved that outwardly, at least, these men were just like people with business sense.

"Well," I thought, "this is going to be harder than I expected; but for years all businessmen have known that government workers were something shameful and different. I know it's true and I'll find out why."

I was there for three long hot summer months and returned to industry without having found the answer. I had given up the idea of proving they were all wrong and was willing to settle for a medium number of upgraded half-wits to prove my firm belief that they were deserving of all the names I had called them from the safety of my grandstand seat.

May I take time out here to say that I believe that we Americans are the greatest nation of grandstand and Monday morning quarterbacks the world has known? I am not trying to lead up to saying that all government employees are All-Americans. In fact, quite the opposite, because the All-American is the exception, not the rule. These guys are average Americans like you and me.

They are their own worst critics. They will tell you more funny stories about their inefficiency than you have ever heard before. Because nearly all of them were in industry before they put on the dunce cap of a government worker. They gloat over saying, "Hitler won't bomb Washington; he doesn't want to end the confusion there," or, "Honorable Japanese spy say, 'No use bombing Washington, because same work always done in two places.' "

Maybe you have been down to Washington and have seen men sitting around with apparently nothing to do. Well that's true. They do have that type, too many, in fact—but I have seen many loafers in industry who could teach these government boys a thing or two.

One thing you can count on. These men are on the job six days a week, eight hours a day, evenings or Sundays thrown in when something special pops. Holidays? Yes, Christmas.

How about you? Is your work record as satisfactory?

As far as I am concerned, a few of them can sit occasionally with a faraway look in their eyes just as long as they are there when the alarm rings. Many times I have walked by the firehouse and seen the firemen sitting around and have wondered if they were worth the taxes. But if the bell rings, we know it is a small price to pay for their ability to get things quickly under control.

Now let's get at this mutual recrimination that exists between government and business.

First: These government men came from industry. They usually have had years in business on the industry team. They have had both government and industry experience; you have never had any experience in government. Can you quarterback a team on which you never played?

Second: Your job is to run your own business and to hell with anyone who gets in your way. The government man has to win a war—that's his only job—and if you are in the way he may have to stiff-arm you.

But what do you do when Washington cracks down on you? Do you regale your fellows with accounts of the vengeance they have decided to wreak on you personally? If you are fair-minded, you will learn that there is a good reason for what they do and, if you have the guts of your ancestors, you will quit squawking and guide your company to success along other channels.

You don't think for a minute, do you, that we can play this wartime business game without rules? These Gremlins down at Washington have a war to win, and if they have to penalize you fifteen yards, or even put you out of the game, they will do it. Now why don't you quit your arguing with the referee and the rules committee and get on with the game?

Of course, I know you could run government better, but before you draw up your plans let me tell you a few facts so you will know what you will have to do.

Let's take just one organization to start with, the War Production Board. We will take one section of the Automotive Division, my industry, as an example. This industry is small but a good average problem. It will do around 150,000,000 dollars annually. Let's use as an example one company within the industry. You are its president. It's quite a job to run that business at any time, and it's a tremendous job during wartime. You have many new employees, more new problems, but, Mr. President, you do have a nucleus of an organization which has been functioning for years.

Now we shall go back to the W.P.B. They have one man heading up the unit to administer to this en-

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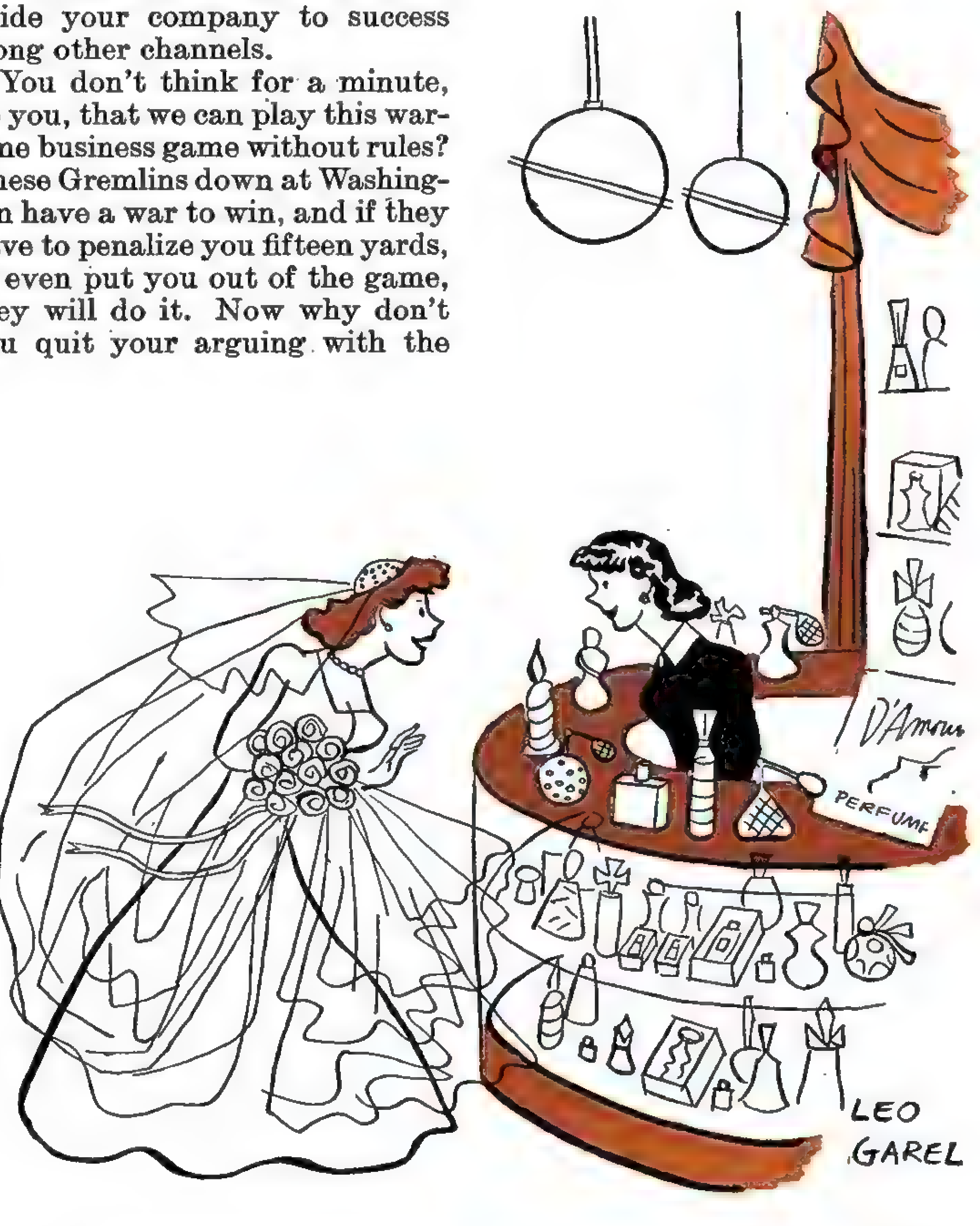

"I just dropped in to tell you how grateful I am"

The Loud and Vehement Prayer

Postponement of the Sunday school picnic was enough to shake a boy's faith, but the Exhibition was .. real test of Providence

by ROBERT FONTAINE

▪ FICTION ▪

A quarter of a century ago a prayer was not the sort of pep talk with one's ego that the psychologists have made of it today.

A prayer, if you were a child at any rate, was a personal communication with a firm but benevolent Gentleman who, after careful consideration, granted or denied you your plea.

That is how it was with me. I prayed with the casual pleasure with which I ate or played soldier, and with somewhat more frequency.

I prayed on bended knee at bedtime. I prayed, seated, in school. I prayed alone and with others. Once in a while I even prayed on the run, particularly on the way to the dentist or the grammar school principal's office.

I kept track of my prayers and I found out one day that I was not maintaining a very high average. I went dutifully to Sunday school each week, put my three cents in the collection (one for the church, two for foreign missions) and brought home the brightly-colored postcard depicting a dramatic scene from the Bible.

Nevertheless, I did not seem to be especially favored. Furthermore, one Sunday the picture had to do with a bearded man praying on a large rock. There appeared to him a wonderful creature with beautiful, golden hair and pure white wings.

The beautiful stranger did not appear to be the Lord, but he certainly looked like one of His close friends. Now, in spite of the volume of my prayers, I had never been visited by any such creature, and I was certain I was as good as the old man in the picture.

It worried me considerably. Matters became tense when the Saturday for the annual Sunday school picnic arrived. This was a day that came next to Christmas for joy. It meant all the ice cream I could eat and all the hard-boiled eggs and lemonade and chocolate bars. It meant, in all likelihood, winning a prize in the three-legged race or the potato race. It meant a good deal of fun.

Naturally, I knelt down every night and murmured softly a prayer that Saturday be a warm and cloudless day. During the day, whenever there was nothing else on my mind, I whispered:

"Dear God, please make Saturday a nice day!"

Yet, in spite of my fervor, this Saturday in question was not nice. It was cold and miserable. As a matter of fact, it hailed for a while. The picnic was, of course, postponed a week. To wait another week for a Sunday school picnic was horrible.

What was worse was the fact that my most important prayers had not been answered.

I took it up with my mother one day while she was ironing. I tangled myself up in the long cord accidentally and upset my mother's careful smoothing of my father's best white shirts. She was consequently in no mood to discuss religious principles with me.

"Go wash your face," she said firmly, before I could even open my mouth.

"I didn't do it on purpose," I protested, meaning my trouble with the ironing cord. Whenever I was told to wash my face, I considered it punishment for something.

"Is that any reason why you should have a dirty face?" my mother sighed. She neatly fixed the little tucks in my father's dress shirt. I went in to the bathroom and washed my face dutifully.

"Now you look like something," my mother smiled. I grinned happily.

"Maw, why is it sometimes when you want something awful bad and you pray for it hard, well . . . you don't get it."

"The Lord," my mother advised, "helps those who help themselves."

I mulled this over for a while and got nowhere, dialectically speaking.

"How can I help myself when it's about the weather? Suppose I ask for a nice day and then it rains?"

My mother put down the iron and gazed steadily at me.

"Well," she said, at length, "suppose some poor farmer prayed for rain on the same day? Don't you suppose maybe he needs rain as badly as you want sunshine?"

I blinked my eyes thoughtfully. So that's how it was, I surmised. There was competition!

I stood there quite a while thinking.

"Pull up your stocking," my mother insisted casually.

I pulled up my stocking and left the kitchen, ending the interview.

My father played in a theater orchestra and when he came home from the matinee, I climbed up on his lap and began questioning him. My idea in these matters was to question everyone and then make a sort of digest. I was, in a sense, the forerunner of public opinion polls.

I told my dad about my lack of success with the weather. He considered the matter for some time. Simultaneously, he dashed off little musical compositions which were to accompany some silent picture of those days.

"You see, what's the use of praying for a nice day?" I concluded.

"It's a very good idea to pray for a nice day," my father insisted. "Only, on the other hand, it is also well to have your rubbers and raincoat ready."

This, I could see, was getting me nowhere. The only advisor left was Grandpa. Grandpa had a habit of disappearing for days at a time and then showing up just as abruptly. At the moment he was away on one of his mysterious adventures.

The following Saturday the picnic was held and I won second prize in the three-legged race. It was a Bible which I had to share with Lionel LaTouche. I gave him the Old Testament and kept the New for myself because it had a great deal of red printing in it and seemed much more colorful than the Old Testament which was completely black.

The next week I thumbed through my New Testament and came across a good many passages wherein I was informed that my prayers would be answered. "Knock," I was told, "and it shall be opened unto you."

This scholarly reading restored

SGT. Ned Hilton

"You'll have to admit he's original"

my confidence somewhat. Mind you, under no circumstances did I blame the Lord, personally. I was well aware of the magnitude of His job and the small place I occupied in the universe. I felt there was something lacking either in my conduct (which seemed really unlikely) or in the manner in which I phrased my requests.

Then, too, if the sparrow's fall meets His tender view, it seemed to me He should have a few spare moments for Richard De L'Isle.

Well, the next big event on my calendar was the Central Canada Exhibition. This great event, held annually in Ottawa, was magnificent. At least it always seemed so to me. There was a midway full of sideshows and a merry-go-round and Ferris wheels. There was steamed corn, dripping with butter and native Canadian apples covered with transparent candy, the whole held firmly on a red stick. There were rows and rows of Canada's apples and grapes and pumpkins. There were buildings full of Canada's prize bulls and sheep and chickens. There was a great vaudeville show every night before the grandstand, at which daredevils drove motorcycles at breakneck speed and clowns cavorted, and the climax of which was a dazzling display of fireworks, ending in a set piece supposed to be a portrait of the Canadian Prime Minister and the Maple Leaf, Canada's national emblem.

I had been before, of course, but we had always sat near the top of the stand and since I was small I missed half the show what with iron girders and people's hats in my way.

This year I determined to pray, not only that I ride the Ferris wheel (a pleasure always denied me as too dangerous) but that I have a front row box in the grandstand with no one, naturally, in front of me.

The Exhibition is held in September and I had a number of weeks to get in some good, substantial praying. I realized that what I was asking was very close to a miracle and yet I persisted. In fact, I do believe, I got the notion that my trouble was in praying for too simple things.

Alas, the first day of the Exhibition came and I was not even taken. I heard my mother mutter something about the expense and the crowds and the heat.

The second day she came right out and said:

"I really don't think you should go this year. You eat every single sample you get. Last year you ate three boxes of shredded wheat, a jar of dill pickles and a piece of layer cake inside of five minutes. Not to mention the cake of perfumed soap you bit into."

"Everybody else is going. It isn't fair."

"Traipsing around all day in those crowds really is unhealthy," my mother went on. "Besides it's so expensive."

I decided not to debate. I gritted my teeth. I went up to my room, firm in my faith, and prayed silently and at great length. If it was going to be a struggle between my good, dear mother and the Lord, I was determined (a little regretfully) to be on the Lord's side.

Thursday came and went and no Exhibition. I was confused and dismayed. On Friday my Grandpa appeared full of cheer and with his moustache waxed.

We had a gay dinner with cognac and frogs' legs he had brought us from Montreal. Of course I had none of the brandy, but the delicate flavor of the frogs' legs was enough to make me temporarily happy.

Shortly after this fine dinner, I begged my grandfather for an audience. That was the way it was with Grandpa. He stood, to say the least, on ceremony.

"Is it of eternal significance?" he inquired, his watery eyes twinkling.

"It's about God and me," I replied. "And the Exhibition."

He twisted the sharp ends of his white moustache.

"Hmmm, very well, come to my room in ten minutes. Set your watch."

We set our watches and in exactly ten minutes I was in his room.

"Now, commence," he ordered, dipping his hand into a box of chocolates with brandy centers.

I told him the entire story from the Sunday school picnic to date.

He threw his head back against the cushioned rear of the adjustable rocker.

"Ah," he muttered. "Mmmm. A delicate situation."

I waited. He placed his gnarled hand on his forehead, the huge blue ring shining in the lamplight.

"Let me see you pray," he requested, finally. I gave him a nervous look and then knelt for several moments. When I arose he regarded me with surprise.

"You prayed?" he inquired incredulously.

"Sure."

"I heard nothing."

"In silence I prayed. At Sunday

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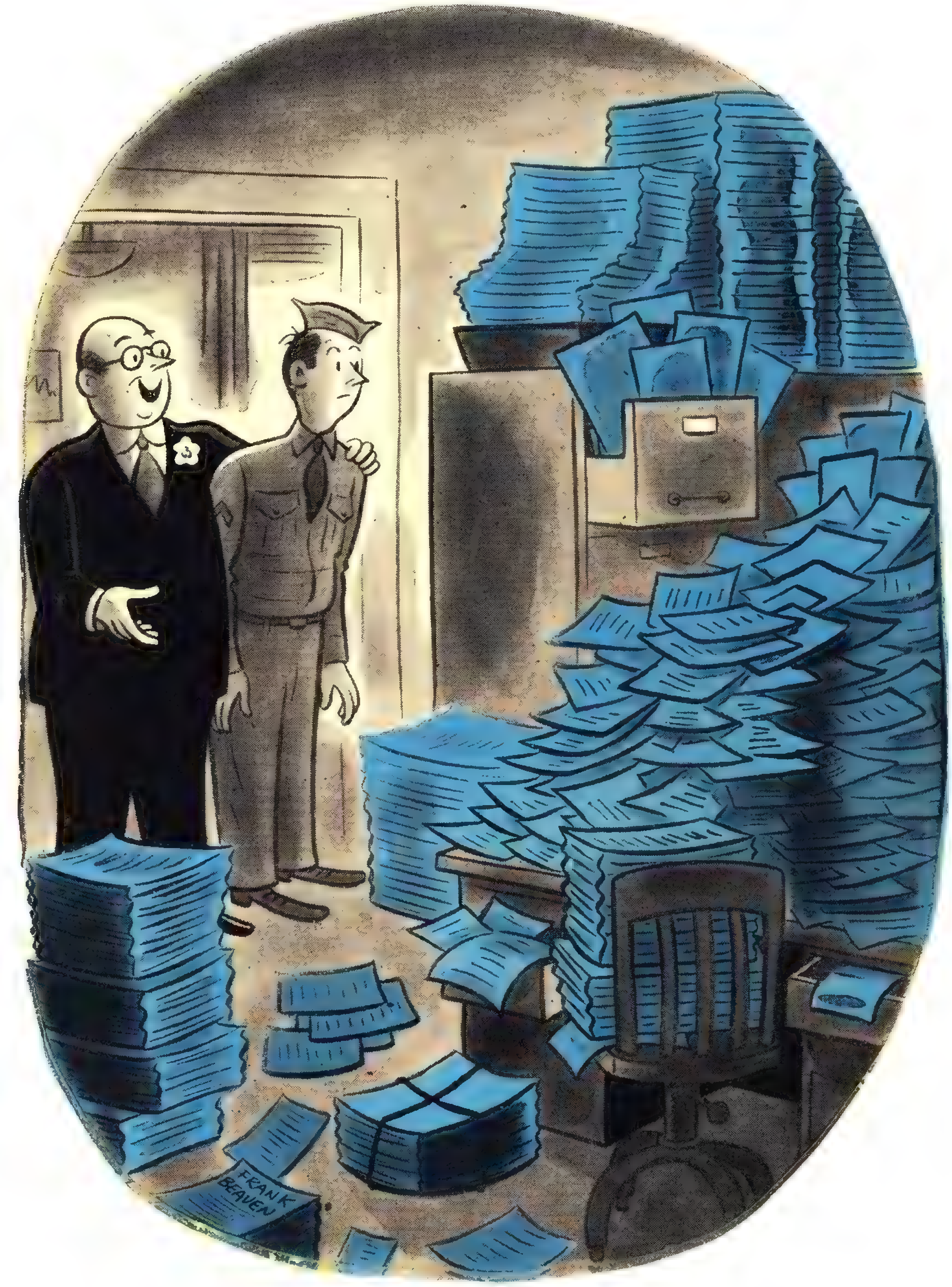

"As you can see, Smith, your old job is still waiting for you"

Golf Without Elephants

How George S. May's three-ringed circus at Tam O'Shanter looks to a golfer who values companionship higher than "gate"

by O. B. KEELER

▪SPORTS▪

First off, and emphatically, I want to make it absolutely clear and outside the libel laws, if not the revised province of the Postmaster General, that nothing which appears in the ensuing article or screed is to be credited or charged to (1) Esquire, (2) the United States Golf Association, (3) Robert E. Harlow or (4) anybody else except me, unless under specific quotation. Or leave that off about the libel laws. I know something about them and thus far have stayed away from the wrong or hot side. I do not take any chances. If you get anything libelous into printed form, you see, it makes not the remotest difference if it is prefaced by "it is reported" or "it is said" or "it is rumored." Not only that publication may be called onto the carpet, but also the editor and the copyreader, and the typesetter and the proofreader and the operators of the press and the newsboy who sells it on the street and the proprietor of the disbursing news or magazine stand.

Anyway, this ain't going to be libelous. It's just a personal expression of personal opinion and conviction as to amateur golf in America, and what is likely to happen to the same when and if the promoters get hold of the game and start (1) making the "gate" a matter of business and/or (2) spreading amateur golf into a semi-professional or completely professional competitive game by (a) giving money prizes and/or (b) permitting the paying of "expenses" of amateurs to competitions, by others than themselves or their immediate and supporting relatives or guardians.

In a word, making a show out of golf; specifically, amateur golf.

I quote from an Associated Press dispatch out of Chicago, just before these lines escape a stuttering typewriter, the reference being to the proposed Open Championship of the Western Golf Association, apparently to be revived this summer after a war lapse. William T. Woodson, of Chicago, newly elected president of the forty-five-year-old W. G. A. says:

"Chicago is not being considered for this tournament. The city already is loaded and, besides, I am afraid George S. May (president of Tam O'Shanter) has got golf so circus-minded in Chicago that it would be hard to hold a tournament unless you have some elephants. We don't want to smack of circus golf."

The A.P. story adds:

"Chicago will be the scene of the Women's Western Open, the Victory National Championship and the Tam O'Shanter three-ringed affair—the All-American Open and Amateur, for men, and the All-American Open, for women."

And this brings us to Mr. George S. May, of Chicago, president of the Tam O'Shanter Country Club, founder of the American Golf Foundation and promoter of the three-ring golfing circus referred to in the A.P. story.

Let us pause for a moment to inquire, "Who is Mr. George S. May, and what for?"

That is, in golf, of course.

Well, let's see. Mr. May is a businessman. He organized the George S. May Business Foundation before he founded the American Golf Foundation, which latter, I confess—as well as the former—I know little or nothing about. He started playing golf in the Gay Twenties, and rapidly progressed from a golfing member to a committeeman and then to president of the Tam O'Shanter Country Club of Chicago, which, it is amply revealed in the Green Book about Mr. May, now is a prosperous affair, carrying on an excellent country club business under the program laid out by Mr. May, along the lines of the George S. May Company, which employs over a thousand technicians "ready upon request to call on American and Canadian firms to discuss their business problems."

So that's it—in part, anyway.

Still, I haven't heard that the United States Golf Association, which has been supervising Amateur and Open golfing championships in this country since about the time Mr. May was born, has requested Mr. May or any of his thousand technicians to discuss the business problems of amateur golf, or of any kind of golf, though I did hear that Mr. May, accompanied by his attorney, attended the last meeting of the U.S.G.A., when Morton S. Bogue, the newly-elected president, in the course of his remarks said:

"The success of golf has never been dependent upon a gate and never will be. It is a friendly and wholesome sport and I do not believe there is any other sport which has been responsible for forming so many close friendships through the companionship which it affords."

Get that about the "gate"? And the accent on the friendships and companionship of golf? Not particularly businesslike, and rather remotely removed from the three-ring circus type.

Well, that's what I'm for—in golf clubs and in golf tournaments. And I'm in no way criticizing or commenting on the report or rumor that the Tam O'Shanter Club is unlike any other country club in the country, with everybody having a great circus out there and two or three trade tournaments playing the course and using the locker room at the same time. If they like that sort of thing at Tam O'Shanter, why, that's that.

All right. Let's boil it down a spot more, with specific reference to the big competitions—club life is now out of the picture, so far as this article is concerned.

My guess—strictly my guess, you understand—is that George S. May aspires to take over golf, major-league competitive golf, and make a George S. May business out of it. Money prizes for amateurs. Expenses paid for those who can't pay their own—or who are good enough to be headliners. Three-ring circuses: Open, Amateur and Women's, all under the same tent.

Or maybe separate tents. But opening up—by George!

Quoting Robert E. Harlow in an article by Jack Cuddy, United Press correspondent, it is reported that George S. May "will hold a George S. May National Amateur Championship after the war unless the U.S.G.A. permits amateurs to receive more substantial prizes and traveling expenses to tournaments."

Get that: National Amateur Championship! Later promised, or threatened, for the same city, at the same time, as the U.S.G.A. is holding its own amateur championship. . . . And see which will draw the biggest and best field, is the inescapable implication—George S. May or the U.S.G.A.?

Bob Harlow adds:

"He (Mr. May) has done everything possible to win the loyalty of the top-name golfers, counting upon their support after the war."

Bob Harlow knows golf from the turf up. He managed Sir Walter Hagen throughout his tremendous career in this country and Great Britain. He managed the Hagen-Kirkwood tours. He was for a long time the tournament manager of the P.G.A., and

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of Lola Cogan

Just five feet high without her four-inch heels. Her vivacity belies her name, which is the diminutive of the Spanish "Dolores." And like many another Lilliputian, she's the possessor of a whim of iron. Lola stoutly asserts that she has given up heart throbs for the duration. But she modestly manages to keep represented in the Navy, as well as the Army Air Force, and is much too patriotic to think that defense workers should be slighted. Little Lola is a native of Los Angeles, was determined to excel as a ballroom dancer and refused to let her sixty inches act as a handicap. Her mother admonished, "Next you will be wanting to be an actress, heaven forbid. So before that happens you'd better get yourself an alternative." Having a strong practical leaning, Lola did. She took a course in what they call cosmetology and currently owns her own hairdressing shop. It's a nice lucrative business capably managed by Mom.

But the acting bug continues increasingly virulent and now Lola carries a B card in the Screen Actors Guild. "I've never had a dramatic lesson," boasts she, "and I haven't an agent. I've been in and out of pictures for two years, but I'm sticking because you never know when something is going to break and it's not going to be me."

At the moment Donald Duck is flirting with Lola; this sounds like something out of Gayley's *Classic Myths*, but it's a fact. She is one of the love interests in the latest Walt Disney picture—*The Three Caballeros.* In Walt's newest brain wave, real people step through the looking glass into the wonderland of the Disney imagination to play-act with the animateds.

During her leisure hours Lola doesn't smoke or drink but she compensates with a bang by eating. She doesn't show any favoritism: she simply eats everything and all the time.

"If I should get fat," murmurs Lola, "if I should get fat—there will always be my alternative."

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5 feet; *Bust:* 34"; *Waist:* 25"; *Hips:* 35½"; *Age:* 21.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Anton Bruehl

The British Waive the Rules

Strange, incredible adventures of His Majesty's flyers and seamen who have lived to relate them and to fight on

by LEO S. DISHER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Last war, sea lions were trained as submarine chasers and if the animals had not insisted, instead, on chasing destroyers we would have heard more about them. In other wars, things strange, perhaps weird, have taken place: battles like Crécy were won by rainstorms. But this war—for the uninhibited scattering of the phenomenon peculiar, this war has beaten them all: it's been curious, even cussed, cockeyed, the slap-happiest conflict ever, barring nothing.

For instance:

A Newfoundlander who parked his car quietly and confidently in a city street returned to find it crushed, by a ship.

And men have fallen from planes in mid-air, have been blown out of their socks—and walked away whole and complaining, if not exactly hearty and hale.

Too, for every hundred or so airmen who have gone out and shot down an enemy, at least one has gone out and collided with the enemy's ships, men, even other planes—and hardly was bothered. Curious things have continued: it has become commonplace for German war vessels to fight some of their biggest battles against each other, never knowing it; while at least one civilian, by his own mistake, went with assault troops, pell-mell, perforcedly, into one of the hottest battles yet.

Since the war began one British bomber has returned to England by itself, without any crew at all. But at one airdrome, the groundmen waiting for the crew of a Halifax to alight, saw one man climb out—and no others followed: they had been taken prisoner from a plane which never stopped, never crashed. In raiding Italy, the Halifax caught fire, headed straight into the Alps. Wing Commander B. V. Robinson ordered his crew out, waiting himself until the last man had gone. But Robinson, ready to jump, never left the plane. Strangely as the fire had started, it stopped. Robinson flew back to England—alone, leaving his crewmen prisoners behind him.

A fighter pilot returning to his British base from a Channel patrol early in 1943 reported he had seen another pilot "diving for the sea sitting astride his aircraft as if he were riding a horse." The remainder of the story was told by the diving pilot himself: his engines failed; he climbed from his cockpit "and was almost ready to pull the ripcord of my parachute when I found I was being carried down with the aircraft—somehow or other I had got myself caught." Riding atop the plane, he fell one thousand feet . . . wriggled free at about altitude four hundred . . . counted two seconds—and his opening 'chute dropped him safely, but hard, into the sea.

Many war pilots operating from England have saved their lives by parachuting; but one man left his plane with no 'chute strapped on him—and was floating from one when he landed. Over Cologne during the thousand-bomber raid of May 30, 1942: "Suddenly there was a hell of a crash," the pilot said later, "and I found myself alone in space with my parachute clutched in my hand." Accomplishing the near-miraculous, he clipped on the parachute as he fell, landed safely and was taken prisoner. Another pilot's parachute opened in his plane and got stuck; and "I took a 50-50 chance: I jettisoned the door, took up the opened parachute in my arms and jumped out." He landed—and was chased by bulls.

Just to make the war more cockeyed, there was this odd incident:

A civilian technician repairing some equipment on a British war boat was so intent at the job that it was some time before he noticed the vessel was under way. "Ho!" he shouted. "I've got to get off!" An officer hearing him stood still, amazed that the man was still there; then began laughing. "You can't," he said. "We're on our way to Dieppe!" They were—and during the entire savage Canadian raid on the town in 1942, while shells, bombs and bullets rained around, the sweating, swearing civilian stayed with the boat.

Allied war planes, since the war started, have been blown nearly a half-mile upward by the explosion of near-by planes and have continued flying. The airmen themselves have parachuted down on church steeples, even have landed on cows. But an "attempted landing" was the most fantastic of all. An R.A.F. pilot told his crew over the "intercom" that he was going to land, and began the usual glide downward. Later he unbuckled his straps and began to get out—and the navigator rushed in to seize the controls. The pilot, suffering from lack of oxygen at a great height, had attempted to land on a cloud.

Near the end of the German blitz on the London region, sisters of an isolated convent were gathered in the chapel one evening, praying. A large bomb struck the building, fell through and exploded on top of the altar. When the smoke and dust cleared, none of the praying women was hurt, except for superficial injuries to one, and for their deliverance they added thanks as they continued praying.

More tragic was this occurrence in 1942:

A British Beaufort plane was crashing down two thousand feet into a Scottish mountainside. Sleet and wind lashed the aircraft, and its engines were dead. The pilot said: "Bail out!" and two of the four crewmen parachuted away from the plane. Before the pilot and navigator could leave they were caught by a sudden twist of the plane and were held trapped as the Beaufort crashed, splintering into wreckage. In one of the most peculiar sequels to an accident yet, one of the two men who parachuted out was injured seriously in landing, the other died from exposure; but the pilot and navigator, remembering nothing but "a sudden wave of blackness," were only superficially hurt when they crashed with the plane.

So many war planes have collided with so many strange objects during the war that it is no longer unusual for planes to crash into others in the air and get back to base. Planes have returned with parts of ships' masts and ships' aerials—with parts of ground guns lodged in the wings and fuselage. In one low-level attack by Spitfires on enemy lorries in Albania the planes were brushing the treetops. In another moment the squadron leader received a message:

"I've got a telegraph pole in my port wing!" True, four feet of pole had broken off after slicing halfway through the wings of one fighter, and lengths of wire had entangled with the propeller. The pilot stuck with the plane, as the squadron leader, watching it, marvelled and prayed. After a while, the pole jarred out. Somehow the "Spit" got home.

A twenty-millimeter shell struck a Mustang over France, blowing the end three feet of the starboard wing to ribbons. In that second Flying Officer J. C. "Chick" Davidson of

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THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Jimmy Savo at Café Society Uptown

Opposite, Jimmy Savo slyly threatens us with the worst crash since '29. The traffic stoppers at the commander's table are Powers model Kay Hernan and blonde starlet June Vincent, pride of Universal Studio.

Critics have acclaimed Savo as the world's greatest pantomimist. His fans, adding up to a cult, are apt to flap their hands feebly and gasp, "He's the funniest man alive." Anyone who has seen Savo knows what they mean.

Like all great comics, Savo suggests an underlying pathos to his buffoonery. Wearing the wistful garb of seedy gentility, he is the eternally optimistic little man who hasn't a chance of winning but doesn't know it. His eyes are round with childlike wonder. Shy but mischievous, he sings in a hoarse whisper, attacking popular ballads with shattering literalness. In his famous rendition of *River, Stay 'Way from My Door* he pleads with the waters rolling inexorably toward him. In the *Casablanca* song, *As Time Goes By*, he stages an entirely new interpretation of the bromidic *Dance of the Hours.*

Jimmy Savo began life humbly as the son of an Italian cobbler in the Bronx. Times were hard and in his early years he helped out family finances with the gold watches and other knickknacks he won at amateur nights and pawned. He toured in vaudeville for some twenty-five years, gradually dropping his juggling tricks as he developed his genius for pantomime.

His success in *The Boys from Syracuse* proved he was as funny in a wreath and chiffon toga as in a battered derby. He was chief prop for several sagging Broadway musicals but, as the saying goes, Savo was a hit but the shows were not. This held true for his one-man production in 1940, *Mum's the Word*, in which he was star, cast and producer.

Savo's diversions are simple. He smokes cigars. He collects stray dogs. He also collects farms (at last count he had seven) but has little time to enjoy the pleasures of the pastoral life now that he has become a more-or-less permanent guest at Manhattan's Café Society Uptown.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

Never Argue with Brass Hats

Osborne was an engineer with a yen to be an air gunner and Corp. Betty Slyne had urged him to watch for an opening

by ARCH WHITEHOUSE

• FICTION •

Sergeant Bart Osborne had tried for an air gunner's rating ever since he had hit the Manning Depot in Toronto, but with no luck. Osborne was too good with tools. Too many years keeping his old man's Massey-Harris equipment in shape back home in Alberta. Too many years tuning stubborn engines. Too many years with his long fingers probing the vitals of threshers and reapers. They're not making air gunners out of guys like that in any man's air force. It was only when young Parkin came down with the flu that they let Osborne go on sub patrol, but only as an engineer.

There's no future going as second to an engineman like Sergeant Musgrove. The only time Musgrove came down and let Bart take over was when they were on their way back to base and the savory odor of pork chops wafted up from the galley.

Bart was explaining all this to Corporal Betty Slyne in the dry canteen only the night before. Betty had just put up her corporal's stripes in the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. You always have to "wet" new stripes in the canteen.

"But engineers are only dead weight," Bart explained to Betty. "We just go along and sit in front of an instrument panel. You never get a chance to listen in on briefing or find out what this gunnery business is all about. I just know how to pull the trigger—that's all."

"But *you* might see a sub on your way back," the auburn-haired girl argued. "They came all the way down the St. Lawrence, didn't they?"

"That was two years ago," Osborne corrected with frowning authority. "They don't come in that close any more. We've driven them well out. But if we only had Liberators. . . ."

"Good heavens!" Corporal Slyne said planking her limeade down sharply. "Sometimes you're out there for sixteen hours. What can you do in all that time?"

He smiled sheepishly and said, "Most of the time I sit and think of you. That takes a lot of time—and concentration, mind you."

He was a swell kid. He had a grin that really meant something when he wasn't thinking about being an air gunner. Just a nice loose-muscled kid who wriggled his shoulders when he became flustered. He always turned his head shyly which gave him a mischievous cherub look. Betty was never able to keep her eyes off him; but she, too, had ambition.

"There's a time and place for everything," she answered, looking around the crowded canteen.

"Well, of course, I stand lookout in one of the blisters when I'm not up in the engineer's pulpit. There's never anything to shoot at. Jerry never stays on top long enough."

"I wouldn't trust him," the girl said thoughtfully. "I'd be ready at any rate. You could miss the chance of a lifetime!"

It was the way she said it and the encouraging warmth in her eyes that boosted Bart Osborne's hopes. All the possibilities flashed through his mind and a warm glow, like cherry brandy, started out somewhere in his throat and comforted him all the way down.

They had another drink—this time on Bart—and walked out into the cold Newfoundland night. Above, the stars twinkled like tinsel on a Christmas card. The wind twanged the low-pitched tines of the scraggy black spruce and produced a pleasant undertone to the beat of their footsteps.

"You can't give up, Bart," she told him as they parted in the shadow of the Engine Stores. "Those who get anywhere in this war are the ones who are in the right place at the right time."

He drew her closer to him, twisted the peak of her cap around just a trifle, "I'm right here, now!" he whispered.

"Osborne, the Opportunist," she smiled and kissed him.

"Submarine sighted!"

The warning went over the intercom from Flight Lieutenant Payne's cockpit. It pulsated along the conduits and made Flying Officer Naylor jerk his head up and collide with the astroscope bracket. Corporal Sydney, the radio operator, didn't hear it. He was tuned to an American commercial station and mooning with the heart throbs of a soap opera.

"Crew to action stations!"

Sergeant Musgrove, up in the engineer's pulpit, instinctively put the props into fine pitch and the engines on full-rich. He wished they were flying Liberators. You can get there fast with a lot of stuff if you have Libs. But this was the Royal Canadian Air Force and they were still mucking along with PBY Catalinas.

"For five months I've been waiting for this," Payne said as he tapped his co-pilot on the shoulder. Payne didn't look at Summers. He didn't take his eyes off what he was squinting at. But Summers knew the signal and he shoved the binoculars into the skipper's twitching fingers.

"Five months tooling these barges out over the Atlantic," Payne went on, putting the glasses to his eyes. "Now if we only had Liberators, we couldn't miss. There he is . . . fully surfaced, by George!"

Payne had waited and prepared for this for more than five months and he had known exactly what he would do and how he would do it. He had drilled his crew, day after day, and he was certain he knew how they would react.

All Payne had to do now was to get in fast, punch the button at the right instant—and the rest; well, the rest was up to the crew.

But suddenly the picture was all wrong!

"Hey, Skipper!" Summers yelled as he started to reach for his Williamson camera. "That swine isn't going down! He's staying on top. What is this?"

Payne brought the glasses down and instinctively reached for the throttles. The setup was all wrong. Their plans, all their lectures, all the drill had been predicated on the supposition that the U-boat would crash dive immediately and try to escape. There was supposed to be a period of about ten seconds from the time the sub started down, until the last glint of the diving rudders faded in the spume and swirl of churned water. In that time you went in, punched the button and pulled out fast.

Things like that upset Payne;

"At the sound of the gong it will be exactly two-thirty"

he had been a traffic superintendent on the C.P.R. before the war had gobbled him up. He was used to timetables; his mind was tuned to schedules of movement and his values were based on figures that clicked with the hands on the clock. But the Hun was staying on top! What do you do in a case like that? You figure his pear-shaped swirl and watch the timing on the air rushing from the ballast tanks. The shape of the oil streaks and the pattern produced when the conning tower sucked in the froth whipped up by the radio antenna.

Summers began shooting pictures over his elbow with the pistol-grip camera. By now Naylor would have checked their position and Sydney, the radioman, would be advising the base that they were then carrying out an attack.

It was all part of the drill. After that Naylor was supposed to get back to the port blister with the D-camera. It's a big devil, ungainly as a trench mortar, but Naylor would head out for the port blister because he knew Payne always made his turn away to the port side. They all do because they sit on the left-hand side of the cockpit.

Naylor had to get pictures or they wouldn't get credit.

"We'll carry on; just as though she was going down," Payne decided. "Maybe they're holed somewhere and can't submerge. Wouldn't that be funny?"

"It ain't funny, McGee," peeped Summers. "They're staying on top to shoot it out and here's us with only one *real* air gunner available. Osborne's an engineer, remember."

The first clip exploded across the whale nose of the Catalina and Payne drew his knees up almost to his chin. Summers doubled up, turned and looked at Payne and opened his mouth to show both rows of teeth. His eyes were wide and fear-lighted. He couldn't talk. He just rolled over sideways and the camera crashed down the companionway steps into the nose.

"You're supposed to get pictures, Marty!" Payne yelled. He glanced over at the boy again and sensed something was really wrong now. Only one pilot left and maybe a dud camera at the bottom of the steps. Maybe a jammed shutter—but you're supposed to get pictures!

In the drill it seemed so easy. Summers usually clicked off the approach with the Williamson to show how the attack was started. Maybe if they got close enough the Intelligence officer could tell what sort of sub it was. Cripes! Anyone could *see* what sort this was. A big son-of-a-brick with an ack-ack gun where they used to have a slow-traversing 4-point-1 weapon for bopping 13-knot transports.

Bong! Bong! Bong!

Blankenship, the wireless-air gunner, would be all the way back now. Back in the tail compartment waiting to drop the seamarkers. That's the way it worked out in the drills. But the damn sub wasn't crash diving. It was still up on top and they were ramming high-speed stuff at them. Blankenship should be in the gun blister where he could poop off a belt or two. Instead there was only that guy Osborne—Osborne, the second engineer.

Sergeant Osborne saw Bill Clifford, the *real* air gunner, drop to his knees and scrape his face down the breech casing of the starboard guns. Osborne was puzzled about that until he saw what looked like blood trickling over Bill's hand to mix with the muck and oil on the circular platform below the gun mounting. Osborne could see holes where no holes should be and the wind was whistling through a gash in the metal just above Clifford's head.

"We got an attack, Bill! What's the matter?" he yelled and then tugged at the gunner's armpits and dragged him away.

He kicked at the latch bar that fastened the oval door leading into the navigator's compartment. Naylor was on the catwalk struggling with that damned D-type camera and he swore at Osborne for blocking his way. You can't argue with a commissioned officer very well even though you're helping a wounded guy at the time.

Bart rolled Clifford on the canvas bunk and covered him with something. Maybe it was an engine cover. He looked around and then saw Naylor and Blankenship struggling to get past him.

The Catalina hoiked her tail up and Osborne sensed they were starting down. Naylor floundered on the catwalk and fell across his table. The D-camera tore a gash across the chart.

"They're still surfaced!" Blankenship was yelling. "They're slapping it back at us. Regular flak muck!"

Another chain of explosions crashed outside as Osborne twisted around from the bunk with the reflexes of a bullfighter and yanked

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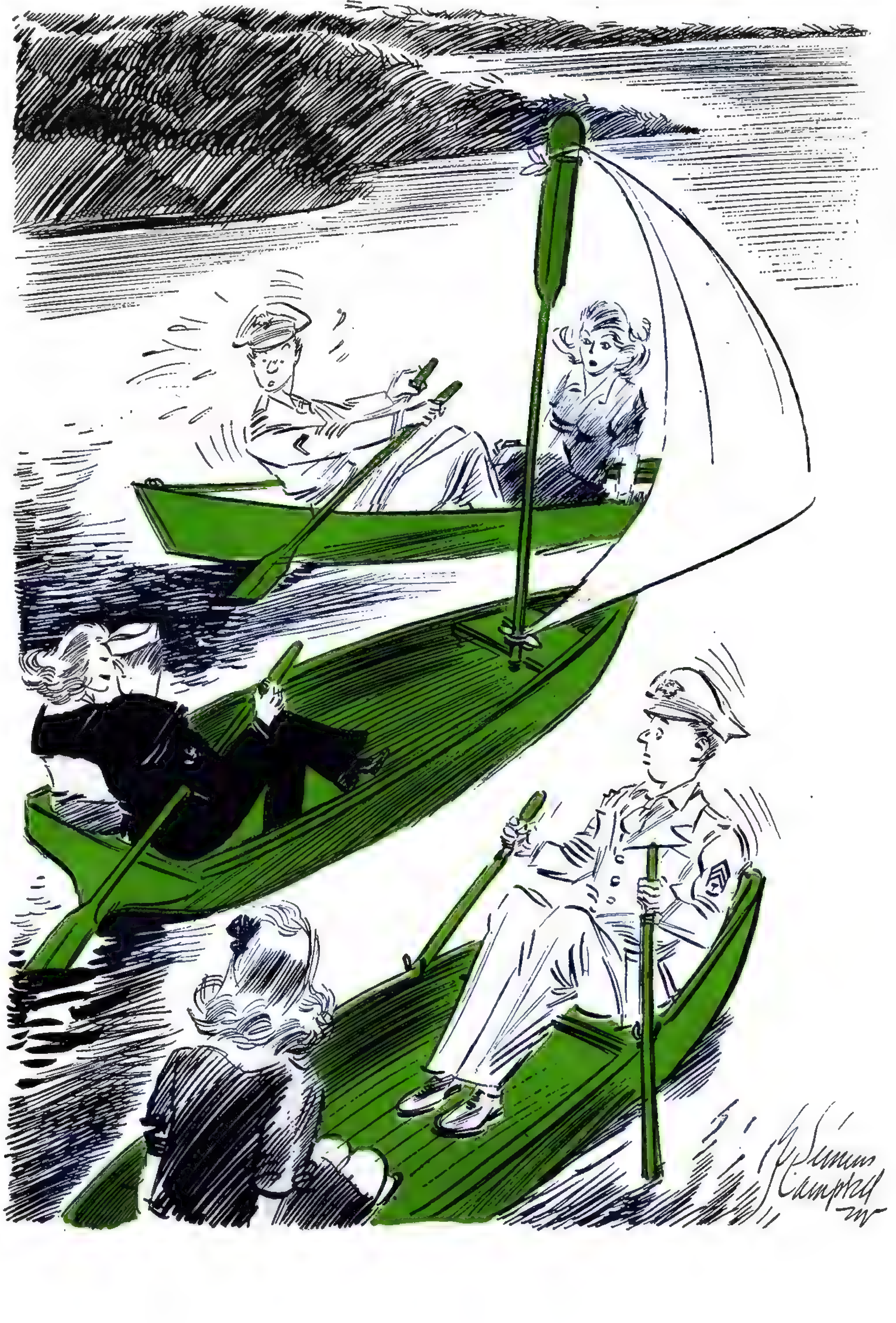

The Immortal Jim Jeffries

The story of James J. Jeffries who, without ever fighting an amateur bout, became the world's heavyweight champ

by BRAVEN DYER & BILL MILLER

• SPORTS •

Two dogs ran out as I brought my car to a halt alongside the large, weather-worn, ramshackle wooden structure which bore the painted label, "Jeffries Barn."

One was a sedate, elderly white bull; the other was a big brown puppy with a rakehelly expression and evidence of dissolute and varied parentage.

The bulldog uttered one loud, majestic bark. It was a bark of authority. It said: "I'm here, buddy; don't start nothin'."

The puppy kept on barking with wild abandon. He continued his racket until the big fellow came out of the building and silenced him with a stern command.

"Hello, there," he grinned. "Ain't seen you in a coon's age. Don't mind the dogs; they won't bite. I own the white bull; that brown pooch, there—well, I guess *he* owns *me*. Leastways, he acts like it. Came up here a few days ago and moved right in. And now I ain't got the heart to chase 'im."

Jim Jeffries stopped, glanced benevolently at the two silenced canines, and continued:

"I reckon I'm a bit soft about dogs and kids."

Well, the feeling certainly seems to be mutual. Dogs and kids seem to be wild about Jeff.

The fellow who operates the most successful amateur boxing club in America never had an amateur bout himself. That's James J. Jeffries.

Yet, even without "scholastic" training, he became the world's heavyweight boxing champion—one of the greatest of all time.

Your pappy knew him. So did *his* pappy.

It was a name to conjure with, at the tail end of the Gay Nineties, and at the birth of the present century.

His fame and reputation were astronomical; no fighter, before or since, has ever attained such high public regard.

John L. Sullivan had his devoted admirers, true enough—but Sullivan was licked, knocked out, humiliated by a white-collared dude, a skinny bank clerk from San Francisco who talked with a lisp.

Dempsey was popular, too; he was the originator and copyright owner of the million-dollar gate. But Dempsey was twice licked by a methodical Marine who learned to box from a book.

Jim Jeffries retired from the ring undefeated.

True, he came back at the age of thirty-five, five years after he had retired, to meet Jack Johnson in that ill-advised but immortal battle at Reno, on July 4, 1910. But you can toss that one out.

The Jeffries who retired in 1905, at the age of thirty, monarch of all he surveyed—that's the Jeff your grandfather remembers.

"Jim," I said, "how does it happen that you're running an amateur boxing club, when you yourself never boxed as an amateur? Is it accidental or intentional?"

The big fellow pondered a moment. He took off the huge ten-gallon hat which he affects, scratched his poll, and his craggy features softened into a grin.

"Reckon it's a little of each," he replied. "Mebbe Hank Griffin is responsible. And Mrs. Jeffries," he added.

It was my turn to ponder. I knew of no Hank Griffin, and Mrs. Jeffries, I remembered, had died three years before.

"Who's Hank Griffin?" I asked.

He told me. Hank Griffin was a Negro heavyweight. And he was the first man that Jim Jeffries ever faced in the ring.

That was fifty-three years ago, back in 1891—the year before Corbett dethroned the mighty Sullivan in New Orleans.

Jeff told me the story.

Born in 1875, his family had moved to California from Carrolltown, Ohio, when Jim was seven years old. Pa Jeffries was a preacher, but not an overwhelming success.

California's climate agreed with Jim. He grew with leaps and bounds. At sixteen he weighed 220, stood 6 feet 1½ inches in height. He was solid as an oak, of Herculean strength—but green and awkward.

He had engaged in many a street fight—and never been licked. His fame spread; and Jim's friends considered him a Sullivan in the embyro.

About that time there was a big Negro in Los Angeles by the name of Hank Griffin, with quite a reputation as a scrapper.

A friend of Jeff's wagered 1,000 dollars that he could produce an unknown sixteen-year-old kid who would take the measure of the seasoned, capable professional Griffin.

The fight took place at the Manitou Club in Los Angeles.

"I took a terrible beating," reminisced Jeff. "By the time round ten rolled around, I had a bump over one eye big enough to park your hat on. My lips were puffed and I had a bloody nose. I couldn't get away from Griffin's right.

"Yes, sir; I was licked, and licked good—but I was too dumb or too young to realize it. So I kept on fighting—and knocked out Mr. Griffin in the 19th."

You won't find that scrap on Jeffries' record. There are a number of others you won't find thereon, either.

For his fight with Griffin, Jeffries received one-half of the 1,000 dollar bet which his friend had won, as well as 300 dollars from the gate receipts—a total of 800 dollars which, in those early Nineties, was the yearly wage of a skilled mechanic. It was certainly more than Jeffries père, had ever earned in a year in the pulpit.

Hank Griffin wasn't finished; eleven years later in that same city of Los Angeles he boxed two draws with a Galveston Negro named Jack Johnson—a chap who was destined to be heard from.

It was the memory of that fight with Hank Griffin in which a green, unschooled youngster, equipped with nothing more than a tremendous physique and the heart of a lion, faced a cagey, crafty, hard-hitting professional, which impelled Jeffries forty years later to start his amateur boxing club.

At all events, Jeffries Barn is an institution in Southern California. He packs 'em in every Thursday night; his audience looks like a chapter from *Who's Who.*

About that barn. When Jeff retired from the ring in 1905, as undefeated heavyweight king, he was pretty well heeled financially. He had money in the bank. He owned a farm of about 110 acres away out in the country, half a day's trip via horse and buggy from the neighboring hamlet of Los Angeles—a sleepy little town with a big Plaza and a large Mexican population.

"They told me I was crazy to buy land so far away from civilization," grinned Jeff, as he glanced out of the window and watched the stream of autos that whizzed by on Victory Boulevard. "Mebbe they were right. I could've bought land just as cheap in a place that's known as Hollywood now."

Anyway, fighter Jeffries became farmer Jeffries. Instead of the roar of the crowd, he heard the lowing of kine. He was quite happy with his acres, his horses, his cattle and crops.

Then Fate intervened. Some

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of Melody Thomson

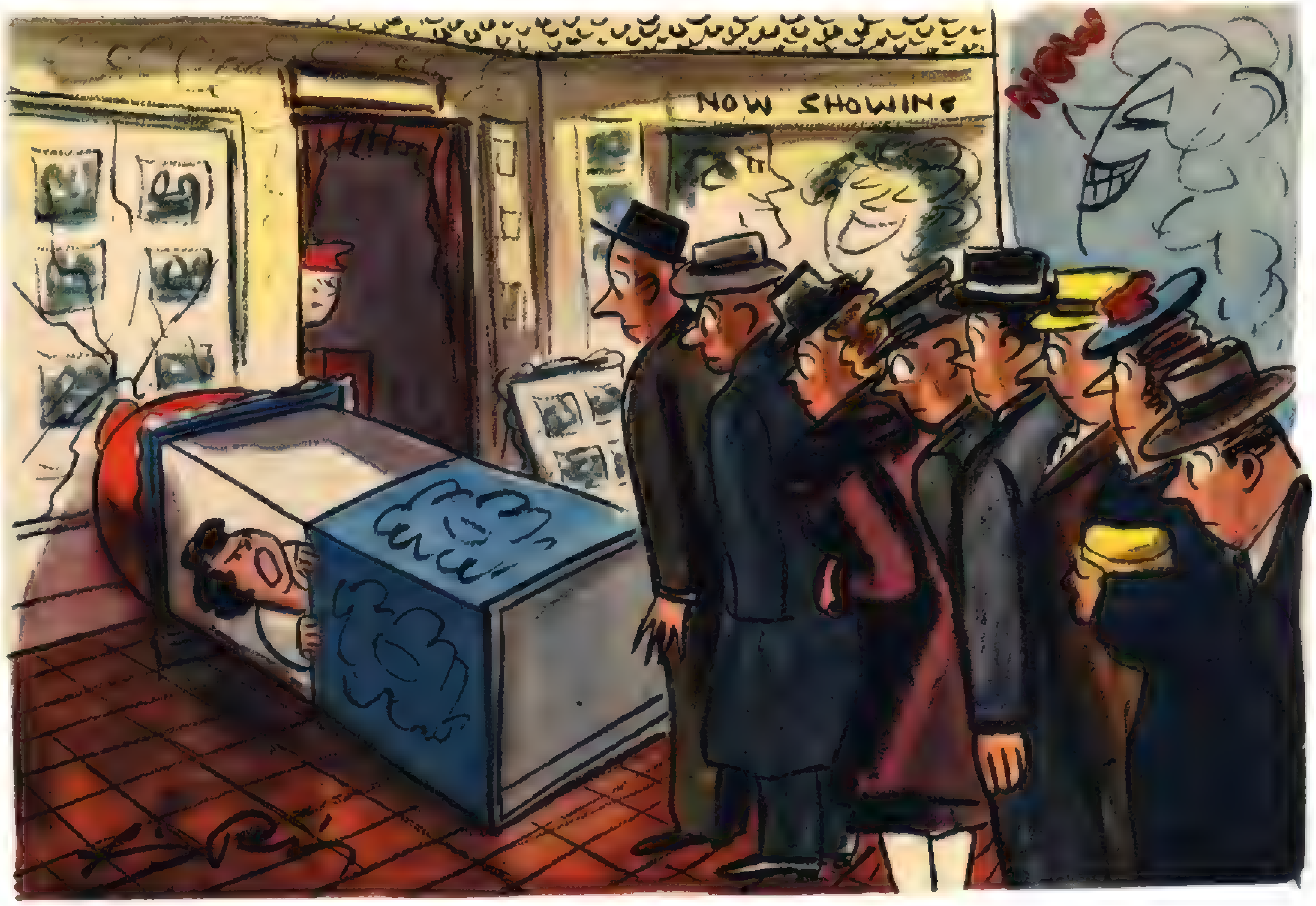
Melody Thomson, born Eugenia, manages to combine the gay, the "baseless fabric of vision," with a singular innocence, honesty and a sober lack of stuff and nonsense. In the first half hour of conversation with the 18-year-old blonde, you will learn she is the youngest daughter of Daniel Duke Thomson, former president of the Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, now a colonel in the U. S. Army and stationed at Newport News. You will quickly learn that Daddy is Melody's hero—but you won't mind hearing it in Melody's confiding contralto.

Miss Thomson's story is a success story with a twist. She followed her father north when he was called into the Army and was living happily in New York when one day a friend of the family, Senator "Happy" Chandler, dropped in to say "hello." That night Happy took the excited Eugenia to the theatre and later to the Stork Club. They were sitting at their table when a heavy-set gray-haired man approached the senator who registered delighted recognition, inquired gently of his companion, "May I present the famous detective, Raymond Schindler?" Schindler asked Eugenia if she had ever thought of modeling. A friend of his, Harry Conover, was always looking for new faces, and if the Kentucky girl was interested, an appointment could be arranged. Eugenia would like to meet Mr. Conover, but before becoming a model she would have to speak to Daddy. At first Col. Thomson was merely amused, but he finally agreed it might be fun and keep her busy. The next day Harry Conover saw the eager Eugenia. Thus, she became one of the famous Conover Cover Girls and was christened Melody.

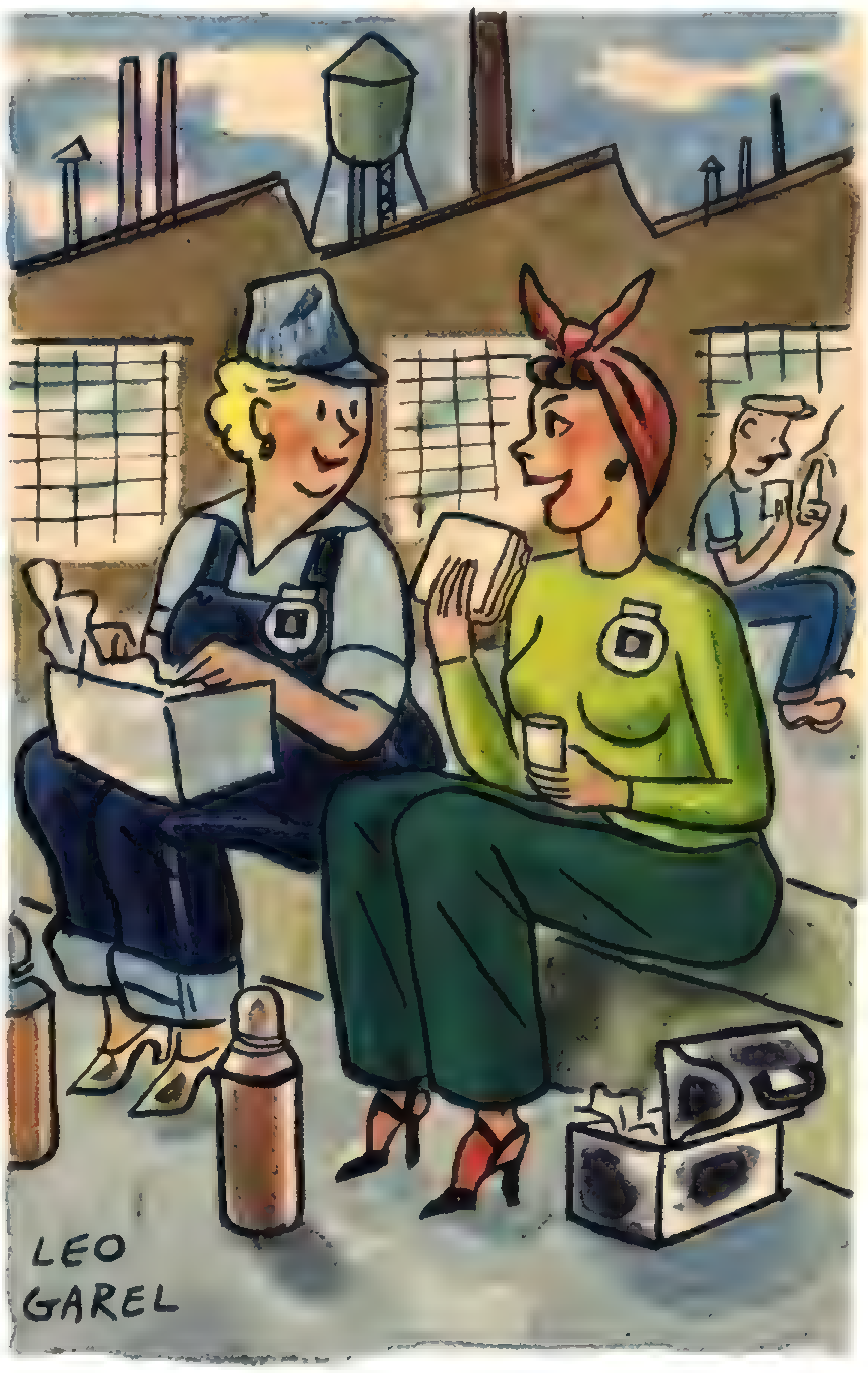
In the space of four short weeks she had posed for seven national magazine covers, had been approached by four major film studios, finally settled on M-G-M's pay roll. Columnists have marvelled at the rapidity with which she caught on, but when you meet Melody, you'll know why.

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Age:* 18; *Height:* 5'10½" with heels; *Weight:* 135 pounds; *Hips:* 36"; *Bust:* 35".

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE KARGER



"I told you to quit shoving!"



"I told my husband and we're so happy about it—but I'm afraid to tell the foreman"

◀

LITTLE SISTER PIN-UP

Colleen Townsend, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

SHE got off to a running start down the road to fame through television, broadcasting over a station limited to a radius of fifty miles. But if a gal is good on a fifty-mile stretch, there is no reason why she shouldn't be better over a coast-to-coast hookup. This is just how a movie talent scout, who heard the program, reasoned. Thus Colleen was signed to a long-term contract by Warner Brothers and cast for an immediate part in *Janie*. This picture, adapted from Brock Pemberton's play, has a cast that includes Joyce Reynolds in the title role, Bob Hutton and Edwin Arnold, and depicts the mischief of an adolescent girl while her parents are away. She turns the house into a sort of Army camp—it's all innocent fun, but rough on the furniture.

Getting back to the heroine of our own story, Colleen Townsend is a native of Glendale, California, transplanted to Hollywood, was attending high school there when her big chance came. She lives with her mother, with whom she trades clothes and takes turns cooking. Her parents are divorced; her father, Gerald Stephen Townsend, was a Seabee stationed at Pearl Harbor before the Jap attack. She hasn't heard from him since that fateful December 7th.

Colleen looks at life with serious grey-blue eyes. She chose her own religion, the Mormon; her favorite reading, she declares, is the Bible and the Book of Mormon. She is continuing her education of course, and after school she likes to skate, swim and play softball. She used to date a lot but since she soon will be living the strenuous life of an actress, she stays home most evenings and writes long letters to friends overseas. She has written a lot of poetry, loves to dance—both ballet and jitterbug.

If success comes her way, she is determined to prove one point: that it is not necessary to be self-centered to be a great actress. If fortune fails her in this, she would like to be a nurse.

There is only one subject about which brown-haired, creamy-skinned Colleen is sensitive—her age. She is only fifteen. "Just everybody's little sister," sobs she!

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 5″; *Weight:* 116 pounds; *Bust:* 34½″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 35″.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

The Green Star Cluster

He knew the men questioned his right to command, for he was a replacement officer, while they had been to war

by ARTHUR L. PADDOCK

FICTION

To join an outfit on the battlefield as an officer replacement is not the easiest way to beard the lion. The replacement comes as a battle novice into an organization of fighting veterans, and he faces the unenviable and difficult task of giving orders during tactical operations to men who know by their experience more about what should be done than he does.

Alfred Steele is a case in point. He is not the type who stands out in a crowd; after you have met him, you wonder if you will even remember the towheaded lad whose job is to lead a tank platoon into heavy enemy defenses along a road that ends in Rome.

He reported to Captain Doyle's company at four o'clock one grey February afternoon in the teeth of a biting wind that swept from the hills to the northwest. The outfit was on the move, and casualties of the past three days had removed all officer personnel from the company except its commander. Steele was among a small group of second lieutenants which was to join at the next refitting period, but the need for officers disrupted that plan.

Captain Doyle assigned him to the second platoon, and he went to Sergeant Alcott and announced quietly that he was taking over. The sergeant acknowledged his relief of command, but there was a strange look in his face that Steele could not fathom. However much he resented the arrival of a replacement officer, Alcott was thankful there would be at least twelve hours in which to orient his new commander into company and battalion radio techniques and standing operation procedures.

They were permitted fires that night, although Sergeant Alcott made certain they were only small blazes, one to each section. About the fire in the first section clustered the crews of the first three tanks. Alcott smoked and talked easily about radio message authentication, call signals and whatnot, and now and again Lieutenant Steele interposed a question. The crew members lay about on the ground around the fire, talking of Kasserine, Sidi bu-Saïd Sbeitla, Mateur and a hundred more way stations that to Steele were at best only pin points on a map and headlines in a newspaper back in the States.

It is that way with replacements. You have heard of men who suffer from amnesia and of men suddenly stricken dumb and deaf after a lifetime of full and frequent use of the senses of speech and hearing. They live an existence of bewilderment and stark, real fear. None of these experiences what befalls the replacement officer. He suffers the plagues of the damned, for damned he is. His fellow officers regard him with suspicion and distaste, for what sort of man is it whose venture into the combat theatre is as a substitute and a second-choice one at that? His subordinates—the sergeants and corporals and privates of the line whom he will command henceforward—question in their hearts his right to command, no matter how loyal and well-disciplined they may be in outer demeanor. For they have been to war.

Before they turned in at eight o'clock the newcomer had exposed himself to a multitude of facts, without which knowledge he could not efficiently command the platoon. Guard was posted and the men curled up in their canvas bedrolls fully clothed, for which there was reason enough. Should they have to fight during the night there would be no stumbling about for brogans stiffened by the cold and coveralls which under nocturnal conditions are always difficult to get into. Besides, with the fire died out, the night grew cold.

As with most replacement personnel, Lieutenant Steele did not easily accustom himself to the necessities of warfare at the front. He made small, trifling mistakes that experienced soldiers have learned about the hard way. Sergeant Alcott followed him closely, explaining a fact here, adding a word there. But in less than a day it is almost impossible to learn the things one's predecessor has learned by almost six months of their constant use.

By nightfall the next day the corps commander had ordered his armor from its position in corps reserve to move by night marching to a point some three or four miles in rear of his most remote outposts in order to execute a surprise attack in mass in an endeavor to turn the enemy's left flank.

At nine o'clock the order had penetrated to the battalions and companies and half an hour later, without lights, platoon after platoon creaked from its position of concealment and slowly threaded its way toward the northeast. When Captain Doyle had issued his order for the march, Lieutenant Steele determined that he would let Sergeant Alcott lead; in order that he might profit by the sergeant's experience. When he so informed his tank commanders, he could detect a note of surprise in their questions, but he dared not reveal that he was frightened.

His fright came not of his fear of being shot. Every soldier understands that somebody is bound to be hit during a war and the chances are even that it will be he. But Steele had at heart the feeling that here, under his direction, were nineteen men whose future safety depended upon his decisions as their commander. And he knew that he was not prepared, less prepared, even, than Corporal Stromsten, his driver, whose big Swedish face had twice bled from enemy machine-gun fire. Not his fault that he was not prepared, he thought. A ninety-day-wonder less than three weeks out of officer candidate school. But there was wonder in his heart whether he could ever again look these lads in the face. Or their next-of-kin, should some of them not come back.

Captain Doyle's company drew the advance guard assignment and Steele's platoon went ahead. The night's march was uneventful. Blackout discipline was excellent and shortly before daybreak they moved into hilly country in which some enemy defenses were suspected. They halted upon Captain Doyle's order and Lieutenant Steele sent out dismounted security.

The hours before the morning mists lifted were long, cold and painful and the men chafed, even as they had chafed at Sbeitla and Mateur and Post de Lessouda. But their commander could not have known that, nor that chafing is normal to soldiers when enemy contact is imminent.

By eight o'clock, when the winter sun had burned the mists away, Captain Doyle's Brooklynese had spewed from the radio. They were to move on, and since Captain Doyle had hinted the presence of enemy, Steele directed his driver to move nearer the head of the column and they bowled off.

As each five minutes passed, the young officer raised his microphone to report the progress of the platoon to Captain Doyle.

Eight-forty. Nearly time for a

Continued on page 137

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

The Girls from Maxim's

Oh, it's girls, girls, girls, girls. Opposite, Lisette Verea, as Clo-Clo in the New Opera Company's production of *The Merry Widow*, lifts a glass with two gay blades in the scene at Maxim's. At the table, Paul Mario and Dennis Dengate. The Can-Can girls, left to right, are Margaret Gibson, Alla Shiskina, Cyprienne Gabelman and Florence Berline.

As charmingly melodious and lighthearted as when it was first presented thirty-eight years ago, this latest production of Franz Lehar's light opera has established a long-run record on Broadway. If survival of the fittest operettas is measured by the number of revivals, *The Merry Widow* is imperishable. It has been sung in twenty-four languages, had some quarter of a million performances in all corners of the world and has been filmed twice.

The familiar plot about the machinations of Ambassador Popoff to save the bankrupt kingdom by marrying Prince Danilo to the ravishing and wealthy widow unwinds in three acts, studded with ridiculous diplomats in Graustarkian uniforms, flirtatious beauties in plumed hats and the delightful music that includes *Vilia* and *I Love You So* (*The Merry Widow Waltz*). Jan Kiepura is starred in the role of the prince.

In the scene opposite, Clo-Clo sings her spicy song about *The Girls from Maxim's*. The Can-Can girls prance and twitch their ruffled skirts. The waiters scurry discreetly among the tables in the romantically dim light.

Lisette Verea made her debut in Bucharest when she was sixteen. She became a Continental favorite, starring in European productions of *Kiki*, *I Married an Angel*, *The Front Page*. She had just signed a film contract when the Nazis marched into her native Romania, and she fled to this country. She had been here two years waiting for the right role when she was auditioned for *The Merry Widow*. The story has it that she was so nervous that her reading went badly. The director was not impressed and was about to give her the polite I'll-call-you-later when he said, "Let's see your legs." P.S. She got the job.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT

Mountebank in Gold Braid

During Wyman's round trip from the clink to the Waldorf he slickered a queen, a princess and a president

by ALAN HYND

• ARTICLE •

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When, one sticky day last summer, J. Edgar Hoover's Sherlock Holmeses put the slug on a walking clotheshorse named Sterling Wyman, alert newspaper readers knew that a long-standing source of front-page belly laughs was plugged up at last.

For an even thirty years, almost to the month, Sterling Wyman (one of the several pseudonyms for Stephen Weinberg, his real name) occupied a unique place in the annals of American crime. His specialty was imposture, and he developed that doubtful calling to such a sharp edge of perfection that he carved for himself a niche without counterpart in the halls of notoriety.

Among the singularities that set Wyman apart was the fact that he frequently fractured state and federal statutes without the slightest thought of monetary gain. As often as not he seemed to be motivated by nothing more vicious than a desire to deflate a stuffed shirt and then have a good laugh up his well-tailored sleeve.

Then, too, Sterling Wyman—a poodle who wanted to be a mastiff—was propelled by a compensating psychology. He was an egomaniac who craved the role of big shot, and he often played that role with the full realization that he would walk straight into a pair of bracelets when he left the stage and vanished into the wings.

Wyman was a trim, well-proportioned man under medium height. His facial features were dark, even and pleasant and his hair black, glossy and parted in the middle. His deep brown eyes functioned in perfect synchronization with the impressive timbre of his vocal apparatus.

The impostor was at his best in a uniform illegally worn, usually the uniform of a lieutenant in the United States Navy, although sometimes he found it expedient to appear in an outlandish getup that made him resemble an ambassador-at-large on a special mission from Graustark. When, however, the role Wyman was playing called for mufti, he affected morning clothes, topper and stick with an air which brought, at least on one occasion, a glance of admiration from no less a practicing authority on sartorial elegance than Grover A. Whalen, the one-time official greeter of New York City.

Until he was seventeen, Sterling Wyman was a run-of-the-mill kid in Brooklyn, a little precocious perhaps, though otherwise undistinguished. But he had ideas. He rebelled at the prospects of a routine life which offered him, at the most, a spot as, say, bank teller. And so he wangled a job as a page boy in Congress.

It was in Washington that Wyman discovered that he had an unquenchable thirst for the limelight. He would look on in fascination as the vote-conscious statesmen strutted and canted for the edification of gullible constituents.

Wyman had just passed his twentieth birthday when he conned a Brooklyn tailor into making him a naval lieutenant's uniform on the cuff. Then he crossed the river into Manhattan and, calling himself Lieutenant Royale St. Cyr, he checked into one of the most opulent suites in the old Waldorf-Astoria and charmed the blondes in Peacock Alley. He lived in cuffo magnificence for a month and, when the management exhibited signs of interest in settlement of the St. Cyr account, the boy from Brooklyn laid down a handsome piece of elastic and took a powder before it snapped back in the face of the credit manager.

Under the same alias, and still in the same uniform, Wyman played engagements in several other Manhattan hotels, in fashionable spots around town and in banks. He laid down so much rubber that credit managers, bank tellers and flat feet were muttering the name of St. Cyr in their sleep.

Wyman put his uniform in moth balls and lost himself in the obscurity of a clerkship with a Brooklyn industrial concern. The bulls, however, finally caught up with him and he was sent to Elmira Reformatory. So far as Wyman was concerned, the reformatory served something less than its purpose, for his first act upon his release was to promote himself from lieutenant to lieutenant commander in the United States Navy.

FILLE
BRUSH
CO

Part of the U. S. fleet, riding at anchor in the Hudson River, was just Wyman's dish. Although only twenty-two, the little impostor boarded the *U.S.S. Wyoming*, announced that he was Lieutenant Commander Ethan Allen Weinberg and stated that he had come from Washington, on special orders from the Secretary of the Navy, to make what he called an extraordinary inspection of the *Wyoming*.

Wyman's manner was a mixture of affability and arrogance, mostly arrogance. He was abrupt with officers who outranked him, offensive with men of equal rank, downright nasty to mere lieutenants and ensigns and a terror on wheels to the enlisted men.

When Wyman finally went back to shore in a tender, his right arm sore from returning salutes, there was hardly a man aboard the *Wyoming* who wouldn't have relished having a hand on the rope that hung Lieutenant Commander Ethan Allen Weinberg. As the spell cast by the impostor wore off, one commander decided that the little man's visit had somehow seemed highly irregular. Eventually Naval Intelligence nailed Wyman and the Brooklyn boy once more found himself on the inside looking out.

But, again, bars did not a prison make for Wyman. While incarcerated, he projected himself into the future and there saw himself, by virtue of a self-promotion to a full commander, really going to town. And so, upon his release, he made his dream an actuality merely by descending upon Manhattan in the uniform of a full commander.

This time Wyman didn't bother with another alias, but registered at the Waldorf-Astoria, which he had come to like very much, as Commander Sterling Wyman, U.S.N. Four years had elapsed since he had rubberized the Waldorf as Lieutenant St. Cyr, but memories were as short as Wyman's bad check supply was long and he took them for another spin on the larceny merry-go-round.

Wyman had by now developed

a decided distaste for jails, so he played his cards closer to the vest. By the time the authorities got on his trail he was in the Deep South posing, of all things, as a trouble shooter for the Republican National Committee. He called on state and county G.O.P. leaders in about a dozen cities where the Republicans usually made as good a showing at the polls as Democrats in Vermont.

Wyman seemed to be out strictly for laughs this time, although he was not totally oblivious of nourishment for his ego. After conferring with a political leader, Wyman would prevail upon the leader to call a meeting of all the laborers in the party vineyard. At the meeting he would grab the spotlight by getting up and making a speech which usually began in this fashion:

"You gentlemen do not know my name—Sterling Wyman—because I have made it a point to remain behind the scenes. But now I am forced to come out into the open because, frankly, we at Republican Headquarters in Washington are thoroughly disgusted at the poor showing you are making down here."

That last crack usually made both the leaders and the hacks see red. But Wyman, a virtuoso on the psychological strings, would flash a quick smile and add, "No offense intended, I assure you." Then he would whip out a check book. "I am here," he would announce, "to supply cash to help you bring about better results." Thereupon he would turn to the chairman of the meeting and inquire, "Will fifty thousand be enough?" While the chairman was catching his breath, Wyman would write a piece of rubber for fifty grand, become the lion of the evening and then depart—no doubt feeling a warm glow from an hour in the spotlight.

After his fence-mending tour, Wyman faded once more into the obscurity of a clerkship in his native Brooklyn. Then, in 1921, when he was twenty-eight, he saw by the papers that Princess Fatima, Sultana of Afghanistan, had just arrived in the United States. The princess, to coin an expression, was something. She was a huge, dark-skinned woman of uncertain age, covered from neck to ankles in purple silk and flashing a ten-karat rock securely embedded in, of all places, the fleshy part of her nose. Fatima, like the United States fleet, was Wyman's dish.

It was an affable Wyman who presented himself at the New York hotel suite of the dusky princess. Fatima had been getting something of an official go-by and she was flattered when the visitor announced, through an interpreter, that he was Under-Secretary of State Sterling Wyman, who had been dispatched from Washington to greet the Sultana on behalf of his boss, Secretary Charles Evans Hughes.

Wyman told the princess, who was quite unversed in American ways but who was anxious to please, that distinguished visitors usually purchased a few thousand dollars' worth of baubles, preferably at Tiffany's, to present to various Washington officials. When the princess beamed approval of what she considered a quaint American custom, Mr. Wyman said that if she would turn a small stack of lettuce over to him that he would personally take care of the purchases and see that they were properly distributed. And so Fatima, without realizing it, was charmingly clipped.

The dough, however, was only incidental to Wyman. Most of it he earmarked for phony uniforms which were, from his point of view, a legitimate professional expense. Two days later he and Fatima entrained for Washington. During the trip Wyman excused himself, went to the smoking compartment, and changed from striped trousers and cutaway to the uniform of a Naval lieutenant. He explained to Fatima that he doubled in brass between the State Department and the Navy because, as he put it, "President Harding wants me to."

In Washington, Wyman, still in uniform, took Fatima to the Afghanistan Consulate and steamed up attachés there into requesting a White House reception for the Sultana. A White House act was what Wyman had had in his mind from the very beginning.

When Wyman and Fatima and attachés of the consulate arrived at the White House, President Harding was flanked by his Naval aides. Without batting an eye, Wyman saluted them smartly, walked up to Harding and pumped the President's hand in a manner that indicated that the two men were so close that they wore each other's socks.

Although Fatima was supposed to be the big shot at the reception, Wyman stole the show. He drew the President of the United States to one side and told him a joke. It occurred to some of the President's Naval aides—Annapolis lads—that Lieutenant Wy-

Continued on page 118

"The way she holds on to her diary you'd think it was the Norden bomb sight!"

The Strong Arm of the Law

As the intern remarked to the cops who had brought the patient to the accident ward, it was the old story

by MILTON MAZER

▪ FICTION ▪

It was five after eleven. He sat with his feet propped on an open drawer of the desk reading Cecil's *Medicine.* He read to pass the time until midnight when he would go to bed in the night intern's room down the hall. The nurse who had just come on duty was checking the narcotics. The evening had been a busy one; three fractures, five scalp lacerations and an acute appendix. He hoped the night would be quiet. It was good that Miss Darling was on duty. She was capable and would handle most of the cases. Most important, she knew those she could not care for and would call him.

At 11:15 he heard the screeching of jammed brakes and through the glass saw a patrol wagon. Two cops came in holding a drunk under the arms. They took him into the dressing room and hoisted him up onto the table. He struggled a little but was quiet after one of the cops twisted his arm.

“We'd like to open a joint account under my name”

There was a long laceration on the back of his scalp and blood dripped down over the edge of the table to the tile floor. There was clotted blood behind his left ear and along the cheek. He looked out of bewildered, glazed eyes and kept licking his lips with a dry, beefy tongue.

With sterile gauze the intern sopped up the blood and spread the edges of the wound. It was a deep cut about four inches long that reached the periosteum of the skull. He looked up over the man's head at the cops. One of them was caressing his club with his hand.

“How did it happen?” he asked the cop.

“We were bringing him in, Doc, and he fell and bumped his head on a curb.”

“Same story,” he mumbled to the nurse.

“What did you say, Doc?” said the cop.

“I said it's the same story.”

“What do you mean by that?” He pushed his head forward and leaned over the table.

“Watch yourself, I'm trying to keep things sterile.”

The cop pulled back. “Okay. But what did you mean before? What you said.”

He looked up from the wound. “It's funny they all do the same thing, isn't it? They all fall down and hit their heads against curbs. Every drunk you bring in here.”

“Why, you don't think we'd hit the guy, do you, Doc?” he asked.

The intern didn't answer but turned to the nurse. She handed him a safety razor and he shaved the hair around the wound. The drunk didn't move while he put in five stitches after flushing the wound with merthiolate solution.

“Fell asleep,” said the cop. “Imagine him falling asleep while you're sewing him. He is asleep, ain't he, Doc?”

“He's not asleep. He's unconscious. We'll have to keep him here.” He turned to the nurse. “Put him in 104. Apply external heat. I'll be in to examine him.”

The cops followed him out of the dressing room.

“He'll be all right, won't he, Doc?” said the cop with the club. His voice had a begging whine.

“I don't know. He's got a concussion or worse. I don't know whether he'll make it. If he lasts until morning he might pull through.”

“Can you beat that?” said the cop. “Just from bumping his head on a curb.” He moved his face close to the intern's. “You understand, Doc? He fell and hit his head against a curb.”

“I wasn't a witness to that,” said the intern. “All I can do is judge from the wound. It could have been done by a long weapon about an inch and a half in diameter.”

He eyed the cop's club as he said it. The cop was still unconsciously caressing it. He quickly put it behind him.

“Now listen,” he said. “I've got friends at the Hall. Remember this is a city hospital.”

“I've got to take care of the patient,” said the intern. He turned and went down the hall to 104.

The drunk was undressed and in bed. An orderly was shaking out his clothes and going through his pockets. He put their contents on the bedside table. Keys, a few coins, three letters, a dirty handkerchief, a pack of Camels, an American Legion button and a pigskin wallet. The picture of a pleasant-faced woman and two small children was under the celluloid of the card compartment. The orderly took the clothes out of the room, holding them suspended in front of him.

Miss Darling was washing the caked blood from the man's face with a wash cloth and a basin of water. She seemed amused at something. She was about to stop to let him examine the patient but he gestured for her to continue.

“Finish up. I won't have to examine him. Did he wake up at all?”

She seemed surprised.

“Yes. That's why I was smiling. He woke up and asked for another drink. I thought you said he was unconscious, concussion or something.”

“That was just for the cops. I'm tired of seeing them use their clubs on every drunk they bring in. I want them to worry awhile about this one. I don't know what makes them such sadists—or do only sadists become cops? No, I guess it's not that either. Maybe I'm just too tired.”

“Yes,” she said, “practically every drunk they bring in has a scalp wound. I hope they're good and worried about him.”

He fingered the patient's pulse.

“He's all right. Look, if that cop comes back during the night, look very solemn and say he's not better.” He yawned. “I'm going to sleep. Will you wake me before you go off? I hope it's a quiet night.”

“I'll try to see that it is. I'll have fun worrying that cop.”

In the morning she came into the intern's room and woke him. She handed him her pen and the clinic cards of two patients to sign.

“I gave adrenalin to an asthmatic, one of the regular customers, and treated an abrasion.”

“Thanks a lot. Say, did the cops ever come back?”

“The one with the club did. Three times. The fourth time his wife came in to ask how the man was doing.”

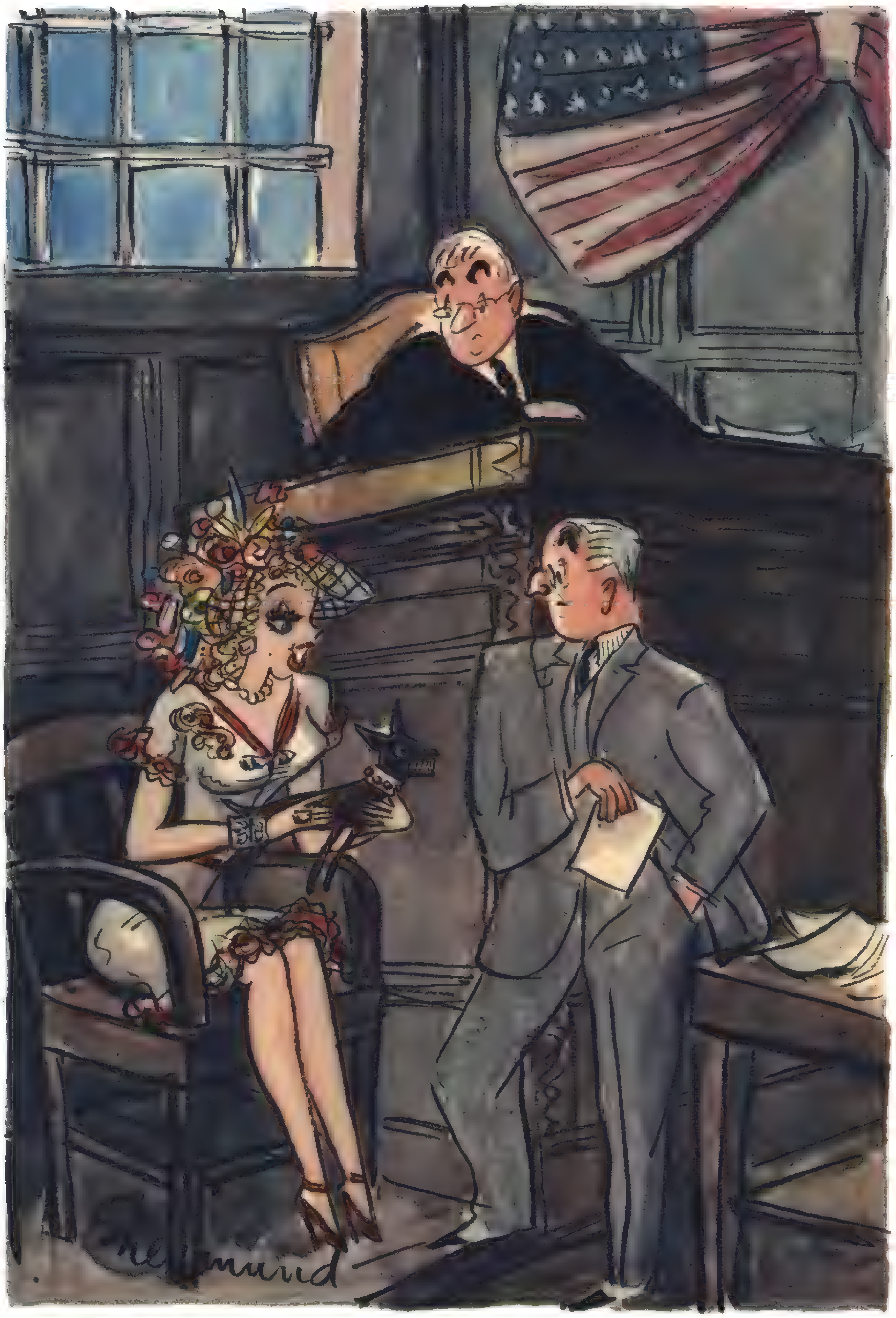
“Poor woman. I pity her, married to him.”

“I don't know,” she said.

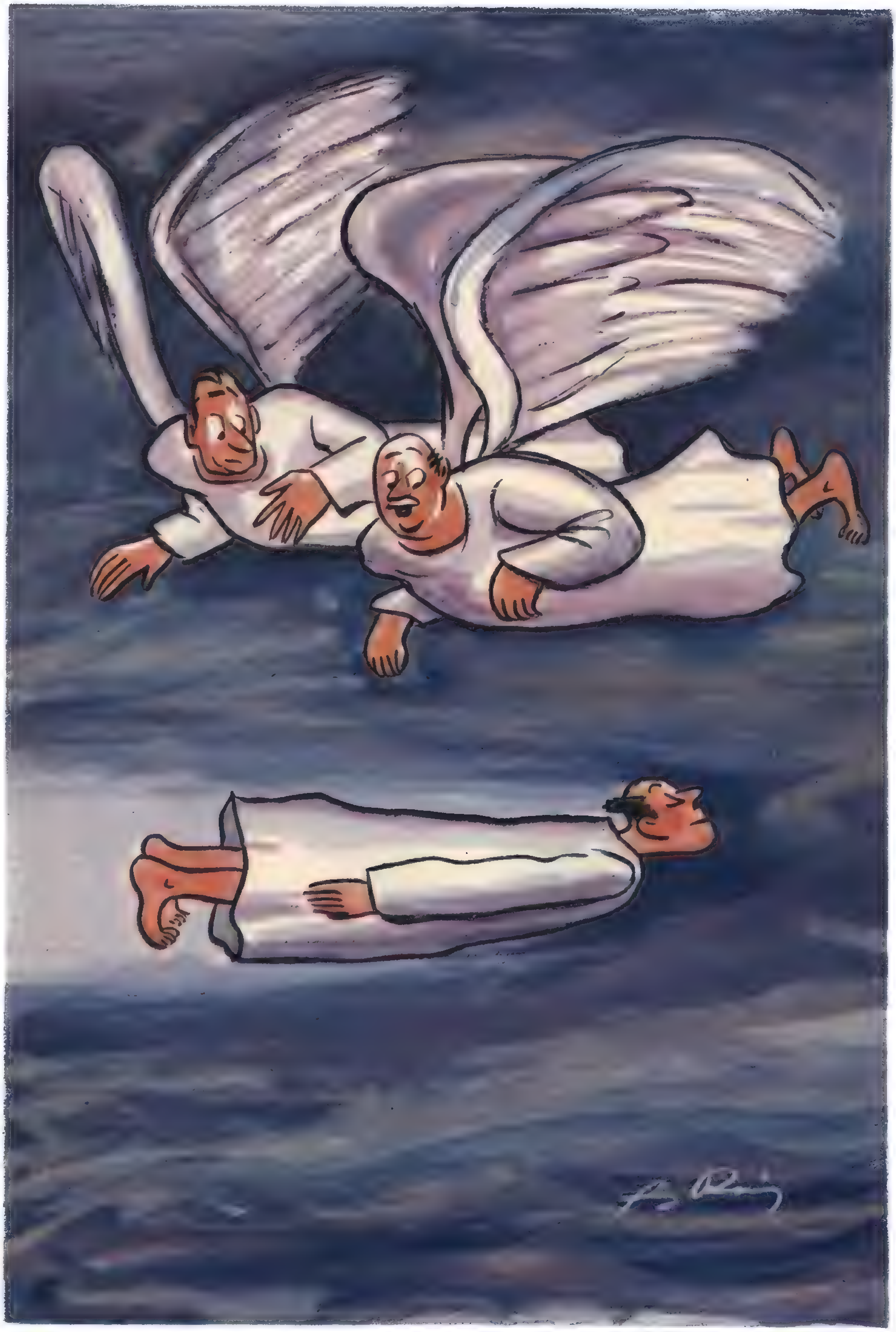
“What do you mean?”

“Well, she got to talking and she said that at home he's the gentlest of men. He's never hit her. I asked her that specially and I believe her, the way she said it. If they could only have children they'd be perfectly happy. They can't, though. She looked so frightened when I told her the man was still unconscious that I told her the truth. Somehow I was afraid for her to go back to him without knowing. I don't know why, but I was afraid. I hope you don't mind.”

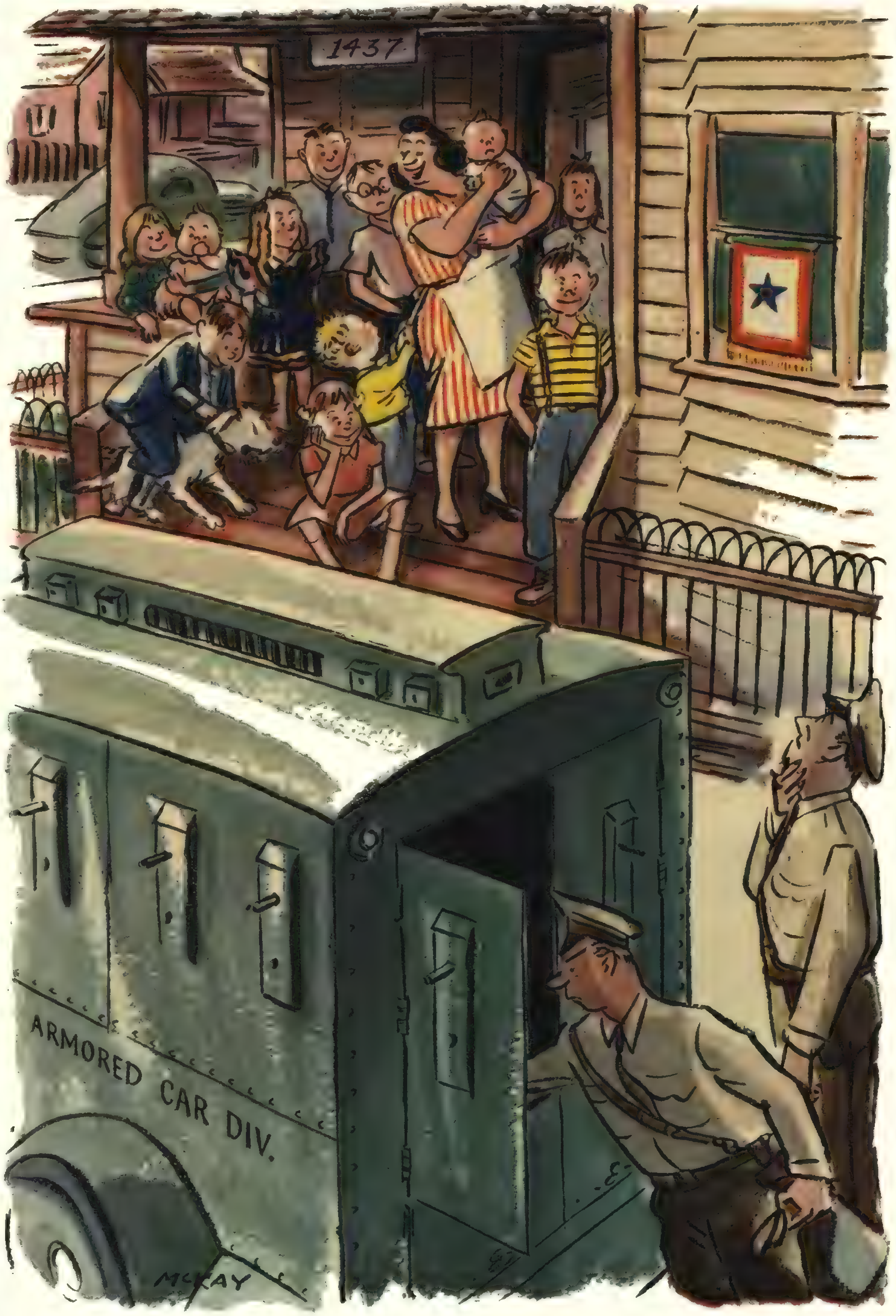
“No,” he said very quietly. “I guess you had to.” #



"Quiet, darling—the nice man is trying to help Mommy out of a murder rap"



"Must be jet propulsion!"


1437
ARMORED CAR DIV.
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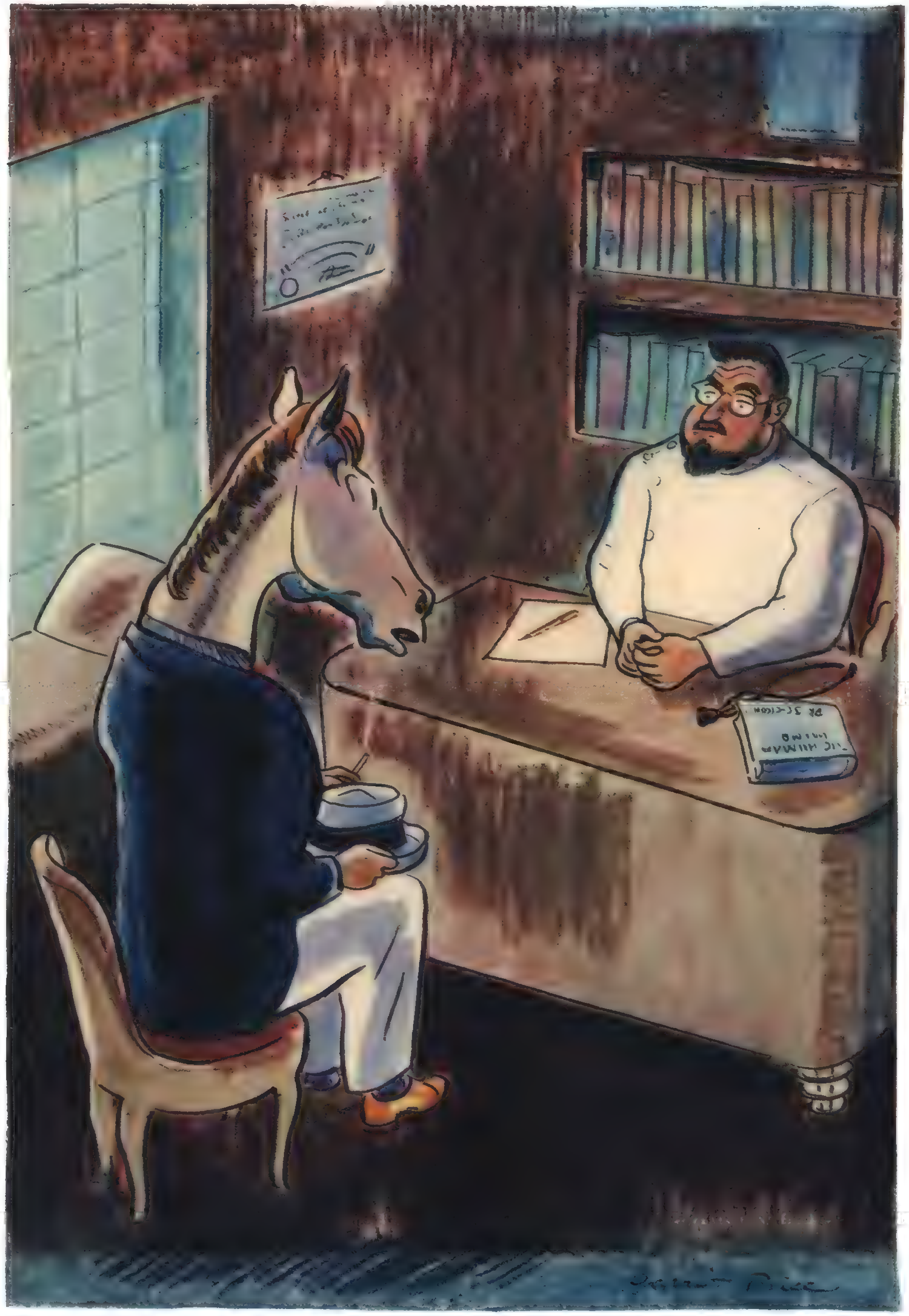
"Here comes Mummy's allotment!"



"The first thing I noticed was a craving for oats"

My Neck Out on Swing

It seems to this protestant, jazz musicians depart so far from the melody all hot music sounds alike

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

As a demonstration of the generous editorial policy of Esquire, I am going to write a few words about hot jazz and swing and all-time bests, words a little less aflame with enthusiasm than those you usually find here. I'm aware of sticking my neck out; and I prefer to do it here, in the citadel and fortress of the fanatics. If I'm to be mowed down, I want it to be by experts.

The first inkling I had of a new music must have been the year after Jimmy Johnson wrote *Old Fashioned Love;* I heard him play it, first the tune and then some embroidery on the tune, and finally something I described as playing it like a negative—the notes he left out were the notes of the melody. It was brilliant and completely satisfying. In February's Esquire I find in Leonard Feather's guide to the perplexed this Q and A: "Why can't we hear the melody? Because, children, it is assumed you know it already, *if there was one.*" The italics and their implications are mine. Feather thinks it normal enough to have popular music without melody. And they hissed Stravinsky!

As a matter of fact, I think it's all right, too, if you know what you're in for. In the same issue of Esquire, Charles Edward Smith, who can carry learning as gracefully as G. R. Lee a G-string—Smith says that "eager early fans are not so much interested in orchestration as in individual performance" . . . and "what is responsible for the spread of jazz? . . . the jazzmen themselves, the individuals." These individuals are virtuosos, technicians of an unbelievable and dazzling skill—and if they and their fans and Leonard Feather are on the right track, they are creating in jazz, of all places, the sterile waste of the coloratura and the acrobat.

About the time Jimmy Johnson was playing, I was arguing in favor of what we called jazz in those days. And the learned, amiable and distinguished Lawrence Gilman argued against me and said that all jazz was alike. He was one of the best music critics we ever had; he could hear music even if he didn't like it; but *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (or *Pack Up Your Sins,* which was then Berlin's best hot number) and the music of *Showboat* and *Old Fashioned Love* and *Runnin' Wild* seemed to him pretty much the same; he couldn't hear the differences. The reason was, I suppose, that they were played much the same way, with the same instruments in the bands, and there was to him a monotony of beat as well as a banal sameness of melody. To me these and a thousand others were fresh and enlivening and new; I didn't know how to answer Gilman except by saying so.

With this terrible warning out of my own experience, I confess that a lot of hot music seems to me to be all of one piece. There are certain swoops and slurs, certain drivings of the brass into very high, supposedly hot, registers, certain reiterations of the bass, that seem always to occur. Some of the pioneers of the late twenties strike me as highly limited in their vocabularies: they say much the same thing in much the same words—and the only thing that distinguishes one recording from another is the very thing they scandalize and throw away, the original melody. When they go to work without an original, but stamp and stomp out their own, then you have a double jeopardy, because you have a technician writing for himself—and he may not be a good writer.

The thing that makes the specialists glow is the drum majorette quality of the sax player or the drummer, not showing off physically, but professionally. Everyone of the great ones has shoved the limitations of the instrument a little further off; but not everyone has had a great style, not everyone has been a musician as well as an instrumentalist. It is a pure delight to see a craftsman at work, and I'll call him an artist if you wish, attaching none too great a significance to the word; but the more the craftsman works to satisfy the other experts, the closer to dilettantism he comes. It surprises me to think that art for art's sake, abandoned after Oscar Wilde in London, should rise again in Chicago and Harlem, on the levees and in Congo Square. I can't quite believe, incidentally, that music as universally acceptable as the jazz that came from ragtime, will come to its end in the swing for specialists. *Everybody's Doin' It* will not run down into chamber music—unless it be *Basin Street.*

Music without melody, performance in which no one cares for the total, and the audience shrieks over solo performances—these, I think, are doubtful foundation stones for solid entertainment. Whistler called his picture of his mother "an arrangement" in various colors, but the object was there; later painters left out the object and gave us pure and abstract forms, and these are very exciting or moving, too; painting doesn't have to be representational, but it won't be popular if it becomes too abstract. And while the melody doesn't have to be the oversimplified thirty-two-bar chorus effect of the standard popular song, the popular ear will not be held if there isn't a recognizable melodic line to follow. Once there is, the solos have to be subordinated—and the hot jazzman will whimper and kick. I know. But grand opera remains the one place where the soprano steps out of the plot, throws her arms to heaven, sings her heart out, steps on the apron of the stage, milks the audience for more applause and, if she gets away with it, repeats the whole performance. Years ago someone began to applaud the soloists—someone hired for the purpose. Let's not bring the claque into hot music.

When Esquire was getting up its All-American Band, I ducked naming the ranking men because I hadn't heard all of the best ones and because I felt a slight opposition to the idea of the featured soloist-in-the-band. If concertos are written, a virtuoso joins a band to play his part; otherwise the ensemble is the thing and brilliantly written individual parts must be worked into the whole. You wouldn't let a soloist jump out of the key of the music and play in another, more grateful to him—or would you? Because that is how these superfeatured players often affect me. And I may say that when they seem to be working together, the opposite effect is one of the most pleasurable I know.

To the untrained ear, the soloists are all trying to do the same thing—and only the ensembles have freshness and novelty; to the untrained ear, the variations on a theme are as tedious as the same things done by Haydn or Mozart, and only the themes themselves have character. There is an old saying and there is a new psychology, both of which bear out this distinction. The saying is that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts; the psychology is *Gestalt* psychology and the simplification of its central theme is that the

Continued on page 156

The Red Shuffler Stays In

This self-trained fighting cock had attacked all comers in the barnyard and the forest—bird, beast or man

by PAUL ANNIXTER

• FICTION •

He belonged to old Cam Calloway and a more incongruous owner could hardly have been imagined. Cam was a southern piney untroubled by ambition. His farm was scratched out of the scrub in the Florida back country.

Cam acquired Ginger Buck quite by chance. The old fern-jumper went out one morning in spring to find Buck, then but a leggy, half-grown cockerel, stalking about the dooryard while the rest of the fowls, including the big Wyandotte rooster, perched on the fence, on the cowshed roof and in the trees, all of them pecked and draggled and spattered with their own blood.

Buck was a line-bred cross of the Southern Claret and Shawlneck strains, with an admixture of the hardy, furious-fighting Oriental Aseel. The blood of three of the most unquenchably courageous fighting creatures, pound for pound, the world has ever known fused in his veins. Cam had him for nearly a year before he found out what manner of fowl he was. To Cam, during all that time, Buck was just "that gol-ding ginger-color chicken rooster" that kept tearing into his livestock. The fowls once conquered, Buck extended the sphere of his influence to the two hounds, the three pigs, the cat, the cow and the old work horse. Within a week every animal on the place bore the red tracery of his disciplining.

One day in his third week on the place Buck caught one of the roosters by the wattles and played a tattoo on his breast with daggered heels until he fell dead. Cam stormed forth with his twelve-gauge shotgun to do away with Buck. The shot went wild. Buck fled away into the woods and for the next two days every time he returned Cam or Sissy, his leggy, fifteen-year-old daughter, was waiting to drive him off again.

But Buck kept coming back to the barnyard.

It was in his second month at the farm that he earned his right to remain. He had been away in the woods again for three days and had returned one dawn. Old Cam heard a violent commotion in the yard and crept forth with his rifle. What he saw in the first gray light made him stare in dumb amazement.

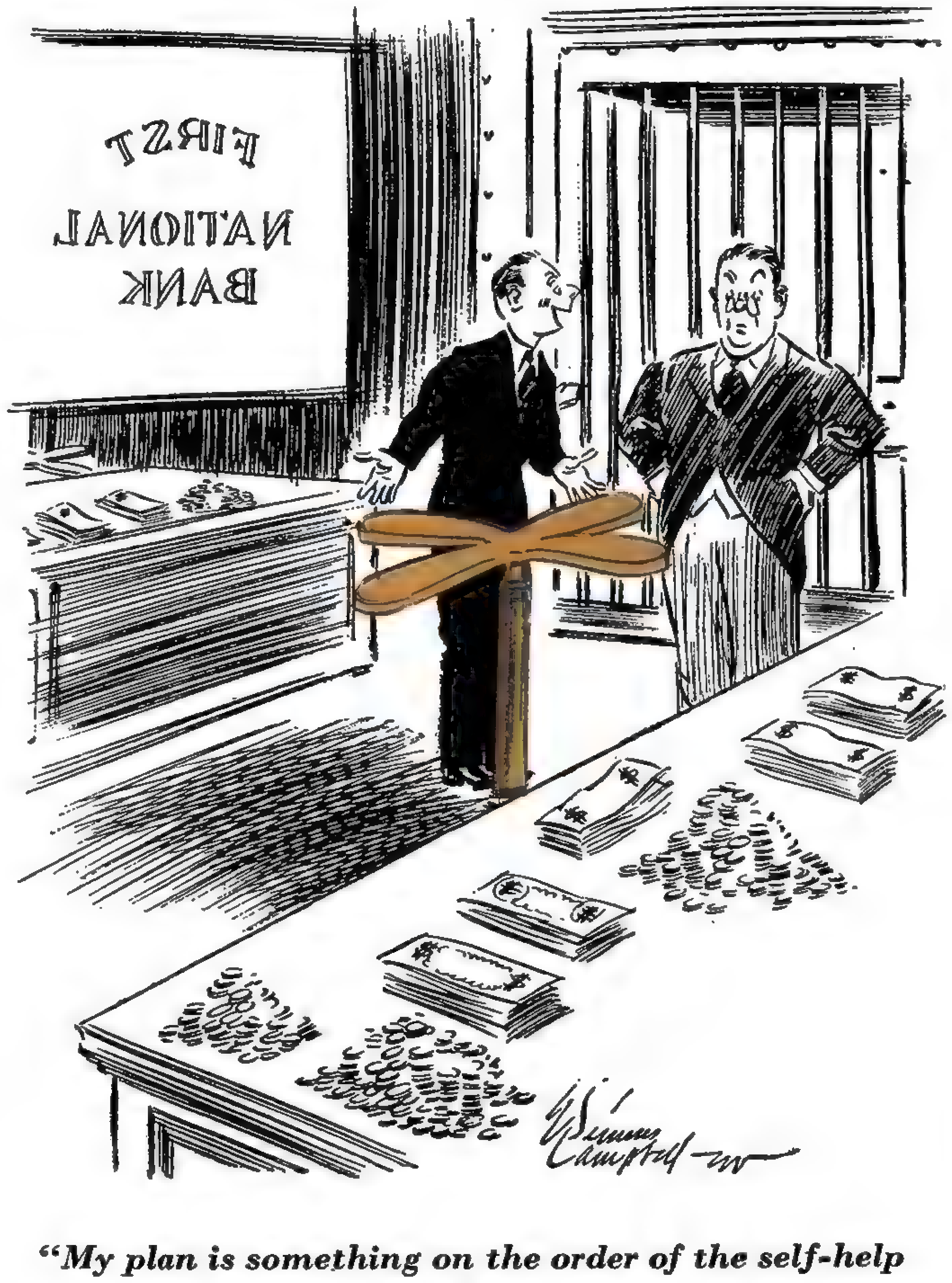
A mink had just killed a young pullet in the run. Up on the highest roosts huddled the rest of the chickens, squawking in agonized terror. Around the mink in mincing circles, Ginger Buck was doing a sort of weird dance.

Cam was lifting his rifle when Buck came suddenly in at the killer. He swooped on fiercely beating wings, with vicious peck and cunning cruel stroke of the spurs so rapid as to be invisible. The mink aimed snakelike for the cockerel's throat, only to foul his jaws in Buck's hard breast feathers. Ember-eyed, he lanced in again and Buck got a billhold on fur and shuffled bloody gashes across the mink's neck and shoulders and punctured one of his eyeballs—all in the small end of a second.

Hissing like a snake, disregarding the burst eyeball, the mink came in again and again. But he was fighting a living flame. Buck was all around and over him, now and then grabbing a beakful of fur from which leverage he would turn loose his spur-shod feet like a buzz saw; then leaping free and feinting with the skill of a boxer for a fresh opening.

Simultaneously the mink got another jawful of feathers and Buck got a billful of fur. Round and round and over and over they whirled for perhaps forty seconds. Both were natural infighters, neither would release his hold. Then Buck tore loose and the snakelike body of the mink whipped blindly against the chicken wire. His other eye had gone. He was done. But he fought on to the end, grimly trying to find his foe.

From that time on Cam never took another shot at Buck. And Buck on his part, never lingered long at the farm. In his journeys into the surrounding woods he had been learning another kind of life, far more intriguing than that of the barnyard. In the miles of scrub pine and fern jungle Buck had found adventure. He was like a wanderer returned to his heath. The touch of Oriental blood in his veins accounted for this, direct heritage of the wild jungle cock, the prototype of all game fowl—a bird that fought to the death with its naked heels for thousands of years in the jungles of India.



"My plan is something on the order of the self-help grocery where I used to work"

The summer was drawing to a close now. September was at hand, Buck's second September. He had reached full growth and achieved the coveted five pound weight for fighting cocks.

This was the time spoken of in the old cocking manuals. "Time when the year old cock will leave food or mate to give battle to any adversary. Time when the cocker carefully feeds his bird with the crumb of old manchet cut into square bits, at sun rising, when the sun is in its meridian, and at sun setting; or with herb of grace, rosemary, hyssop and butter, alternating this at times with a diet of ale, egg and butter, baked into a kind of biscuit with the addition of wheat flour.

"In between these feedings," say the books, "the cocker will carefully set his cock to spar with another gamecock for a few minutes, or lacking a cock of the game, let him pursue a dunghill rooster till he sweateth and panteth."

Buck's diet and the rest of his training would have made any cock breeder weep with exasperation. There were, however, certain decisive factors at work in Buck's development.

That battle with the mink had been only one of scores of similar death struggles waged in the forest. He had plied back and forth through a hundred square miles hunting trouble and finding it in the form of blacksnakes and water moccasins, which he had learned to chevy into the open and shuffle to death in two or three minutes. Finding it, too, in the form of coons and skunks who had never learned that a chicken was anything but a handy meal, until Buck appeared a chicken of whalebone, whose spur stroke made their fastest parry seem slow.

Buck had led off with a conquest of the deer people. It was a walkaway. At Buck's first fierce frontal attack the timid, shadowy deer would be off in a series of prodigious bounds.

When Buck had his first brush with the bear tribe he was strutting his stuff on a rotten log one day. Out of the thicket waddled a black furry creature with a miniature of itself scampering alongside. The she-bear had hijacked many a delicious meal of fowl from some remote settler's clearing. She reared on her hind legs and advanced. Hackles lifted, Buck danced on the log. His chest went out and his whole being went into a clarion crow.

At the startling cry, so connected in her mind with the abodes of men, the old bear slapped her cub on his fat stern and the two of them dashed away into the woods. Buck with slash and peck sped the cowards on their way.

Soon after this, however, he met the lord paramount of all the wild killers of those parts, an old tom lynx. Masterfully the lynx had stalked the stray chicken up wind, and he was about to scoop the tidbit off the low limb where Buck slept. Buck opened an eye and crowed in startled challenge. In the same instant he shot like a feathered dart into the round cruel face of the killer. Like most of his kind, the lynx ran mainly to bluff. The startling loudness and unexpectedness of the crow was too much for his high-tension nervous system, and soon he was a hundred yards away and still going.

All through the wonderful golden weeks of fall Buck continued his wanderings. Then came October, time of great unrest in the forest world, time of madness among the game birds, when the cock partridge will attack deer, bear and even man himself, in the heat of the mating fever.

Now was the time when Buck's battle madness was answered to the full by the tribe of birds. Time and again some old-man partridge, brave as any maniac, would challenge him to the death and there would be glorious battle lasting half an hour. The partridge always carried warfare into the air. They were twice as quick on the wing as Buck and he learned many a subtle trick of feint and parry that would never have come his way with bulkier opponents.

What was all this doing to Buck's ego? By the time his high tide really came round in November he was a man fighting fool, fined down to nothing but beak, spur and sinew.

It was Mr. Corey Tate who really brought Buck into his own. Mr. Corey rode out one day in November for one of his periodic hunting trips. He was a well-to-do orange grower from Tallahassee.

Cam was sitting out under the Chinaberry tree when Mr. Corey arrived. Cam had never been so mortal low. His perennial slackness had caught up with him at last. The day before old Ira Eddy, the landman from whom Cam had taken up his timber claim, had sent notice to make up back payments or get out by next month.

Cam had been offering up a prayer in his own way for the Lord to pass a miracle to save him. His wife, Flora May, was lying there in bed. She had been sick for two years and this would just about kill her. Cam didn't feel like going out with Mr. Corey but he couldn't refuse.

They left soon after and there were three high days in the open. Cam could have fattened up on the food Mr. Corey had in his packs, but somehow he could not eat—not with Sissy and Flora May eking along on grease and grits.

They were back and Cam was unloading the duffle from the Ford when Ginger Buck came round the corner of the house. The dunghill fowl clucked nervously and dispersed. Mr. Corey's eye lit.

"Quite a chicken you've got there, Cam," he said. "Some Shawlneck—a bit of jungle, too." Mr. Corey Tate was a judge of line-bred fighting cocks. "I'd like to see him spar."

"Just walk out there an' you'll see him plenty," said Cam.

"Man fighter, eh? Got a good stance," Mr. Corey went on critically. "What's he weigh?"

"Ain't never got near enough to try weighin' him," Cam replied.

Mr. Corey's eye went to Buck's comb and wattles. "Look here. You've maybe got something here that'll surprise you. How'd you come by him?"

"The danged critter just takened a notion to me," Cam said. "I come out one morning an' there he is aslashin' an' rippin' into my livestock. Where he come from I don't know."

"That would have been about the middle of May, wouldn't it? I had a suspicion of it the moment I saw your bird. That chicken belonged to old Ira Eddy; bred on his place. He got away during the big fire last spring. One of the best bred cocks of the whole ninety-two he was, too. I can re-

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"What—ready so soon?"

Reno's Two-Way Street

All but the die-hard conservatives of Reno would be loath to see the last of those golden girls, the divorcees

by CHARLES J. McGUIRK

• ARTICLE •

Reno faces a crisis. Despite the 1942 decision of the United States Supreme Court approving Reno divorces, judges in several states have recently ruled that on jurisdictional grounds Reno divorces are invalid. If such a trend continues, and doubt as to the validity of a Nevada decree becomes widespread, the principal source of revenue of "the biggest little city in the world" will be seriously curtailed. The average woman who sheds an old mate and acquires a new one doesn't relish the possibility of being branded a bigamist.

But a crisis is old stuff to Reno. The fabulous settlement on the banks of the Truckee River has been weathering legal, financial and social storms since it was founded 86 years ago. Leave it to Reno to find some means of continuing to lure unhappy wives to the Sagebrush State, where an early marital problem was solved in 1865 when a Mormon elder of Genoa, Nevada's oldest town, divorced a wife and gave her to his attorney as a counsel fee.

Astonishingly enough, there are people in Reno who secretly hope that the day is at hand when legal dynamite, planted by outsiders, will blow up the divorce mill. They are the conservatives who are to be found among the congregations of the city's fifteen churches and among those whose lives center around the University of Nevada. Lined up with them are certain factions in the women's clubs and some of the tradesmen.

This group has always abhorred the whole divorce business and made it a point to treat divorcees and those associated with them as lepers. Ladies from the outside who have come to Reno to dump their husbands haven't, as a group, softened the feelings of the conservatives when, with huge pre-divorce cash settlements in the bank, they have gone in for cradle-snatching on the campus of the University of Nevada. Many a stalwart student has kissed a degree good-bye when he heard the mating call trilling from the white throat of a lady just graduated from the divorce mill.

To the left of the conservatives, who form what might be called the first Reno, is a second group built around the fact that the city is the financial capital and distributing center of the state. The second Reno is made up of cattle and sheep ranchers, mine operators, lumbermen, cowboys, sheep herders, miners, bankers and many of the local businessmen. It is not strongly opinionated one way or the other on the subject of divorce. It can take divorce or let it alone.

Then, far to the left, there is the third Reno—the Reno that the world knows about. It centers, of course, around the divorce business. It is rooted in the gambling and night clubs, the hotels, apartments and guest houses where visiting females serve out their residence requirements, and the legal profession. Thus there are three distinct Renos. The second Reno is on cordial terms with both the first Reno and the third Reno, but the first and third Renos give each other a wide berth.

Right now, the divorce business is booming, as it always does when there is plenty of folding money in circulation. Statistics show that when a depression blights the land, unhappily married couples often forget their differences in a mutual struggle for existence, but that when they are not preoccupied by the spectre of want they become preoccupied with each other's faults.

The conservatives who hope that recent out-of-state anti-Nevada court decisions are the handwriting on the wall are, while unquestionably sincere in their opposition to divorce as Reno's principal product, something less than practical. More than once in the past the conservatives have learned how impractical it is to clamp restrictions on the divorce business. Back in 1913, for example, they raised such a howl at what they called the washing of outside dirty linen in their fair city that a frightened State Legislature forthwith raised the legal residence requirement, which was then six months, to one year. The result was immediate—and costly. Women who wanted divorces stopped going to Reno. "Grass," in the words of an old-timer, "grew in the streets."

No wonder. Prior to the raising of the residence time, some divorce lawyers had been getting as much as 50,000 dollars for handling a case, and a fee of 10,000 dollars had by no means been uncommon. Naturally, such money had circulated through the city when it had come in, but money couldn't circulate when it didn't come in. Tradesmen and proprietors of hotels and guest houses tightened their belts and began to wail. And so, only two years after the residence requirement was stepped up, it was lowered to six months again. Divorcees lit out for Reno once more, and everybody was happy. Many of the businessmen who had previously been on the side of the conservatives now swung over to the left, and have stayed there ever since.

Reno, which has always skimmed the cream of the state's divorce business, got its strongest financial hypodermic in 1920 when Mary Pickford, then America's sweetheart, divorced her current husband, Owen Moore, in Minden, Nevada. Thousands of unhappy women who had up to that time regarded divorce as a somewhat shameful procedure now looked upon legal freedom in an entirely different light. If Little Mary, whom these women had always associated with sweetness, innocence and purity, could get a divorce, then there couldn't be anything so bad about it. Reno immediately felt the beneficial result.

In 1927, when almost everybody had money, Reno decided to put divorce on an assembly-line basis. Over the protests of the conservatives, the divorce crowd succeeded in getting legislation reducing the residence requirement from six months to three. That helped some, but not enough. The expense entailed by a three-month stay in Reno still put a divorce there in the luxury class.

It was in 1931, when money was scarce, that a group of influential lawyers went into grim conclave to arrive at ways and means of stimulating the divorce business. They came up with some ideas which, when put through the legislative hopper, were the answers to the prayers of everybody—except the conservatives. The residence requirement was lowered from three months to six weeks.

Then, to pacify the rest of Nevada, which somehow had the idea that Reno was getting all the gravy, the statesmen at Carson City enacted the so-called "traveling" law. This statute permitted divorce seekers, who had previously been confined to the county in which a suit was filed, to wander and spend in whatever part of the state fancy took them while they were serving their residence sentences. Moreover, those in quest of freedom were permitted to file suits in any county of the state. To top things off, the legislature legalized gambling, which had been going full blast anyway but

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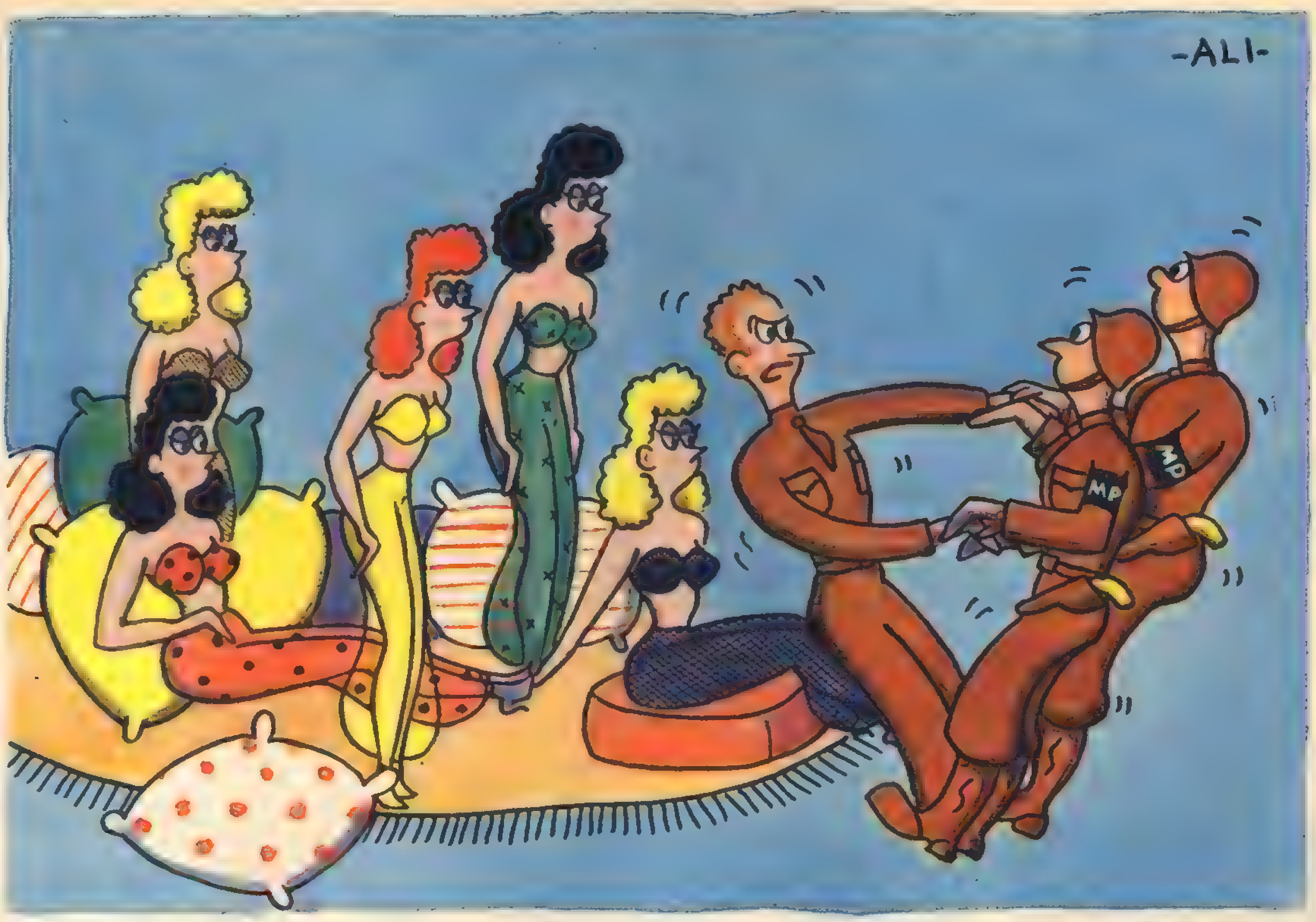
STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

Two reasons why from the Latin Quarter

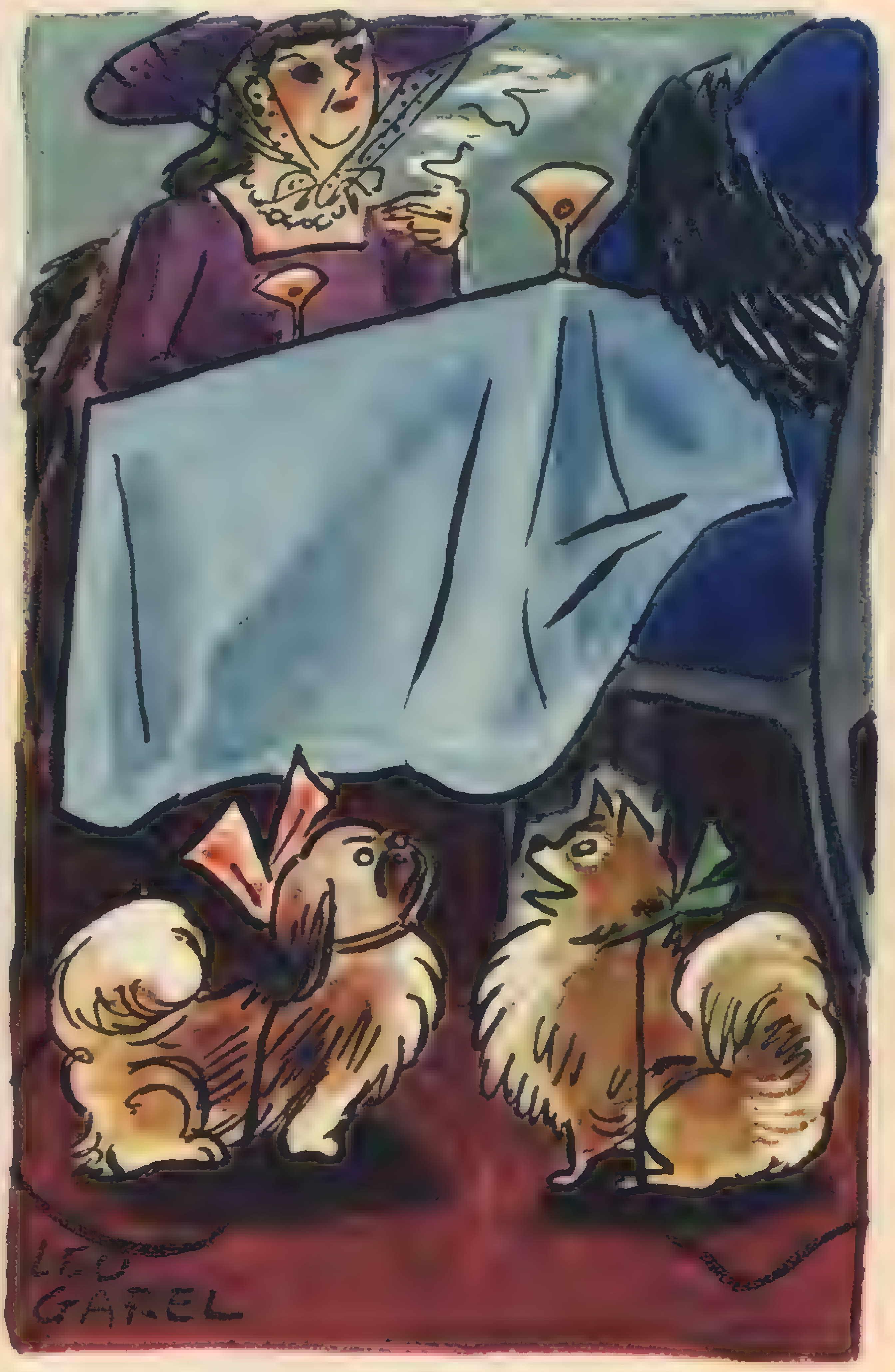
Lou Walter's Latin Quarter in New York (he has two others in Miami and Boston) is a supermarket among night clubs. Here eager revelers find what they want—and a lot of it—in the huge room lined with mirrors and pink quilted satin that reminded one customer of "a stadium-sized boudoir." Lavish food, liquor and a two-hour variety show keep parties waiting in line for tables. Not to mention the sure-fire drawing power of the particularly luscious chorines.

On the page opposite is a sample of the Latin Quarter's spice of night life. Dee Turnell, on the left, comes from Chicago and started dancing when she was wearing pinafores. Dancing is still her chief interest, although she does some photographic modeling for Harry Conover on the side. Making pretty with the lipstick brush is Lynette Browne from Georgia. Always able to manage a polite smile at tired lines about Georgia peaches, she avers her main interest is acting but she does a little dancing on the side. Here she wears the plaid Sadie Thompson costume for her spot in a burlesque of *Rain* with comedian Billy Vine. Between shows, when the girls aren't having their pictures taken, they busy themselves with fingernail polish or write letters or throw a coat over their costumes and dash out to give benefit performances at places like the Stage Door Canteen.

Unseen presence in the photograph is Wally Wanger, who produces the show and is responsible for the unusually high caliber of femininity at the Latin Quarter. He has been managing chorus lines for sixteen years, thereby acquiring the telephone numbers of some 4,000 chorus and show girls as well as a deft touch in choosing beauties. His little black book is purely a business asset, however. He treats his pretty charges with a paternal casualness and finds that traditional temperament of women *en masse* is no problem for him. He has one treatment for any chick who turns prima donna and raises a row over a costume or a rehearsal call. "I ignore her," he explains with the wisdom of the Chinese philosophers. "She gets over it."



"But I don't want to go back to the States!"



"Who's your veterinarian?"

◀ HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

Gay notes from *Irish Eyes Are Smiling*

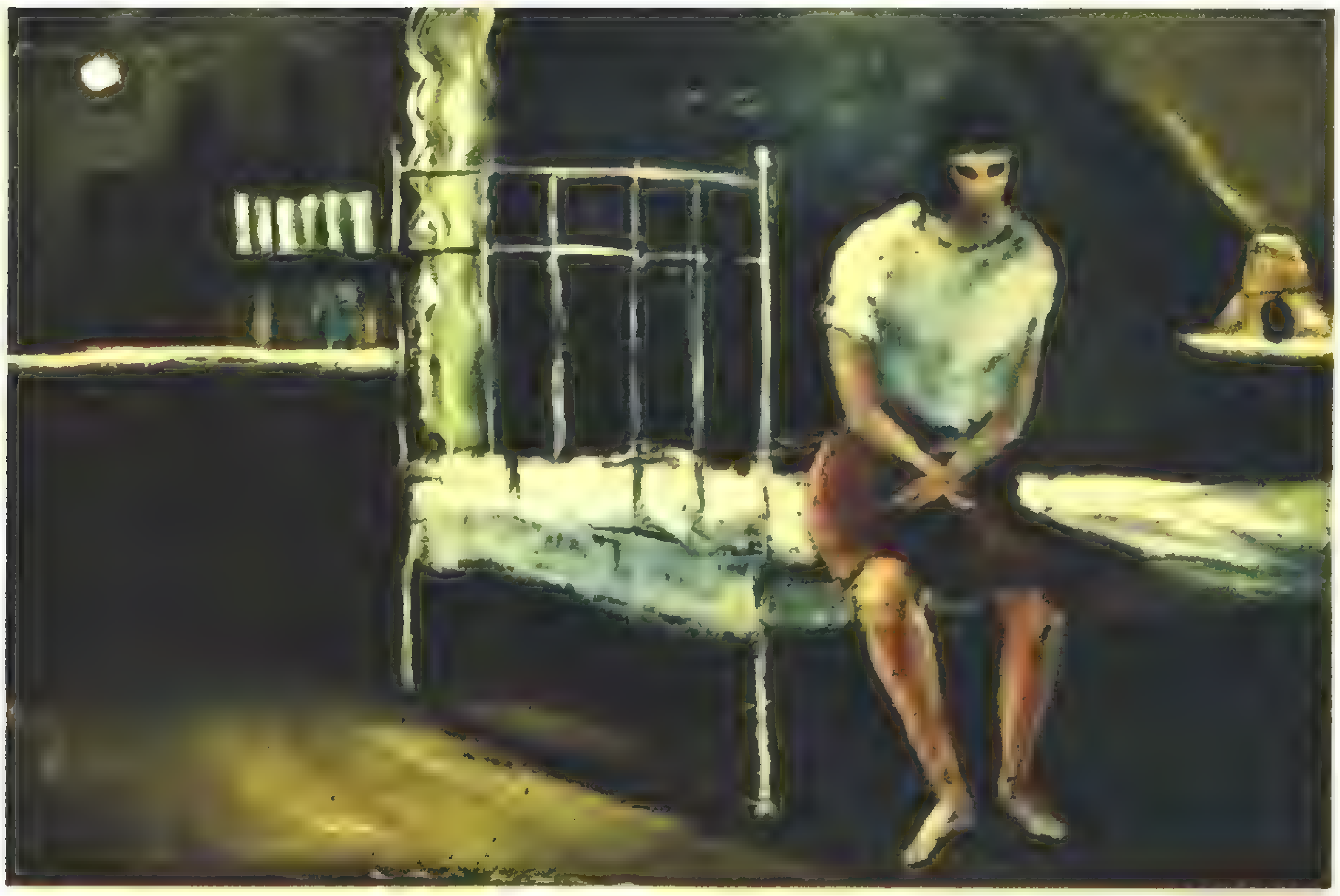
BROADWAY, that street of breaks—good breaks and heartbreaks—relives some of its vivid history in 20th Century-Fox's *Irish Eyes Are Smiling*. Made in technicolor, produced by Damon Runyon, it is a glorified biography of one Ernest R. Ball, a Gay Nineties composer of such enduring songs as *Let the Rest of the World Go By*, *In the Garden of My Heart*, *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, *'Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold* and *Mother Machree*. Ball is played by the highly personable newcomer, Dick Haymes. All the other roles are based on fabulous fact. The talent includes Monty Woolley, Beverly Whitney, Lillian Porter and 20th's triple threat starlet, June Haver.

June, the package on the table, and Lillian Porter are shot in their dressing room, dressed to kill Kelly and to take full advantage of technicolor. Little Misses Haver and Porter weigh the same—102 pounds—are the same height—5′ 2″—and are both easy-on-the-eyefuls. Both go to town in that lightning-like dance, Strut Miss Lizzie, but that is where the biographical similarity ends. Lillian is only dancing her way to a home and fireside, whereas June is wedded to a career. The breaks in professional life came to her at seven via her debut as piano soloist with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. At thirteen she waved good-bye to classical music and sang with Dick Jurgens. At fourteen she joined Freddie Martin's orchestra. At fifteen she toured the country with Ted FioRito's orchestra. Her "extra time" was spent taking dancing lessons and going to school, till she graduated from Beverly Hills High and into picture stardom at one and the same time.

Says June about men: "Can any girl be choosy these days? Seriously, if there is a choice, I'll take an understanding man with humor. Those two qualities will outwear the handsomest face, so his looks won't matter too much. However, if he could be pretty I would not complain."

Says June about the movies: "I'm going to stay in movies forever. When I'm on the set I feel so wonderful—every vertebrae tingles." Turn around, June! Let's have a look.

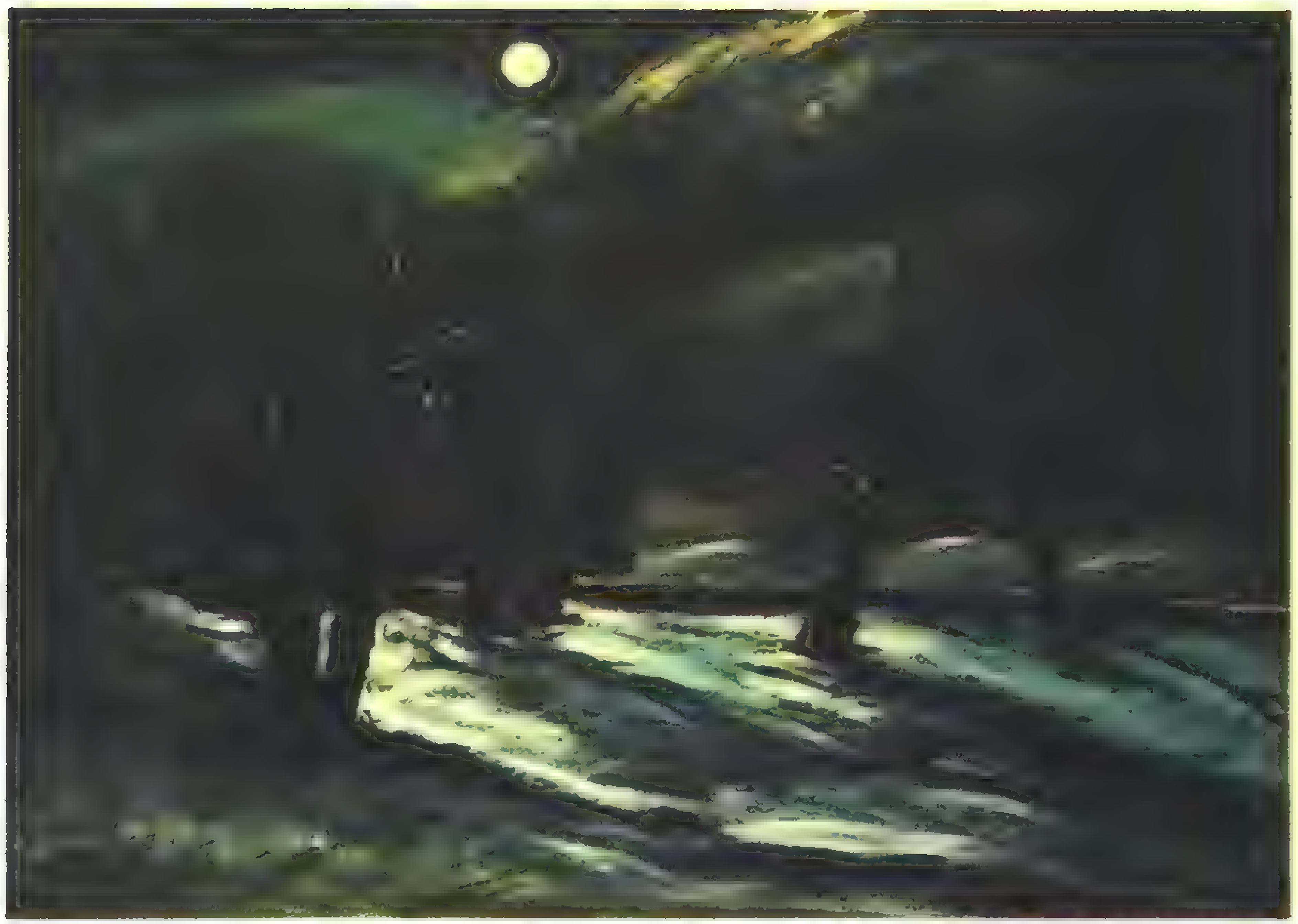
PHOTOGRAPH BY EMMETT SCHOENBAUM



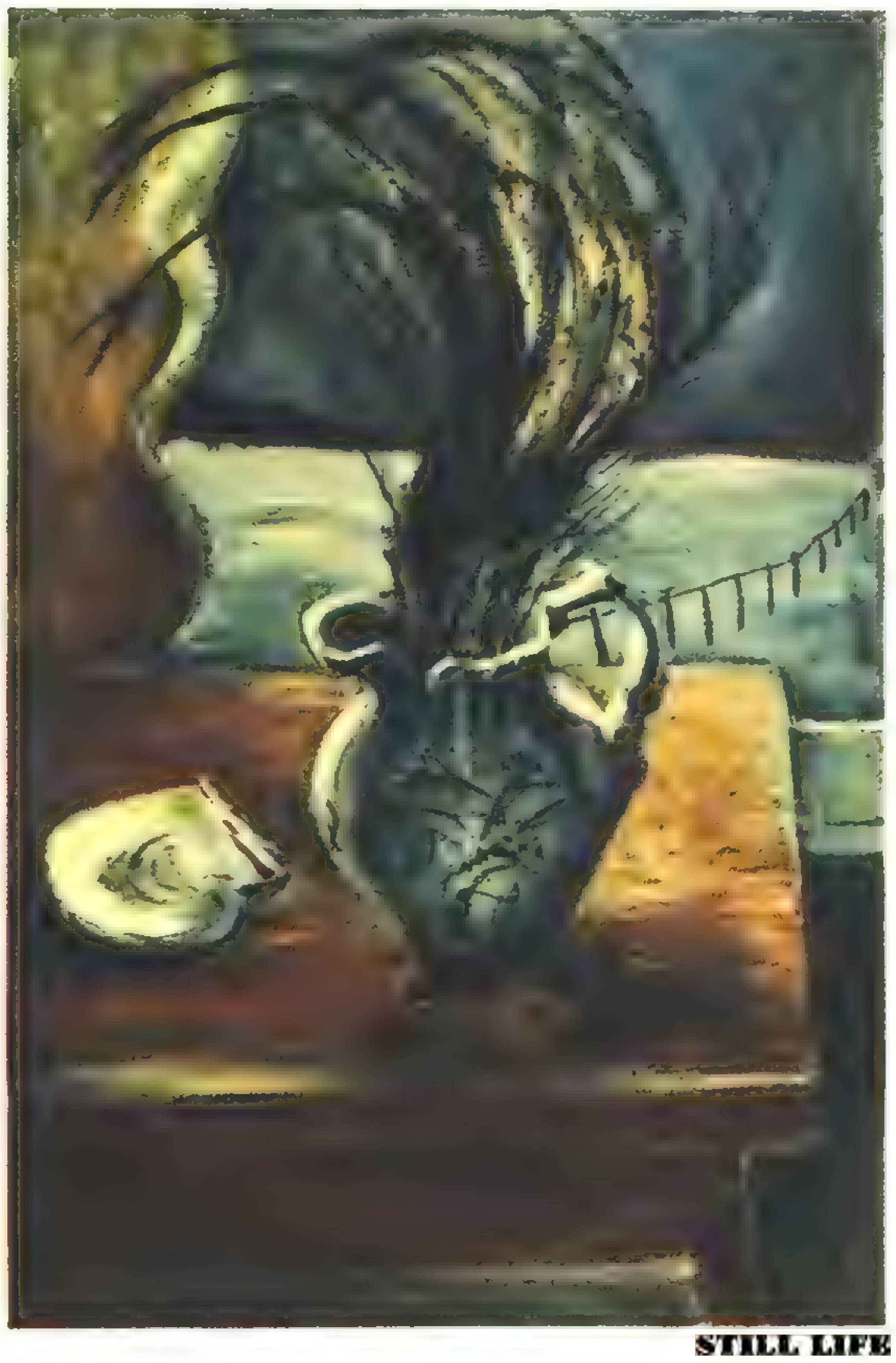
REVERIE

A Group of Paintings

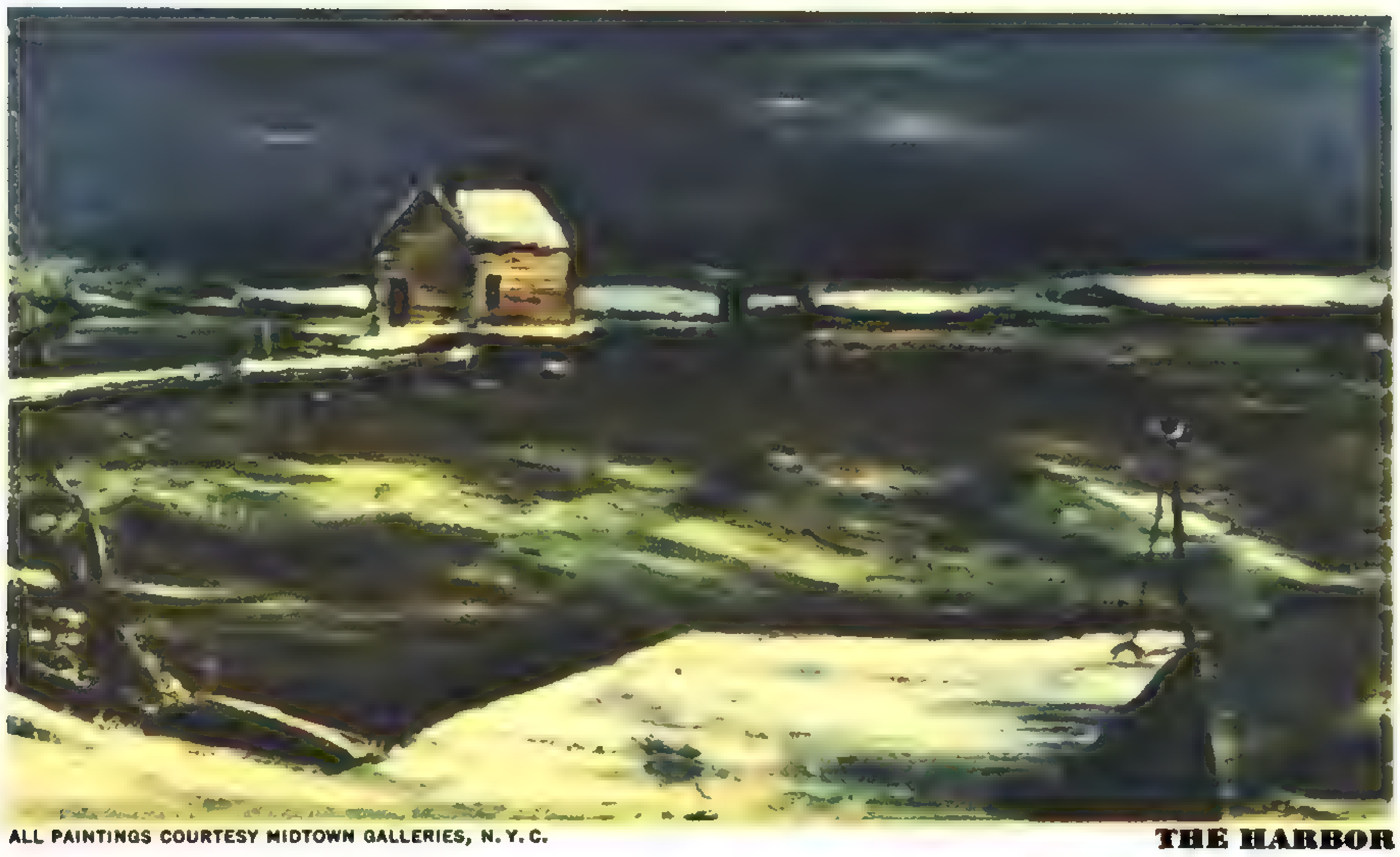
by WILLIAM THON



NIGHT AND THE WIND



STILL LIFE



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THE HARBOR

William Thon and the Wild Waves

An average, healthy American lad, now serving the Navy as boatswain's mate, Thon likes to paint stormy winter seas

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

To seize at once upon that experience which sets him apart from the 20,000 other American painters of today, William Thon is the only artist who helped navigate a sixty-foot schooner through the winter storms of the Atlantic, from Staten Island in New York to Cocos Island in the Pacific, and who dug for four months for the fabulous treasure supposed to have been buried there more than a hundred years ago. Surviving drenching waves, cold and thirst and hunger, Thon entered for a short time the company of those heroes of navigation and exploration whose adventures he still contemplates with starry eyes. To put him in one sentence, William Thon is mad about the sea, preferably Arctic.

The pedigree of this buried treasure goes back to the time of South America's George Washington. Around 1820-30, a group of wealthy Peruvians, terrified at the approach of Simón Bolívar, clubbed together to save their treasure. They put it into a bullion hoard worth something like 60,000,000 dollars and hired the English Captain Thompson of the schooner *Mary Dear* to take it to Spain, putting aboard a group of supervising officials. The story is the English sailors killed the Peruvians aboard and placed the gold in a hole on Cocos Island, about 500 miles west by north of Costa Rica. Gifford Pinchot, Malcolm Campbell, the English auto racer, and Julius Fleischman have been among the seekers.

In the teeth of a February (1933) gale, Thon, as one of a crew of six, set out for Cocos on the *Franklyn Bennett*, a former fishing schooner from Nova Scotia. The expedition had been organized by Edward U. Valentine, writer and editor, who had obtained a copy of Captain Thompson's chart, for the use of which he promised to turn over fifty per cent of the treasure. Thon, like other members of the crew, had bought a share in the expedition, but he went principally for the ride, as mate, with Mr. Valentine as the only supernumerary. They left in the teeth of a gale to avoid the greater hazards of the rainy hurricane season.

Within the twenty-three days it took them to reach their first landfall in Jamaica, Port Antonio, the crew lived in boots and oilskins, never tasted a hot meal, ran out of drinking water seventeen days out of New York and had to drink the liquid in the vegetable cans stored in the flooded compartment and, as a matter of course, had engine trouble.

A week later, stores replenished, engine and water pump repaired, clothes dried, they set sail for Cocos via the Panama Canal, reaching it against a head wind that forced them to go 1,000 miles in order to make 500.

They stayed in Cocos four months and all they found after digging atop an 800 foot hill, a hole big enough to drive a truck through, was a button off a Costa Rican uniform. During this stay, the men ate through their supplies, started to live on a fish diet, shot wild hogs until the hogs became wary and scooted to the other side and then learned to catch and eat sea gulls, which Thon cannot recommend even for a good stomach. They were entirely out of canned foods, milk, sugar and tobacco and were reduced to smoking tea in their pipes.

One day they cut their way through jungle to Chatham Bay on the other side of the island; after a hard day of swinging machetes, outlasting stinging bugs and tropic rain and climbing down a 1,200-foot cliff to water's edge, they found a cluster of shacks built by earlier treasure hunters. They fell upon a bunch of roosting chickens; in five minutes one of the fowl was cooking in an iron kettle; on one of the coconut palms Mr. Fleischman had placed a sign asking for information about the chickens his expedition had left behind as an experiment in survival. When, on their return, the Valentine expedition reached Balboa, one of the men wired Mr. Fleischman: "Beg to report chicken very tough."

Some time in August the party cried, "Uncle," and prepared to break up. Remaining supplies were divided. Leaving behind two of the men for whom a sloop bound for Pacific isles was to call, the others took the *Franklyn Bennett* into Balboa, where a buyer was found for the boat, the men returning by steamer. In the Fall of 1933, William Thon landed in New York, a steerage passenger on the *S. S. President Wilson*, only slightly the worse for wear and much the richer for the only kind of experience he treasures.

Regarding him as an American lad, William Thon is so refreshingly normal and naïve that in the world of contemporary art he must make the sound of a strange duck. The two kinds of people who have joined fate and fortune inside William Thon usually don't get along together. If you met him on the street in his sailor's uniform (boatswain's mate, second class) with his straight body and clear eyes looking quietly ahead, you would conclude that here was a kid off a farm or from a small town west of the Appalachians, who once may have read a book or allowed himself to be dragged to a "cultural monument," such as an art museum. That this kid may become a sensitive interpreter of the wintry sea no less significant and important than the great Ryder or the contemporary Mattson is a likelihood that nothing in this young man's appearance advertises or even announces.

In the first place, he's an average New York boy, born in Hell's Kitchen, the son of native New Yorkers. There's German, English and Irish in him. His grandfather, a Bavarian, ran probably the only herb drugstore in New York, in Greenwich Village, up to about fifteen years ago. Because the old man was despotic, his son, Bill's father, determined to be comrade and playmate to *his* children, of whom Bill was the eldest of four. As a result, William Thon, for a New Yorker of his parents' economic status, had an enviable childhood, free and clear of the poisons of ambition, hatred, maladjustment, futile striving, sense of inferiority.

Games, not study; play, not work, were the family's occupation. Beginning as early as April, the Thons quit Hell's Kitchen and pitched camp on the south shore of Staten Island, facing Coney Island. They remained into October, the children attending school there. Dad commuted daily to and from his drugstore job. Bill does not remember when he could not swim, and he learned to manage a sailboat while still a child. He early won prizes for diving and swimming, speed and distance. "Dad almost went broke buying us equipment, things like sailboats, rowboats and canoes, bicycles, basketballs, footballs and baseball stuff." Apparently that's not the routine for bringing up a genius, but Mr. Thon didn't think of any one of his children

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Bright Boy, Winged Victory, What's Up and other plays require more imagination than this Christopher Robin could muster

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

One of my esteemed colleagues (the one who doesn't drink) recently delivered himself of the lament that the gravest fault of this past theatrical season was that it "had provided next to nothing in the way of plays to stimulate the imagination." I herewith exercise my Constitutional right to tell my esteemed colleague that he is talking through his hat. It was a wonderful season for stimulating the imagination.

The peculiar belief that only first-rate plays can supply that stimulation calls for some critical scrutiny. It seems to me, as one such scrutinizer, that the imagination which is implicit in first-rate drama is generally so rich and satisfying that it leaves nothing for the auditor further to imagine. His fancy is so fully nourished that no food remains. The dramatist has taken over completely and all the auditor can do is to surrender to his starry spell. A play like *Romeo and Juliet* or *Peer Gynt* or *The Sunken Bell* clogs any supplementary flight of the fancy; it does the job for the person who attends it. And so with most of the world's fine drama.

It is only the second-rate, third-rate or fourth-rate play that, deficient in imagination, encourages independent imagination in the spectator. It piques his disappointment into fanciful wings of his own. It stimulates imagination by virtue of imagination's very absence. As with a starved man's vision of a banquet, the auditor dreams and, dreaming, finds his imagination whetted. The poor play, as a matter of fact, imposes the necessity of so much imagination upon him that it often completely exhausts him.

If my esteemed colleague doesn't believe it, I present him with the following examples:

The claptrap called *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* demanded of the customer that he expand his imagination to the point where he could picture a married woman so unobservant that she would see nothing even slightly peculiar in a husband, his past unknown to her, who comported himself like Boris Karloff when he wasn't acting like Bela Lugosi and who, when she tried to make love to him, became as nervous and jittery as a man anticipating the imminent entrance of the Gestapo led by Erich von Stroheim. (I am still worn out.)

The sentimental English rubbish called *Lovers and Friends* invoked the imagination to picture a long-married man succumbing to the charm of a desirable young woman, and his hurt, long-married wife succumbing in turn to the charm of a desirable young male and neither of them permitting themselves, despite the overpowering attraction, to be other than wholly platonic about it. (The invitation was too much for my own imagination, which gave out at the half-distance point.)

The mush called *Thank You, Svoboda* spurred the imagination with the request that it conjure up belief that a Czechoslovakian peasant half-wit, who all his life had been an undeviating imbecile, might under stress of circumstances instantaneously become a very shrewd and clever fellow able to outwit the Nazi forces of occupation. (If my esteemed colleague doesn't think that that is some imagination stimulus, I despair of him.)

The junk called *Mrs. Kimball Presents*, which also folded almost overnight, fertilized the fancy with the idea that a woman enamored of one man to the point of wholesale intoxication could so change her emotions in five minutes' time that she would take on another for her life's loving mate. (I can imagine many things, among them possibly even Gerald L. K. Smith with his mouth shut and the late William Winter having the time of his life at *Peepshow*, but that's a little beyond my power.)

The frippery called *Bright Boy* baited the imagination to all sorts of lengths in the case of its central character. The latter was a born heel whose philosophy, derived from Machiavelli, was to do dirt to everyone in the achievement of his personal ends. This he duly and sedulously practiced. At four minutes to eleven, however, he found himself wavering because of another man's charitable belief in his innate goodness, and at three minutes to eleven he allowed that henceforth he would be an angel. (I had to rest up my imagination for all of a week afterwards.)

The bilge called *I'll Take the High Road* set the imagination soaring to unheard of heights with the idea that a powerful industrialist with secret Fascist leanings would be so careless around the shop as to let one of the girl telephone operators listen in on his strictest confidences, and that the whole town would subsequently and instantly rise up in arms against him when the cutie, along with her movie actor beau, who was an obvious blockhead, betrayed his inclinations. (You try *your* imagination on it!)

The trashy *The Duke in Darkness* appealed to the imagination with the notion that a remarkably canny and knowing knave could handily be fooled as to the hypothetical escape of his enemy from a high tower merely by the latter's having hung a twelve-foot decoy rope over the balcony. And that his deception would be so complete that he wouldn't make even a cursory further search of the premises. (I challenge my esteemed colleague to compare with that the stimulation of his imagination at, say, something like *Othello*.)

The turkey called *Lady, Behave!* exercised the cells of fancy with the theory that a lot of women would promptly and without question seriously accept as a celebrated psychoanalyst, worthy of their fullest confidence and patronage, an amateur faker who couldn't think of telling them anything else to do but to squat on the floor and shake their legs in the air, meanwhile agitating their rears. (This maybe wasn't as tough a job for the imagination as some of the others, but it was not to be sniffed at.)

The sister-turkey *Right Next to Broadway* caused the imagination to glow like a house afire. It showed a cloak and suit emporium operated by an old goat who spent his time making up to the models, the models making up in turn to anything younger in trousers that happened in, the other help going in and out cracking irrelevant jokes and the boss being taken for a sucker by all and sundry, yet the business getting on in a way withal. Indignant at the laxity, the old goat's daughter decided to install herself as boss, set about putting the establishment in some semblance of order and forthwith found that not only business but the whole works, despite her intelligence, went to pot. (I took my imagination in despair to the saloon next door, but after six drinks it still wouldn't function.)

The World's Full of Girls, to turn momentarily from the matter of plays themselves to the cast-

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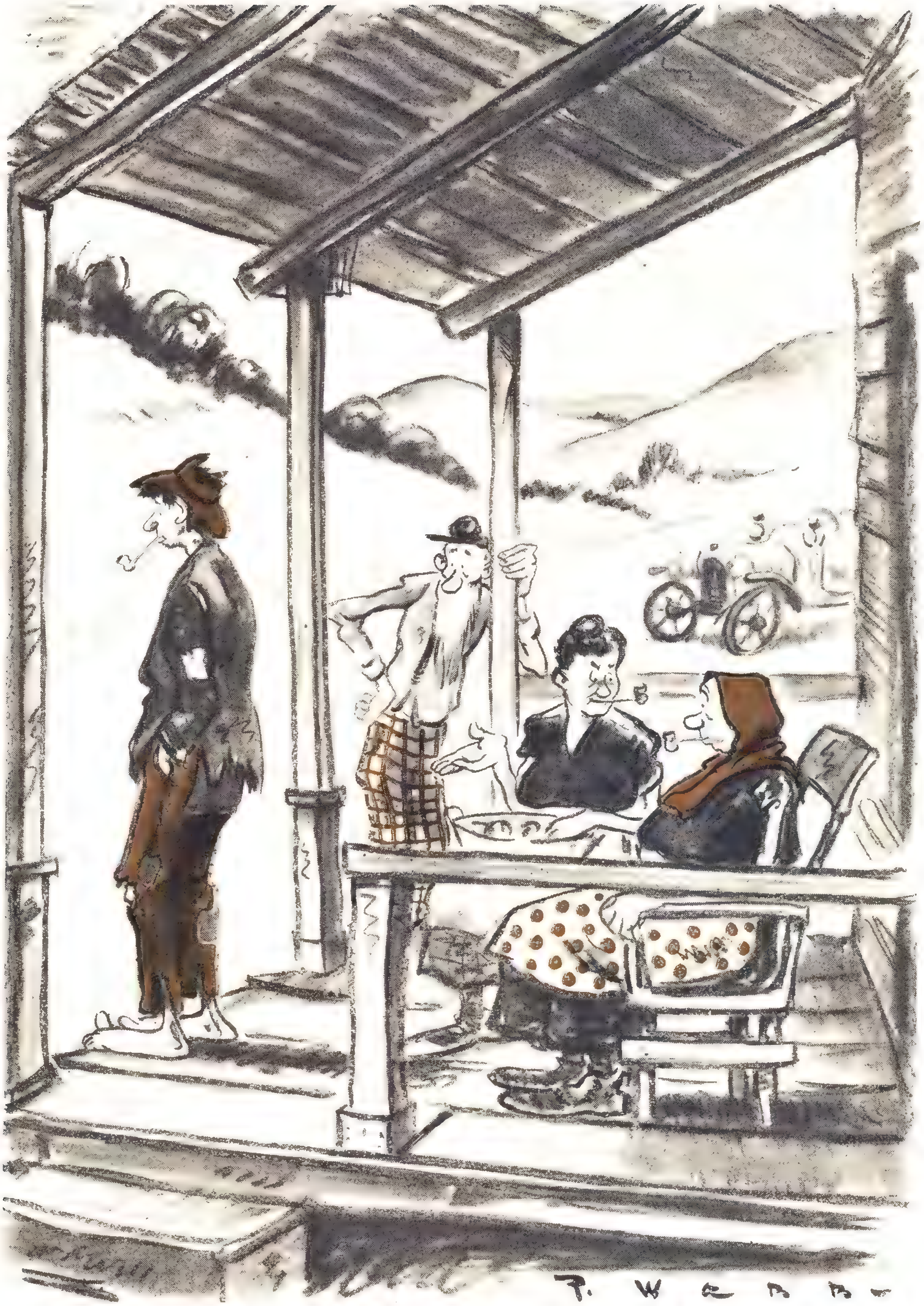
"Will you have the small steak, the tiny steak or the infinitesimal steak, Sir?"



"Jed's a hard man t' buy a Father's Day present fer—there ain't nothin' he needs"

The Esquire Sports Poll

In an all-golf ballot, sports writers in khaki and mufti choose the player they'd most like to follow during a tournament

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

• SPORTS •

This month's poll is the coming-out party for a new group of voters in Esquire's monthly survey of sports opinions. Sports editors of Army camp papers join the public, civilian sports writers and sportscasters, members of the Professional Golfers' Association and the men at three Army camps in an all-golf poll.

Sports pages of the Army and Navy papers are brightly enthusiastic features of the unique job being done by servicemen in newspaper publication. Competent authorities in the newspaper field forecast that the service papers with their sprightly handling of news, educational, entertainment and morale-building material are influences that will have strong effect on general newspaper style.

Questions of this poll were presented by the eminent Thomas Dickson Armour, winner of every major professional title in golf. Tommy, known as "The Silver Scot" wherever golf is played, is the foremost example of a great golfer whose links triumphs were achieved after a war had battered him.

Tommy always has had fighting spirit. Famed in his teens as one of Scotland's foremost amateurs, he joined the Royal Scots regiment as foot-and-mud soldier. He became a machine-gun master and finished his role in World War I as a tank corps major. He lost sight of an eye and was otherwise severely wounded in action.

It was in a military hospital that Tommy Armour began his climb to golf's heights. Worn by months in the trenches and by the pioneering rigors of tank warfare, Armour was believed to be about eight down and ten to go in his match with Mr. Reaper. To keep from thinking about his tough spot, Armour got to thinking about the theory of golf shot-making. When he had battled himself back onto his feet, he got a club and golf balls and tested his meditations, with results seen in sports record books and in the history of golf instruction.

Application of the Armour experience is being extensively made at military hospitals today.

Tommy Armour now is a bond between the civilian and Armed Forces in any golf discussion. His own youthful attitude is reflected by the vote of soldiers in this poll at The Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Georgia; Ft. McClellan, Alabama, and Camp Kohler, California.

THE QUESTIONS

(These questions were proposed by Tommy Armour)

I.

If Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, Byron Nelson, Craig Wood and Ben Hogan were playing in a golf tournament, which one would you follow? . . . . . . *Bobby Jones 40.01%*

II.

In the present system of conducting the U.S. National Open, the 30 leading scorers in the previous year's tournament including the defending champion are exempted from the qualifying round. Since this is the official national championship, do you think there should be any exemptions ( ): or should everybody start even from scratch ( )? . . . . . . *From Scratch 64.32%*

III.

What shot do you like best to see in golf? . . . . . . *Approach 38.81%*

IV.

Would you rather watch great golf players in action on the links ( ); or listen to their conversation in the locker room ( )? . *Watch 82.03%*

V.

What can you recommend to help enable the public to see big golf tournaments better? . . . . . . *Better Policing 22.65%*

. . . . . . *Mobile Bleachers 16.01%*

VI.

How do you think the world's golf champion should be determined:
- *a. On the year's average in major tournaments? ( )* *29.26%*
- *b. In a tournament between all national champions? ( )* . . *47.59%*
- *c. By a match between the British and U.S. Open champions? ( )* *13.50%*

VII.

Who is your choice as the most colorful golfer of all time? . . . . . *Walter Hagen 59.73%*

Who is your choice as the greatest golfer of all time? . . . . *Bobby Jones 82.87%*

VIII.

Spectator sports such as baseball, football, basketball, etc. have been granted priority allocations for the manufacture of new balls. Do you think the great participant sport, golf, should be permitted the raw material required o manufacture new balls? *Yes* ☑ *83.28%* *No* ☐

IX.

Do you think a woman is more likely to call a rule on you in a golf match than a man? . . . . . . *Yes* ☑ *53.01%* *No* ☐

X.

Do you think the golfing facilities at the military camps will produce an appreciable increase in the number of golfers? . . . . . *Yes* ☑ *54.31%* *No* ☐

QUESTION I

If Walter Hagen, Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, Byron Nelson, Craig Wood and Ben Hogan were playing in a golf tournament, which one would you follow?

The Public	**Bobby Jones 46.34%**
Sportscasters	**Bobby Jones 48.01%**
Civilian Sports Writers	**Bobby Jones 41.22%**
Military Sports Editors	**Bobby Jones 31.91%**
P.G.A. Members	**Walter Hagen 41.82%**

Lt. Col. Jones, overseas, at late reports hadn't had a club in his hands for months. But when he was swinging, his performances established the artistic peak.

Hagen always was good for circus shots and the warming glow of unpredictable personality. The final standing among the sum total of votes on this question was as follows: Jones 40.01%; Hagen 25.67%; Nelson 12.53%; Hogan 12.24%; Sarazen 5.37%, and Wood 4.18%. Grouped below Hagen in the P.G.A. bloc were: Nelson 19.77%; Hogan 17.49% and Jones 14.83%.

The choice of **First Lieutenant John F. Stapp** of Camp Santa Anita, California, former Trans-Mississippi Open champion, was "Byron Nelson because of his ability as a golfer, good sportsmanship and personality." **Paul Mangrum,** Los Angeles, also liked Nelson, saying that he "hits the ball more accurately than the rest and is surer in a position to strike the ball correctly every time." **Harry Bassler,** Culver City, claimed that Nelson was "the best golfer from tee to green in the country today." **L. W. Weber,** Galveston, Texas, said that Nelson "is the finest iron shot in the game."

Byron Nelson himself rated Hagen, because of his "showmanship and his ability to make an easy shot look difficult." **Gene Andersen,** Osterville, Massachusetts, pointed out that Hagen "puts on an act and takes away the seriousness of the game." **Fred X. Fry,** Pacific Grove, California, liked Hagen because he is "often in trouble and a master at getting out again." **James Herd,** Chicago, said Hagen "takes lots of chances and generally succeeds." **Mike E. Murra,** Wichita, referred to Hagen's ability to "put on a show under pressure." **John Reuter, Jr.,** Chicago, took Hagen because "he interprets and analyzes conditions and situations confronting him better than any other player." Other Hagen followers were **Ralph Greenwood, Olin Dutra, Al Watrous** and **Sam Byrd.**

George Sargent, Atlanta, naturally favored his former pupil, Bob Jones, specifying his "graceful, powerful method in hitting a golf ball." **Earl D. Nagel,** Berkeley, California, liked to watch Jones' "very smooth hip and shoulder action denoting power, less effort." **John C. Watson,** South Bend, Indiana, said, "Like Vardon in his time; Jones is *the* stylist of today."

Charles Sullivan, Cleveland, remarked that Jones' "smooth swing has been a symbol to most of our leading golfers." **Harvey Penick,** Austin, Texas, said Jones "has a swing that is very sound and all parts can be of value to a pupil—more so than the others." **Ed Livingston,** Sioux Falls, South Dakota, spoke of Jones as "a master of every shot and a study in concentration; he had the ability to concentrate in every important tournament."

James Harvey Orr, Charlotte, North Carolina, spoke for Ben Hogan as "the master of all clubs" and "the most perfect golfer who has ever tried to hit a golf ball." **Alrey Hume,** Lexington, Kentucky, also took Hogan because "he has far better timing than any of them." **Joe Paletti,** Winnetka, Illinois, said: "I still can't see where Hogan gets the power to hit such a long ball. I have played with Ben, and I really tried to find out if it is the long and wide swing and his stance. But it is still a mystery to me." **William D. Joyce,** New York, liked Hogan "because he is the almost perfect example of concentration, a real 'pro,' and gets the maximum for every club considering his physical diminutiveness."

"Davenport fans," wrote **Lee Kautz,** Davenport *Times*, "will never forget Walter Hagen's first appearance in town. He had never seen the course he was to play and arrived late at the first tee. 'Where's the green?' he asked his caddy. The lad pointed over the hill and to the left. Hagen's drive was perfect, the ball rolling onto the carpet 311 yards away!" **Paul Runyan,** White Plains, New York, also cited Hagen, as did **Art Eckhout,** Olympia, Washington. **Joe Novak,** Los Angeles, rated Bobby Jones "the perfect golfer." **N. C. Morris,** Denver, also named Jones "because he had the finest swing in American golf. I saw both Jones and Vardon play and I consider Bobby the equal of Vardon." **L. L. Cooke,** veteran official of golf associations, Chicago, wrote us saying that, "Tommy Armour is just a grand old guy." **S/Sgt. James J. Coolican, Jr.,** editor Fort Niagara *Drum*, Fort Niagara, New York, took Walter Hagen because "you can always count on Hagen to keep you keyed until the finish of a match. If he has an off day he'll put on at least one spectacular shot."

Bobby Cruickshank, Richmond, Virginia, and **C. H. Rickey,** Crawford, MacGregor & Canby Company, Dayton, felt that they had to parlay their choices. **Cruickshank** rated "Hagen 1, Jones 2 and Sarazen 3—Hagen because of color and headwork, Jones for rhythm and grace, Sarazen for determination and aggressiveness." **Rickey** rated 'em: "Nelson, Wood and Hogan; to watch Nelson's long irons, Wood's fairway shots and Wee Ben's mighty tee shots."

QUESTION II

In the present system of conducting the U. S. National Open, the 30 leading scorers in the previous year's tournament including the defending champion are exempted from the qualifying round. Since this is the official national championship, do you think there should be any exemptions ( ): or should everybody start even from scratch ( )?

The Public	**From Scratch 74.42%**
Sportscasters	**From Scratch 69.39%**
Civilian Sports Writers	**From Scratch 67.83%**
Military Sports Editors	**As At Present 54.44%**
P.G.A. Members	**From Scratch 57.38%**

Military sports editors differed from all other groups by voting that the exemption be retained. The public was emphatically for cancelling exemption.

Henry A. Sullivan, Salem, Massachusetts, *Evening News*, pointed out that the reason for the exemptions was to "make a more attractive field." **Herbert Jaques,** Boston, a former president of the U.S.G.A., favored the "present system arrived at after study and trials of other methods covering twenty years of championship play."

QUESTION III

What shot do you like best to see in golf?

The Public	**Approach 46.67%**
Sportscasters	**Drive 36.35%**
Civilian Sports Writers	**Approach 40.59%**
Military Sports Editors	**Approach 36.14%**
P.G.A. Members	**Long Iron to Pin 44.21%**

Here's one we didn't expect after years of argument about the golf ball being made excessively long, and after years of lying about the length of drives. Only the sportscasters preferred to see drives spin to distant stations.

Also surprising were the evidences of keen enjoyment in the deliberate hooks and slices for, as almost any golfing master will tell you, it's not the intentional hooks and slices, but the intentionally straight ball that's hard to shoot. The four favorite shots in the final analysis were: approach 38.81%; drive 33.22%; putt 6.99%, and sand trap 6.64%.

Our own explanation for the preference voted for approach shot is that the voters meant an approach so close to the cup that the remaining putt was a gimme.

Bob Evans, WSPD, Toledo, liked to see best a "controlled hook by a 5 or 6 iron." **Thomas Birks,** golf editor, Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*, specified "the long iron, Armour's favorite shot." **S/Sgt. R. E. Eckman,** Hendricks Field, Florida, specified an "intentional hook from rough."

S/Sgt. Howard F. Flynn, Douglas, Arizona, liked to see a "slice drive to an obscure green."

QUESTION IV

Would you rather watch great golf players in action on the links ( ); or listen to their conversation in the locker room ( )?

The Public	**Watch 95.54%**
Sportscasters	**Watch 82.98%**
Civilian Sports Writers	**Watch 76.11%**
Military Sports Editors	**Watch 81.11%**
P.G.A. Members	**Watch 78.33%**

The preponderance of opinion undoubtedly will be accepted very cheerfully by the performing pros. If they stay in the locker room and

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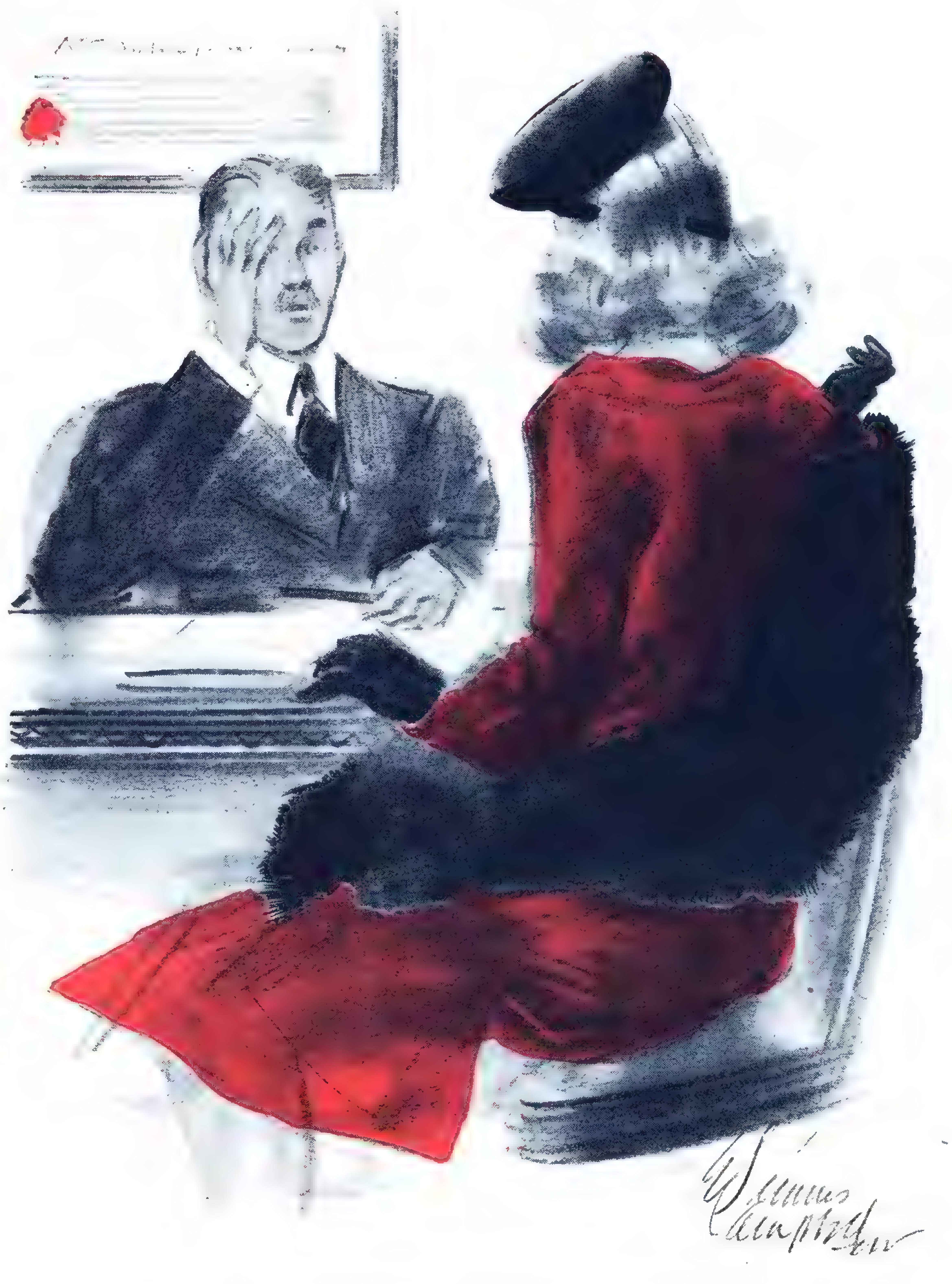


"I didn't think I could stand the scandal of a divorce—so this morning I shot him"

Matador Who Plays Beisbol

Having bravely and gracefully fought for his life to wild applause, Fermín would trade the ring for a big league diamond

by BOLTON MALLORY

• ARTICLE •

“It is the greater art, *seguramente.* More speed is necessary, more precision. The unexpected, it happens very often. One must be prepared to perform, quickly and correctly, an action which may be somewhat new. Also, one's opponent may be of equal brains . . .”

The greatest matador of modern times, perhaps of all time, is speaking. It's as near as I can translate what he has to say about—bullfighting? Guess again.

Baseball.

Fermín Espinosa, the great Armillita, still dreams of a call to the big leagues. He'd rather be a good second baseman than the grand *matador de toros* that he is.

Yes, it would be the finer art to play second base like, for example, the incomparable José Gordon, *de los “Yanquis” de Nueva York,* or to occupy that same distinguished position for “Los Mentirosos.”

(“Los Mentirosos” means only one thing in Spanish and that is “The Liars”—except on Mexican sports pages, where it means “The Dodgers.” The genius who established this translation remains safely unknown.)

Any intimation that Fermín is not a great second baseman is made at the risk of at least an ear. I fear there will be no bull dedicated to me this coming season.

Fermín has his own ball team, called “Los Toreros” and on this team he functions with the utmost enthusiasm at the keystone sack. It is his great love. But this passion seems not to deter his heaving the ball into the boxes when the boys are scurrying to and from all bags, or leaving the right fielder a good deal of unfinished business. His batting average? Fermín will be thirty-two on his next birthday and so will his—better change the scene:

A lone slight figure stands on the hard-scarred sand of the bull ring, the Plaza de Toros of Mexico City. The breast of his elegant brocade costume is ripped. He smiles rather humbly as forty thousand voices unite in a thunderous rhythm of tribute . . .

“TORERO! . . . TORERO!! . . . TORERO!!!

The rhythm, the very emotion of it, shakes the stands, shakes you to the heart. Flowers, hats, plain coats, fur coats, shower into the ring. It must be that half the crowd is weeping—the crowd which a few moments before had been screaming, “NO! Armilla! Armillita! NO! NO!”—for their beloved Fermín had been taking risks such as no matador should take and probably none other could, and live.

With such grace he had done it, such calm perfection and completeness! On his knees, with his back to the heavy plank barrier, his small cape, the *muleta,* useless behind him, he had challenged the bull, a murderous mad fighting bull, only momentarily puzzled by the mastery of this seeming phantom man, who now knelt before him with no escape save continued mastery and infinitesimal timing, so close that he reached and stroked, with a curious tenderness, the great bull's right horn.

“NO! NO! Fermín! NO!”

. . . the right horn that would hook the great *torero* at the inevitable charge. How possibly could a bull be passed from such a position! *Dios!* This bull is no baseball!

Then the incredible. The man reaches further, still on his knees, still with his back to the barrier, gently strokes the bull's right ear. For the man, it is to be the horn in his belly, or the ear his trophy.

“NO! NO! Armillita! Fermín! NO!”

. . . a forward flick of the *muleta* and a savage guttural, “huh! huh-huh—toro! TORO!” and the bull charges and man and bull are for an instant lost in a storm of swirling red and rushing black and motionless gold. The horn rips across the man's chest, slits the brocade . . . and passes.

Fermín is enraged that his helpers, his *cuadrilla,* have come into the ring. He had ordered them out. Horribly worried, they have taken positions from which they might rush to save him. They have moved as gently as shadows, for the great maestro has accepted a situation so dangerous that only he must occupy the attention of the bull. And he has done it.

There he stands, a little tired, receiving perhaps the wildest unprepared ovation a man ever had. Time and again in that magnificent *faena* he had invited the bull to kill him, challenged a life for a life. At the final moment, the big bull, still ready to charge, sword and man entered straight over the horns. The great head gave a tremendous toss, but the man was no longer there. The sword was—to the heart.

(Wonder if he's still mad at his *cuadrilla.* No, probably not. One is his brother, then there's the third baseman, shortstop and left fielder. Too valuable to fire.)

Not only is that right ear his trophy: he is awarded both ears, the tail and the *pata,* (the hoof) the latter for the only time in the history of the Mexican bull ring.

Whatever may be your impression of the bullfight—call it brutal sport, tragic drama or perhaps man vs. beast ritualized—the fact is that this spectacle delivers an emotional impact such as none of our sporting events remotely approaches. You know, even from the most expensive seat, that a man is fighting for his life. Today many men are, and may God spare them for a little happiness, and Fermín, too, is one who will fight on any field. He knows the beast well.

Spare your pity for the bull. He is magnificent to see, yes. He is a noble animal. The defiant lift of the head, the great horns sharp as needles, the tremendous swelling neck muscles, the amazing speed (slightly less than a race horse)—you are bound to regard him with admiration.

But, of all animals on the face of the earth, he is the true killer. He hates everything and everybody. He will go for any living thing he sees, and no other known animal will do it unless goaded by hunger or a wound. The fighting bull will charge an automobile, a locomotive (cases of record); he will charge anything moving. In set fights in Spain he has ripped up lions and tigers. Doubtless he would have some difficulty with an elephant, but he would attack.

Such, briefly, is the antagonist

that the elegant young man in his beautiful brocade engages in a graceful bloody contest for life. The elegant young man has lost, many times. Fermín has never lost—yet—but you know quite certainly that the fight is not arranged. You can't talk business with a fighting bull. There is no *torero* living whose body is not gouged with scars of the horn. And when one dies on the horn, as Alberto Balderas did, Mexico weeps.

I must digress further before returning to our bum second baseman, the great Fermín.

The Mexican bullfight crowd is not bloodthirsty, as the scene I have tried to describe should indicate. They love their *toreros*, hate to see them hurt.

(I should have explained before that the terms *torero* and *matador* are used synonymously. *Torero* is more commonly used in Mexico, perhaps because you can howl it better. *Toreador*, never.)

Nevertheless, the moment that the *torero* steps with his cape into the ring, he has accepted his danger. The crowd insists that this danger be bravely and skillfully faced, with proper style. If not so done, there will be wild hoots and whistles and seat cushions will come soaring into the ring, along with fruits, bottles and other movables, and occasionally an *espontáneo*, a "spontaneous one," with his own private cape, be it but a meter of muslin. This is sometimes very embarrassing. The "spontaneous one" usually picks a moment when he can easily attract the bull. He nimbly vaults the four-foot barrier and yells, "huh-huh! toro!" The police are not overeager to pursue him into the ring. *¿Por qué?* The bull will very likely throw him out anyhow, and the rest is up to the *médicos* or the morticians. Definitely not a police case.

No audience, however, is more responsive to a fine performance. The technique and timing of the various passes—*verónicas, gaoneras* (invented by the great Rodolfo Gaona) *chicuelinas, pases de pecho, pases por alto, molinetes, naturales* —are too involved to be explained here; but it may be said quite truly that a false note in bullfighting is as painful to an *aficionado* as a false note in music would be to Toscanini. In fact, at the risk of receiving a shower of cushions, bottles, fruits and other movables from music lovers, I would say that the emotion of a great bullfight and that of a great concert are very similar in quality if not intensity. In the latter respect there is no comparison. You never see a man attacked by a bassoon.

As might be expected, Armillita, a pure Mexican Indian who looks like Cuautémoc, won his first great fame in the bull rings of Spain: Madrid, Barcelona, Sevilla, Pamplona. Belmonte, with his angry style, had never shown the grace and unbelievably close timing of this young Mexican. Only Spain's great Cagancho could rival him, and Cagancho could do it only with a bull he liked: straight charging, brave. Armillita could do it with any bull, and Armillita with a great bull—nothing like it had ever been seen. Fermín with other Mexican *toreros*—Lorenzo Garza, "Chucho" Solórzano, Alberto Balderas and others—became so popular with their bold style that the Spanish *toreros* got together. No more contracts for the Mexicans. It was unintended luck for Fermín and his *compañeros*. The revolution set in a short time later. The *toreros* were back in their own Mexico.

Not that all is peaceful on the home front; far from it. Until the past season, something like a Hatfield-McCoy feud flourished among the *aficionados* as to the relative merits of Armillita and Lorenzo Garza. This often led to events more violent than any of the bull ring, beginning something like this:

Garzista: *No, señor*, you are cockeyed. Lorenzo is the great one. In addition, your ancestors are not what they might be.

Armillista: *¿Ah, sí?* Pah! Your Lorenzo is a nervous madman without style sustained. You are no doubt a relative of his. Fermín, he is a musician. He plays on death as Paganini played the—

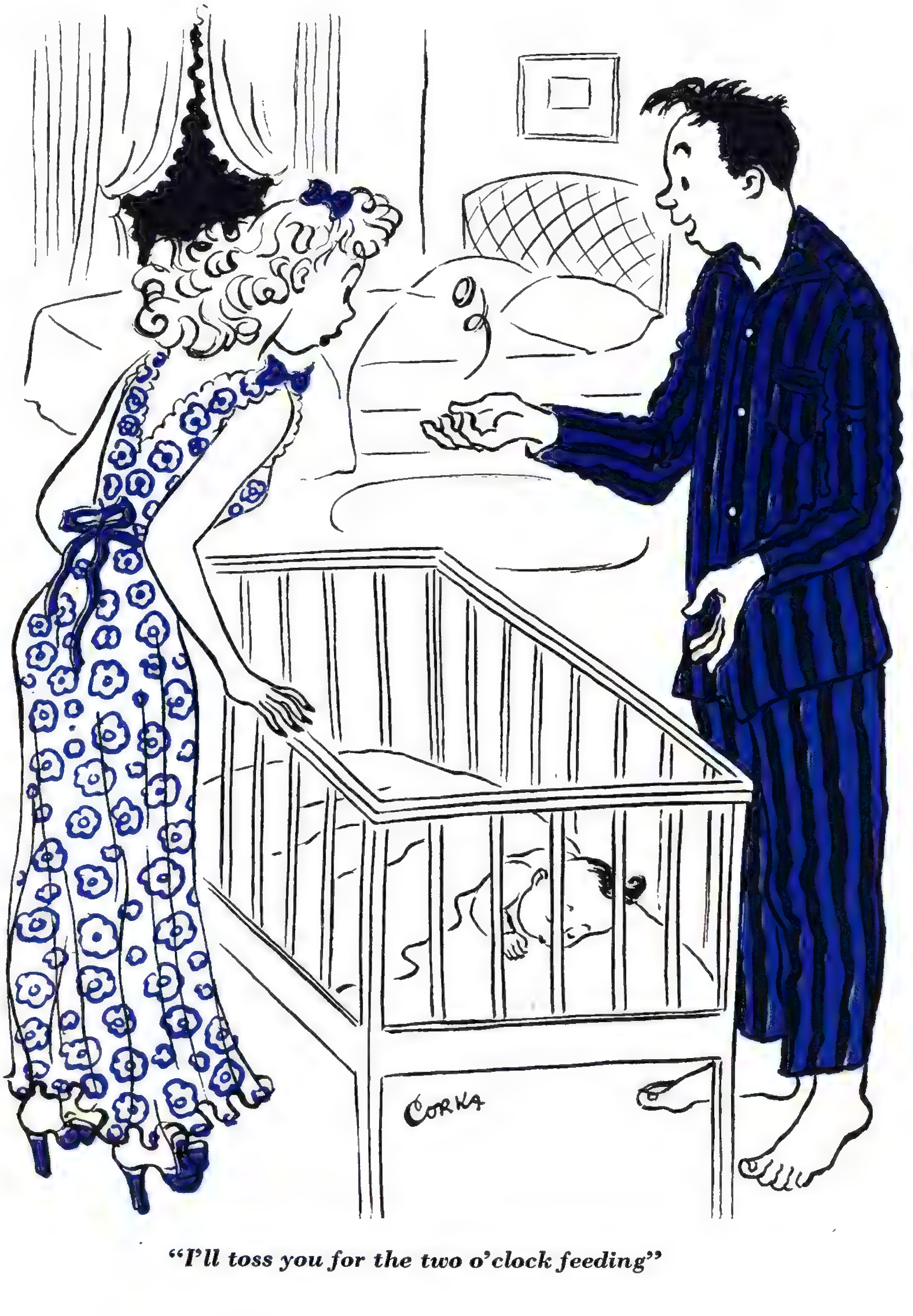
Garzista: You are fully contained with ants. Armilla is a machine, without emotion. Lorenzo is a man. He—

Armillista: Lorenzo is an idiot, your closer relative than I thought. Were there any legal arrangements between your parents, you—

Considering that Mexicans deem it absurd and degrading to fight with their fists, I leave the consequences to your imagining. Last season, Garza was so plainly not the Garza of old that the homicide rate has slumped.

Like most *toreros*, Armillita was brought up with fighting bulls. As a kid, he practiced passes with ferocious little (?) (try one) two-year-old cows, studied the bulls,

Continued on page 170



"I'll toss you for the two o'clock feeding"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Such Interesting People recalls the riotous twenties when newspapermen were almost as colorful as gangsters

by BENNETT CERF

BOOKS

SCREWBALL journalism of the type portrayed so hilariously in the Hecht-MacArthur play, *The Front Page*, and more recently in Robert J. Casey's *Such Interesting People*, is a thing of the past. Ripsnorting reporters whose motors ran strictly on alcohol, who were as likely to wind up in the local hoosegow as the city desk, but who brought in the scoops that sent circulations soaring, went out with Prohibition and Babe Ruth. They have been replaced by "boiler plate" and syndicates, less colorful but infinitely more efficient wire services which supply hundreds of papers at a time with last minute news, impersonal, impartial and prosaic. The only newspapermen who can really throw their weight around today are the columnists and, to a lesser degree, the sports writers. Paper rationing is fast clipping even their wings.

Journalism was a rollicking profession in the twenties, however, if you happened to be on the right papers. Casey happened. Most of the time he operated out of Chicago, where feature reporters, influential lawyers and gun-toting hijackers seemed to be somewhat interchangeable. The title of his colorful collection of yarns stems from the time-honored observation of the yokels who meet gentlemen of the press with: "Gee, it must be wonderful to be a journalist. You meet such interesting people!" Walter Winchell once answered: "You certainly do, and every one of them is in the newspaper business!"

Casey went to bat with lots of outsiders, however, not all of whom were rank. There was a queer customer in Cairo, for instance, named Captain Eddy, who talked in telephone numbers and was listed as a phony. One day he remarked in passing that he had three of the world's greatest pearls in his possession and was looking for more. Eager to show up the Captain at last, Casey's companion summoned the greatest pearl expert in Egypt. Captain Eddy nonchalantly tossed his three pearls on the table. The expert studied them a moment, looked at the rumpled and unshaven Captain in amazement and said in slow, careful English, "If you would sell them, I shall give you fifty thousand pounds for them. . . . They are worth more but that is all I can afford." "No, sirree," said the Captain. "I'm saving those pearls for my daughter." He stuffed them back in his pocket and shuffled off into the night.

DRAFT BOARD
NO. 6354
NOTICE
Angelo

"Well, boys, it looks like we've reached the bottom of the barrel!"

Casey was there or thereabouts when the episode occurred that may explain Charles Lindbergh's consuming and unrelenting hatred of the press. You may remember the time when a man named Floyd Collins got trapped by a rock in a Kentucky cave. Miners drove a shaft to the cavern where he was pinned down. They worked frantically night and day while the whole country watched breathlessly to see whether or not they would reach him in time. As a matter of fact, they did not, but that isn't the point of this story. One Chicago paper, Mr. Hearst's *Examiner*, decided to put one over on its competitors by flying pictures by plane from the shaft head to the main office. Lindbergh, as you have probably guessed, was the pilot. He was a rawboned and inexperienced kid. When he arrived on the scene of action, he had the misfortune to encounter a Mr. Steeger of the rival Chicago *Tribune*. "Ah, yes," said Steeger, "Lindbergh of the *Examiner!* Where have you been all this time? I've been waiting for you! Get these plates back to Chicago just as fast as you can make it." Lindbergh flew back to the *Examiner* office posthaste and duly delivered a box of blank, unexposed plates. Casey probably isn't exaggerating when he suggests that the smile with which young Mr. Lindbergh favored Mr. Steeger of the *Tribune* was the last he ever gave to anybody connected with a newspaper in any capacity whatever. Lindbergh got partial revenge some years later when, at a national air meet in Cleveland, he whizzed his plane so close to a group of cameramen that they dove in panic into a huge mud puddle at the edge of the field to get out of his way.

Newsmen, swears Casey, are simply boys at heart. They treasure clippings with typographical errors for months, particularly when the result verges on the pornographic. They play infantile tricks on one another. They wake up outraged strangers by 4 a.m. phone calls. In Chicago they found an unfortunate innocent named "Upjohn" in the directory and called him in relays all night long to inquire sweetly, "Are you Upjohn?" A Boston group found a Paul Revere in the book and yanked him from bed with a phone call to demand, "Why aren't you on a horse? The British are coming!" I myself know of a sophisticated group, spearheaded by no less a personage than Harold Ross, editor of the *New Yorker*, who spent a deliriously happy afternoon calling Long Island society matrons and saying that they spoke for a nationally-known yeast manufacturer. They offered five thousand dollars for a signed testimonial and further played on their victim's vanity by adding: "Of course, you won't keep this vulgar money yourself. We will leave it to you to pass it on to your favorite charity." The matron would coo with pleasure and then the tormentor plunged in the harpoon. "We simply want you to say," he would murmur into the mouthpiece, " 'A year ago, before I discovered Blank's yeast, my face was an unholy mess of pimples and unseemly blotches.' " . . . There usually was a violent click at the other end of the wire at this point.

In Fort Smith, Arkansas, the mayor's wife died and the old icehouse burned on the same day. The local gazette printed a two-column portrait of the deceased lady on page one with a caption that made the issue a rare collector's item: "Old Eyesore Gone at Last!" The Chicago *Journal* got a society column and a shipping report all mixed up in the pressroom with the following result: "Mrs. Henry Garland of the Chicago Beach Hotel has had a pleasant summer visiting friends in Bar Harbor and Kennebunk. After encountering heavy weather off the Virginia Cape, she put into Hampton Roads to have her bottom scraped." A novice on the *American* once asked Casey, "How do you spell pinochle?" Casey told him. The next day his story appeared in print. "Adolph Klepperman," it began, "has reached the pinochle of success."

Casey's prize story of transposed headlines concerns the New York *Herald Tribune*, which ran big stories one day on an address by Mr. Hamilton Fish and a new formula for feeding tropical fish, issued by the Aquarium. It was George Dixon, on the night shift of the rival *Daily News*, who discovered that the headlines for the two stories had been mixed in the shuffle. He called the *Tribune* and announced himself as Mr. Fish. The managing editor himself came to the phone. "We know why you

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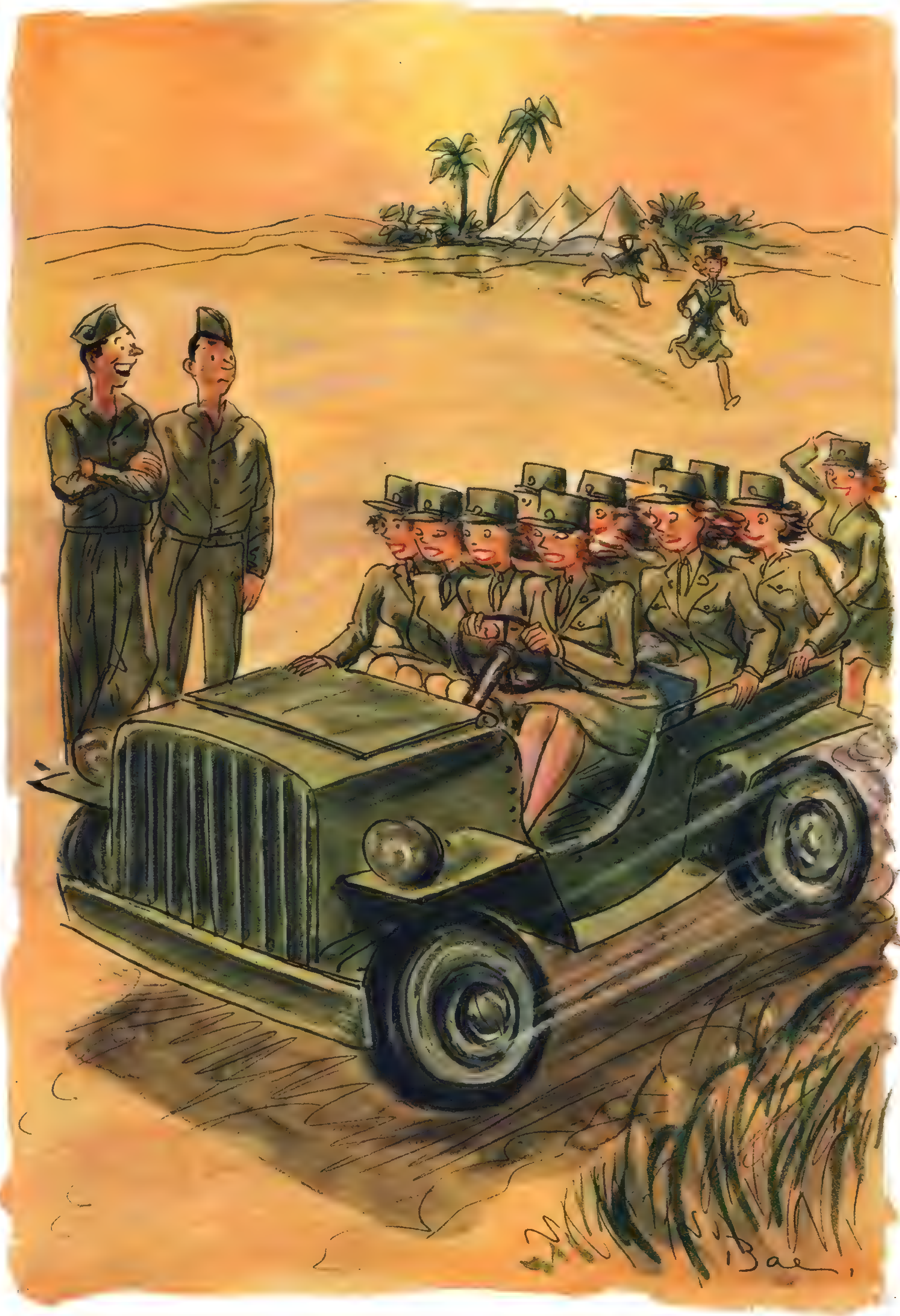
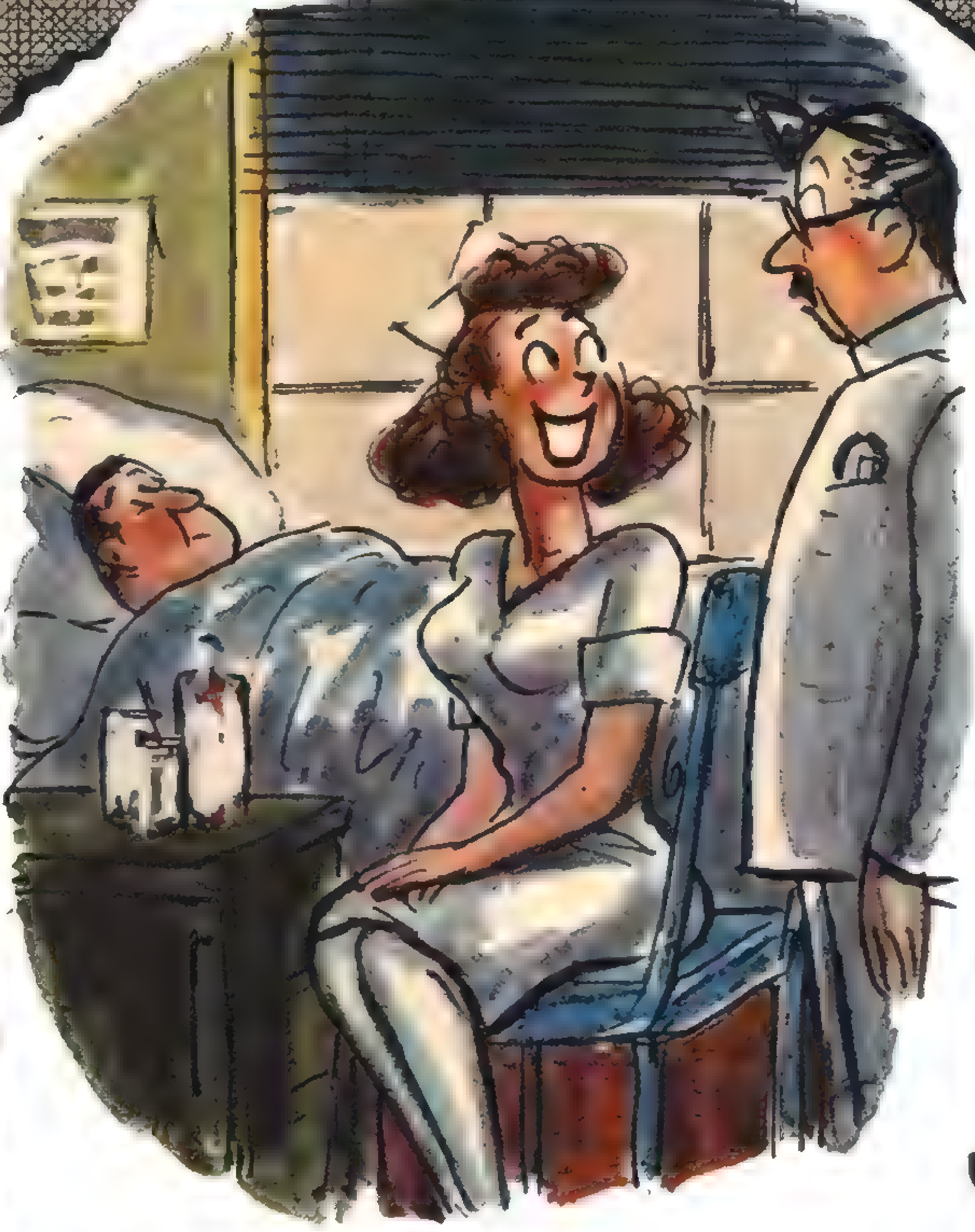
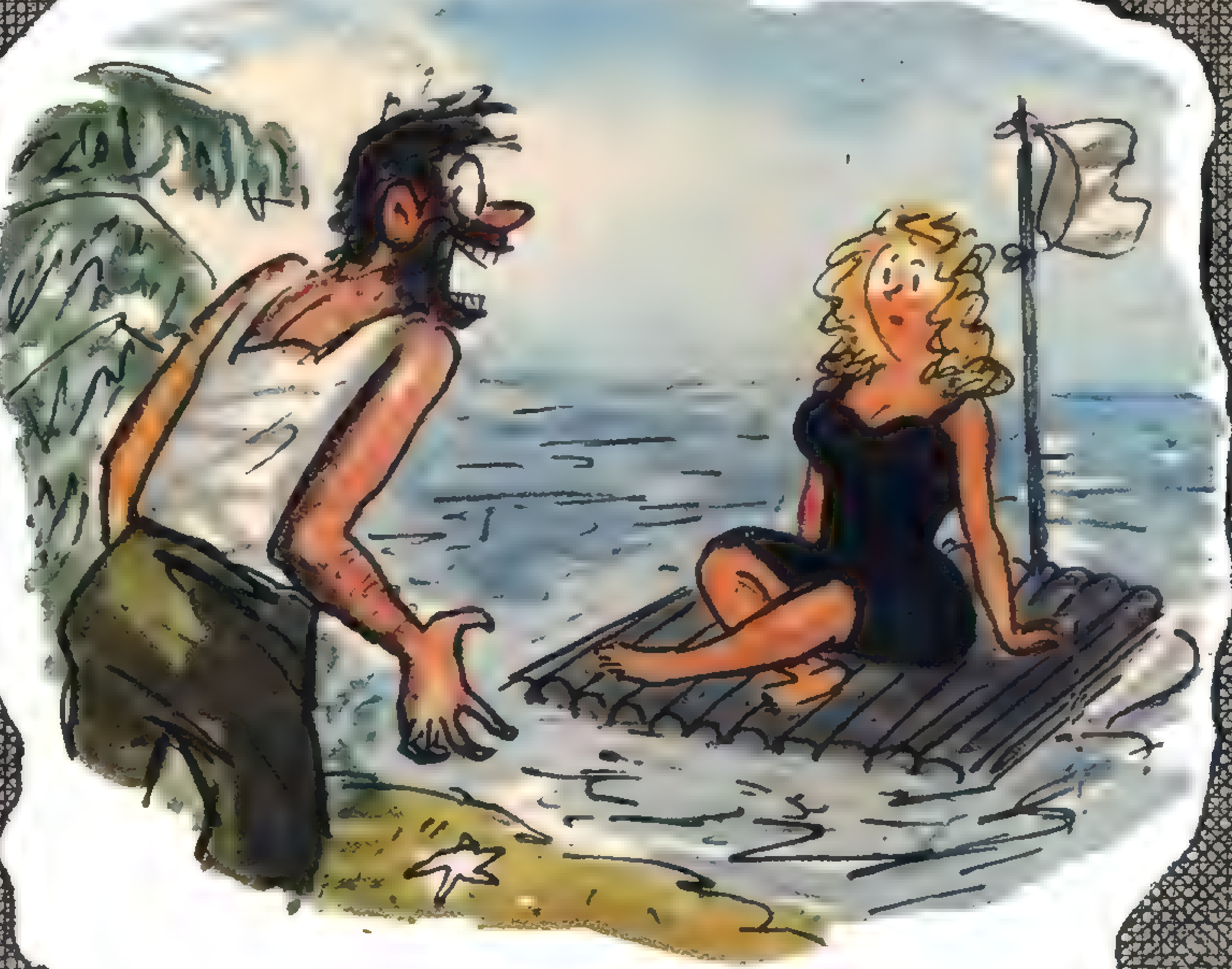


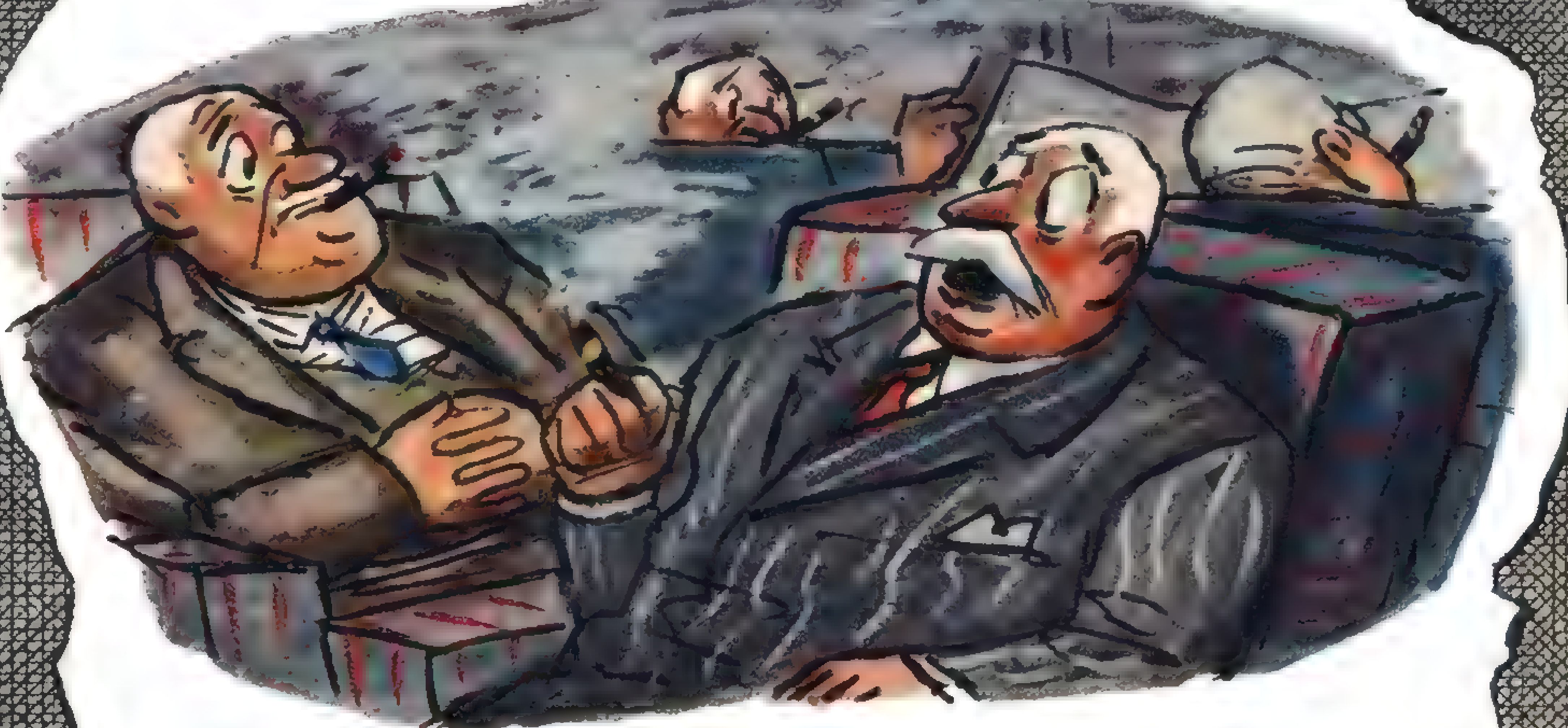
"They heard there is a full-length mirror up at the next village"



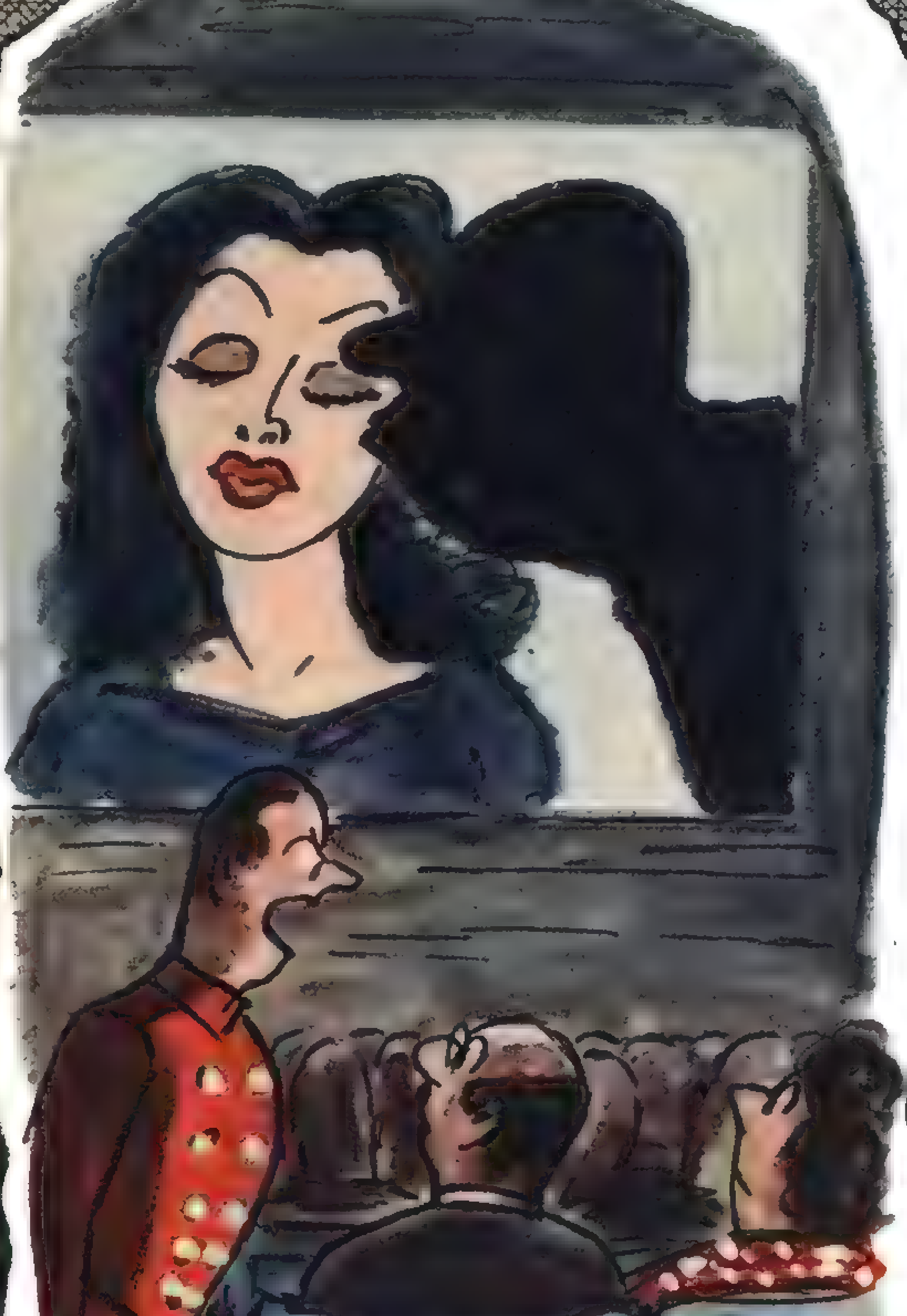
"He raved all morning—mostly about me"



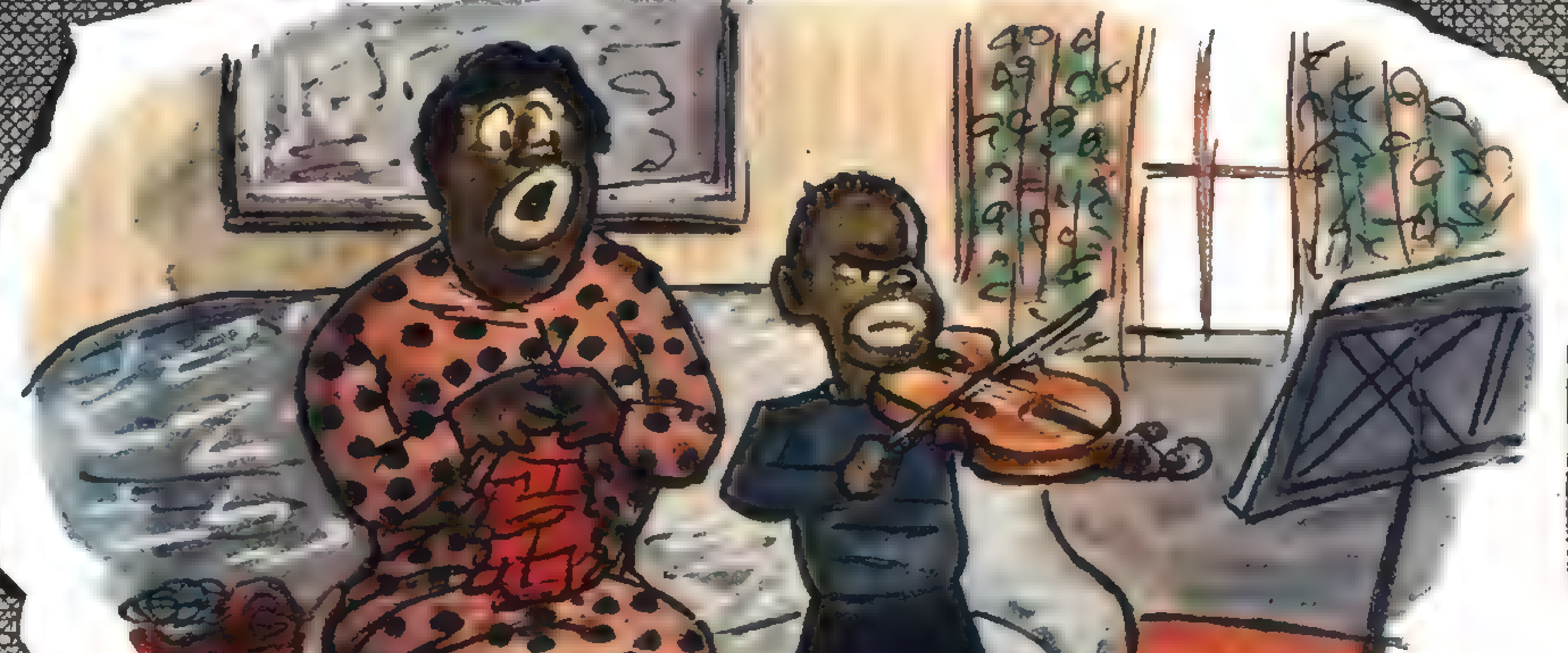
"Boy, am I glad you've come—I haven't spoken to anyone for weeks"



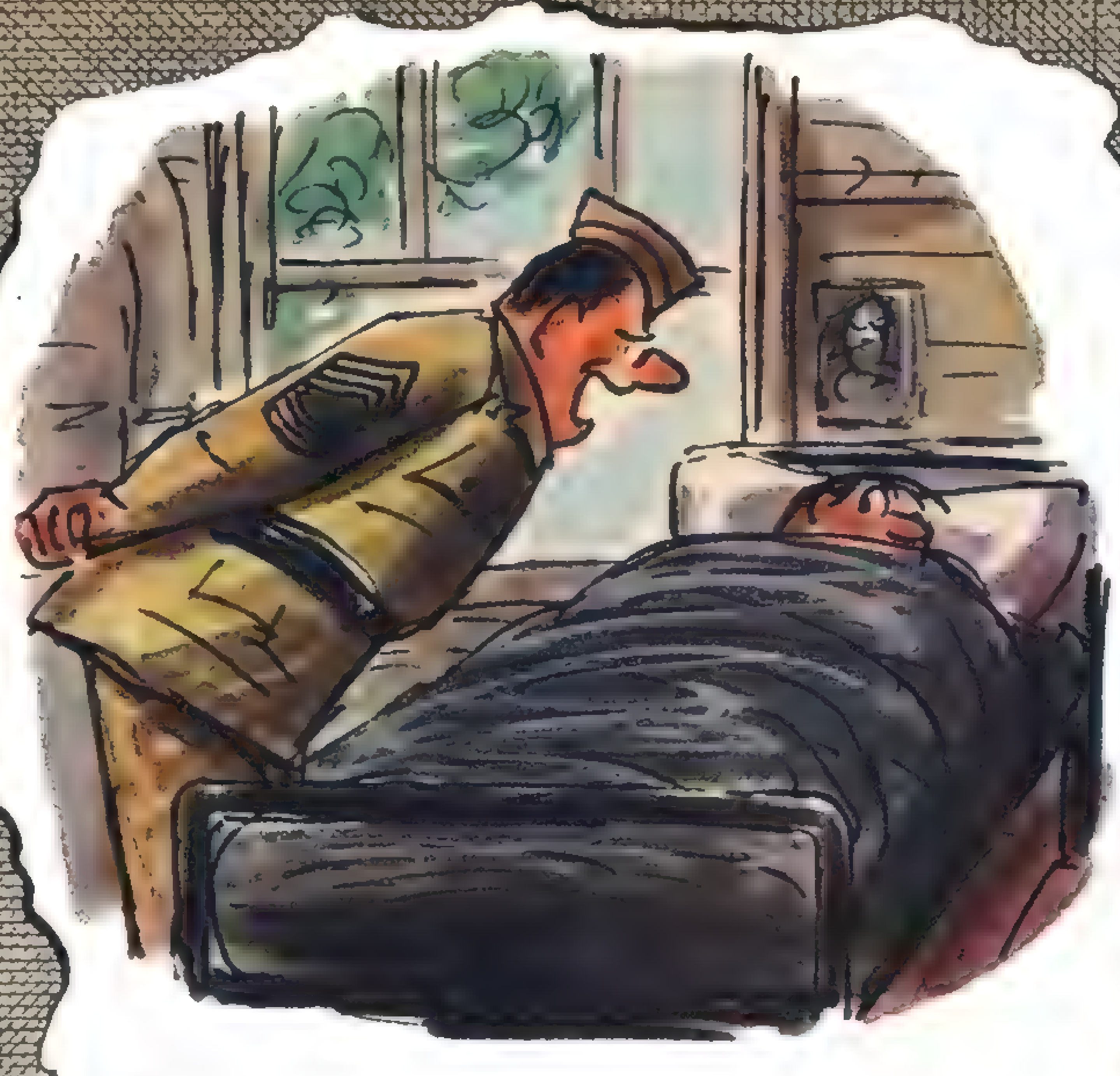
"I'm not a bit concerned about how frequently the Roosevelts have been away from the White House—it's how much longer they'll be in it!"



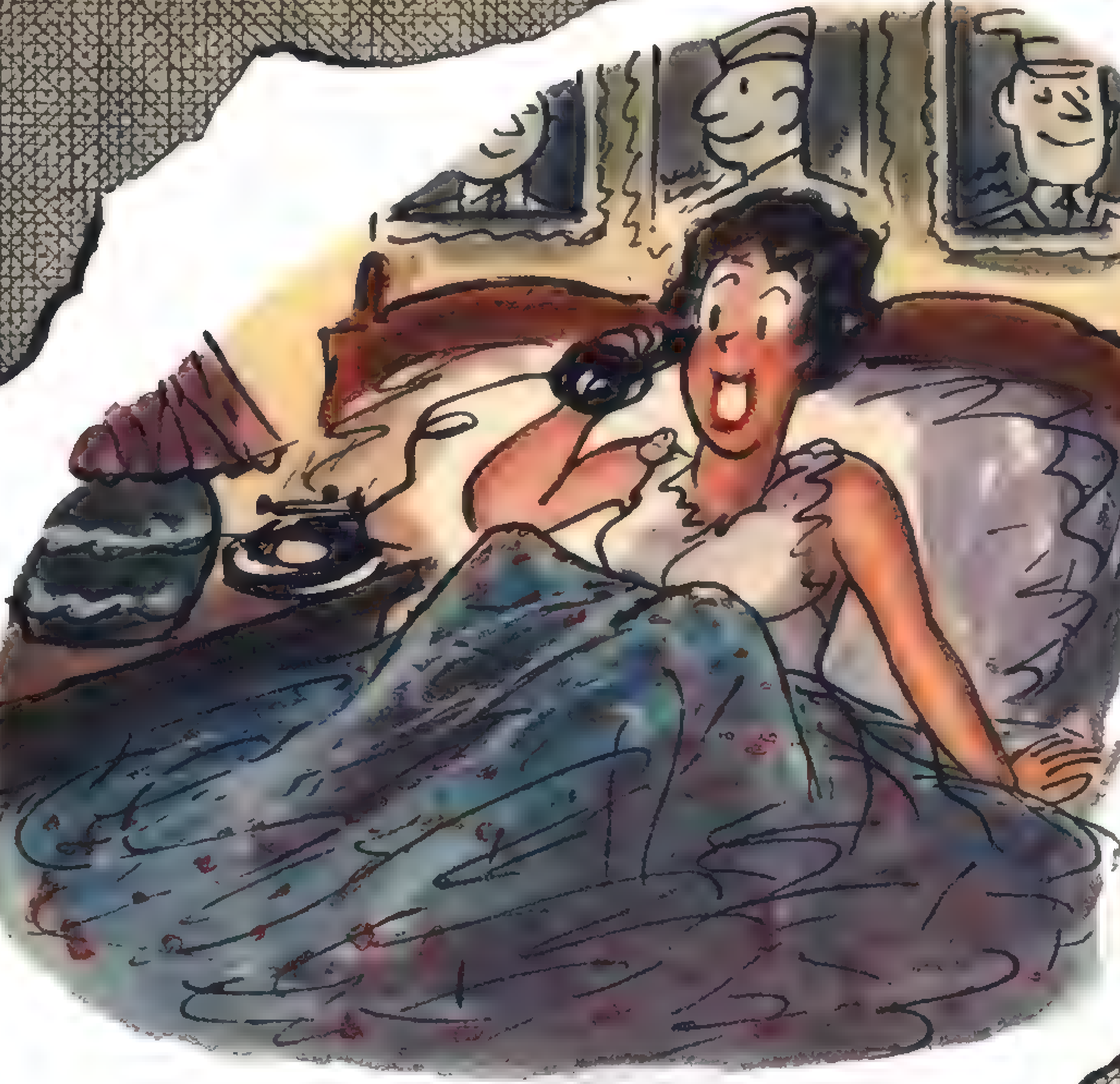
"It's that darned operator up in the projection room—he's in love with Hedy Lamarr"



"Jack Benny played the violin—and look where it got Rochester"



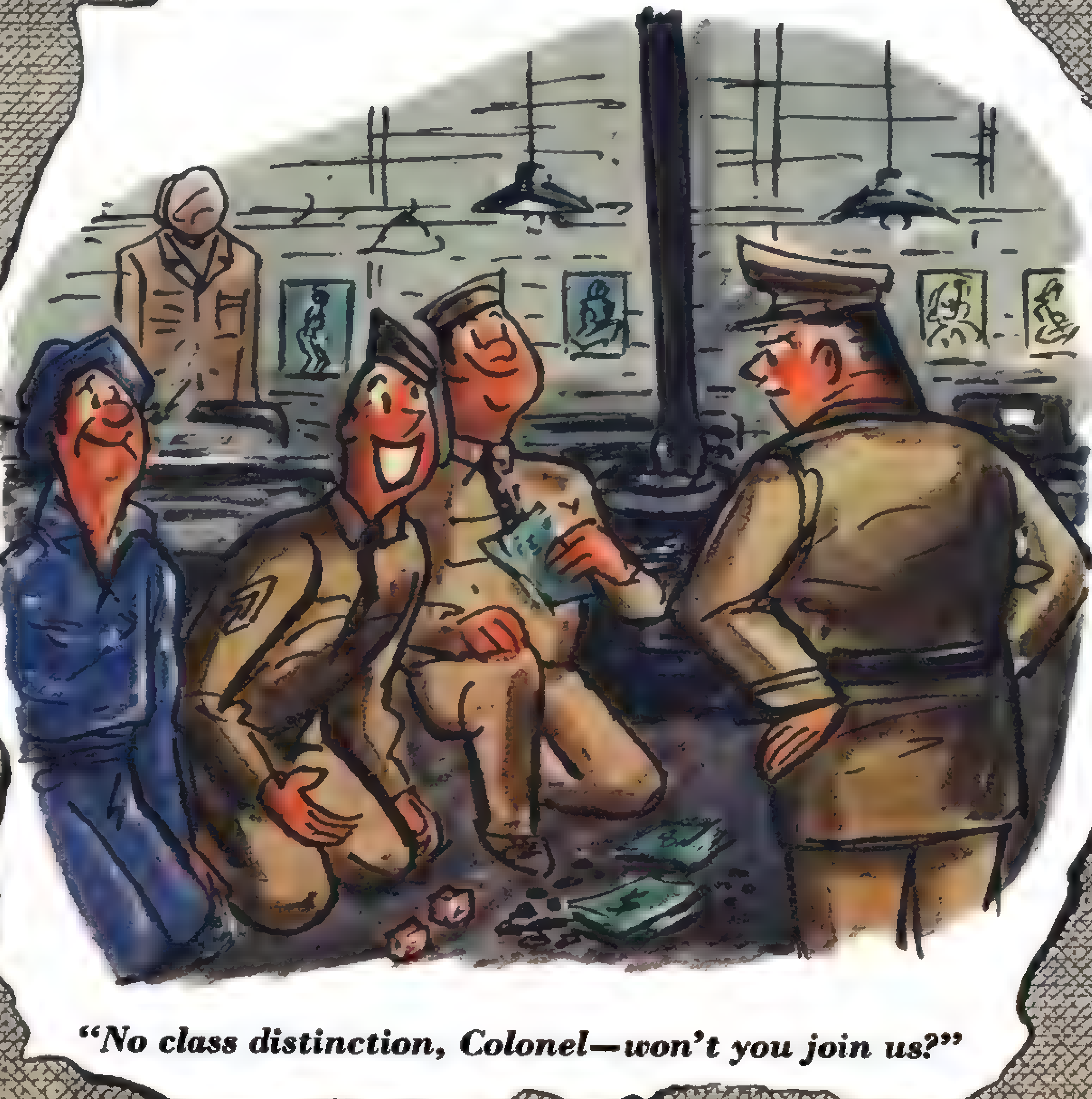
"How do you know you won't like our hikes if you don't even try one?"



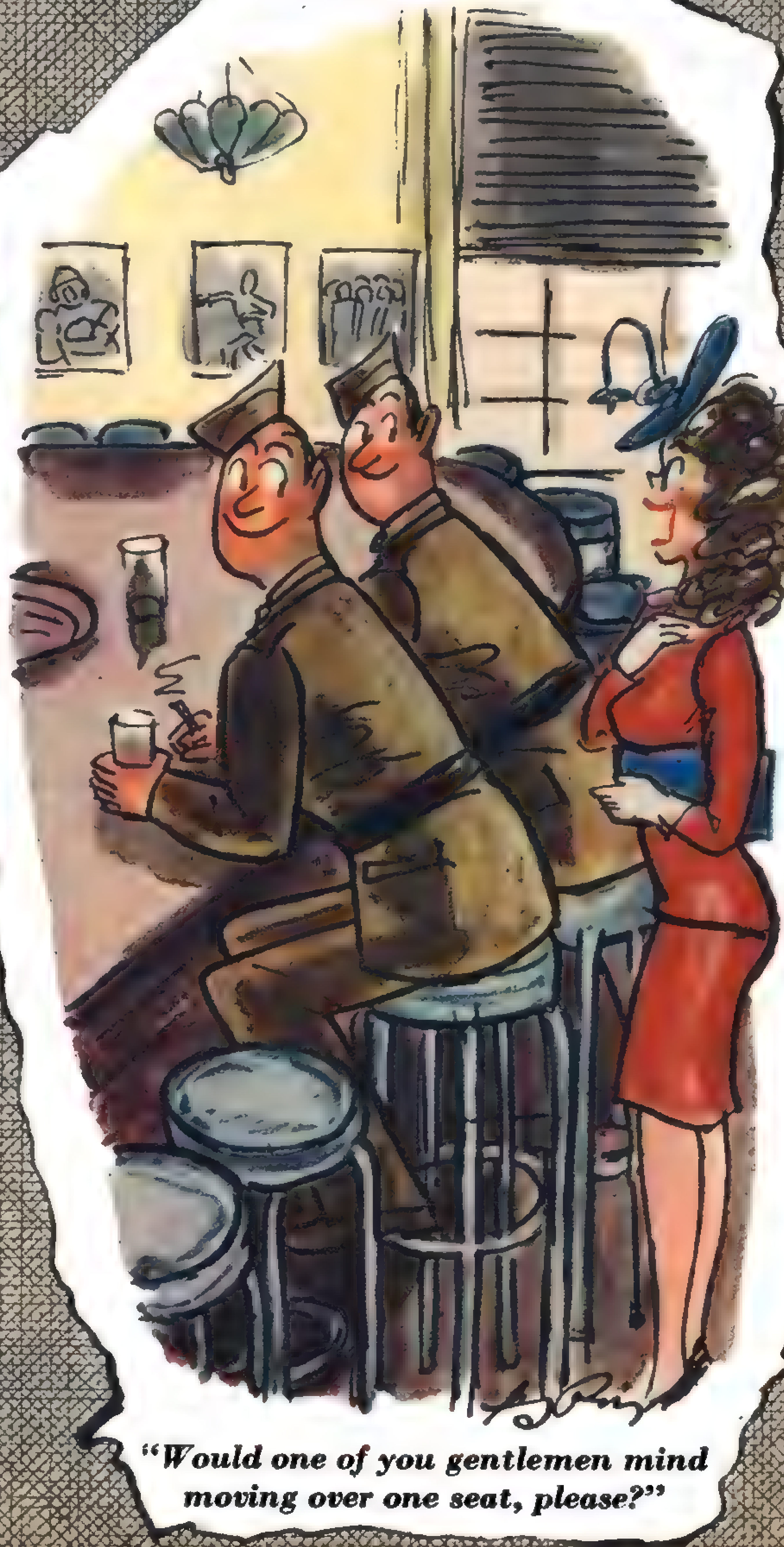
"Would you care to analyze a dream while it's still fresh in my mind, Doctor?"

What Avail if Freedom Fail–

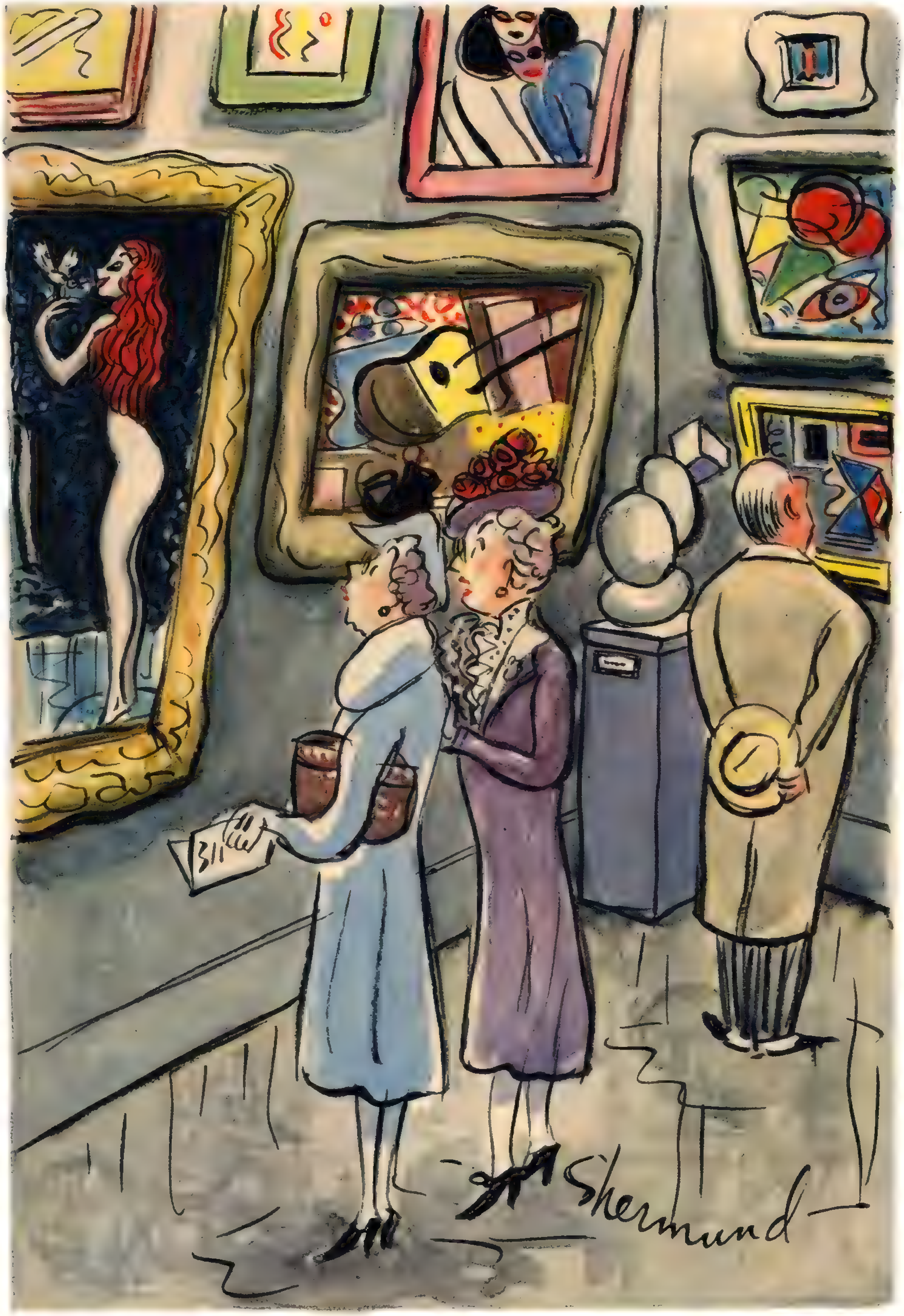
by IRVING ROIR



"No class distinction, Colonel—won't you join us?"



"Would one of you gentlemen mind moving over one seat, please?"


311
Shermund

"I wonder what this one is supposed to symbolize?"

The Sporting Scene

Japs, French and Nazis warmed up for war with American sports while we limped on like shoemakers' kids till Pearl Harbor

by HERB GRAFFIS

▪SPORTS▪

Your Uncle Sam and his nephews still don't realize how they almost gave this war away.

It eventually got into your Uncle's thick and trusting head that oil sold to Japan by his old money-hungry nephews flew Jap planes into Pearl Harbor. Horrible souvenirs of New York's abandoned Sixth Avenue L and bloody bits of junked American automobiles were taken from the maimed American battlers in the Far East.

But the exports of munitions weren't the exports of primary importance to nations that were drawing long-range beads on the opulent United States.

It was the export of American sports coaches and their methods that resulted in developing the enemy's warring strength to the degree that nearly brought them a quick victory.

War demands manpower before munitions. American athletic coaches who went abroad as peaceful muscle missionaries unwittingly pioneered for farsighted general staffs in developing the manpower needed in battle.

Almost forty years ago began the unsuspecting exportation of the tremendously valuable weapon of American athletic coaching which has been used against us. The late Elwood Brown, American Y.M.C.A. coach, went to the Philippines as athletic director of the Manila Y.M.C.A. Brown established the Far Eastern Games, an oriental Olympiad. Filipinos, Japanese and Chinese were the contestants.

The Filipinos' performance in the games was distressing but informative to the Japs, who were growing cocky and predatory after their victory over China in the war of 1894-5 and defeat of the Russians in 1904-5. In battle, Japan had whipped nations of far greater population, but had been outdone in the Far Eastern games competition by a nation of approximately one-fifth its population.

It was and still is contrary to Jap temperament to accept the idea of defeat of its mightiest in anything. No score is kept when the Mikado plays golf. The phantom of Col. Bogey can't be allowed to whip the Son of Heaven.

Consequently the Japanese government eagerly welcomed another Brown, Franklin (now with the Douglas Aircraft Corporation in Los Angeles), whose services as athletic director at Tokyo were made available by the Foreign Committee of the Y.M.C.A. Franklin Brown became athletic adviser and coach of the Japanese Olympic teams at Antwerp (1920), Paris (1924) and Amsterdam (1928). His successor, Russell Durgin, directed the Jap Olympiad teams at Los Angeles (1932) and Berlin (1936).

As logical and impressive as the earlier demonstrations of American athletic coaching should have been to discerning military men, it wasn't Japan's officers who first saw the value of applying American sports training methods to improving national fighting capacity.

Strangely enough, it was the French who saw that. French military experts saw in American soldier sports during World War I and in the Inter-Allied Games of 1919 that what Americans considered merely a pastime was potentially one of the greatest developers of defense and offense essentials in fighting men.

Louis C. Schroeder, now one of the authorities of the national physical fitness program of the Federal Security Agency, was loaned to the French to formulate a national physical training program. Schroeder is a veteran and solid athletic director. However, the French situation was too much for him, as it was for the farsighted minority of French army experts who looked ahead and saw that Germany would start another war. In that future war, they foresaw that trench warfare would be displaced by a war of movement demanding highest physical conditioning of the fighters regardless of probable extensive use of machine transportation.

French military authorities had been astonished by the speed with which the doughboy was prepared for combat duty. The general practice in Europe was to require at least two years for the training of the soldier.

The wisest of the French military students agreed that it was the early sports training of the Yank fighter that prepared him to be made quickly into a first-class fighting man. In acting upon this discovery the French opened eight Regional Centers of Physical Instruction throughout France. Americans were placed in charge.

General Cottez issued his then famous but now virtually forgotten order requiring every *poilu* to learn to play baseball.

In 1919 France formed its first Ministry of Sports, with Henri Paté as undersecretary. The ministry never succeeded in getting strong government and popular support. The Paté program, as outlined by American athletic advisers, was abandoned in 1929.

Johnny Evers figured in the early and futile efforts of French military authorities in attempts to co-ordinate American athletic training with training of superior warriors.

At Fontainebleau attempts were made to teach baseball to the French, using equipment borrowed from the U. S. Army. The biggest department of the box score was that registering the nose and eye injuries to the *poilus*. One French officer, watching the baseball school, remarked: "If this is baseball, give me war."

Evers gave up and returned home, but Lou Schroeder stayed on to organize the Inter-Allied games and to become coach of the French Olympic team which competed at Antwerp. Schroeder also was retained by the French as technical adviser on the 1924 Olympiad at Paris.

It was Japanese military observers, taking the cue from the French, who first got intensely busy at the job of utilizing the priceless export of American athletic training methods as a keystone of organization for war. German war lords also salvaged the lesson of the American sports training from their defeat.

Soviet military authorities also began to appreciate that the Americans had more than the Yanks appreciated in the war value of sports training.

There certainly was nothing but the principle of brotherly love that actuated Elwood and Franklin Brown when they went into the Orient as Y.M.C.A. athletic directors. Their genius was not intended to be monopolized by the militarists. They gave their best to the schoolboys and girls of the Philippines, Japan and China in trying to make sound minds in strong bodies. But, like the brothers Wright and the airplane, the Browns' contributions were misapplied by the war lords.

The whole sickening story of selective service physical rejections might have been skipped had the plans of Elwood Brown

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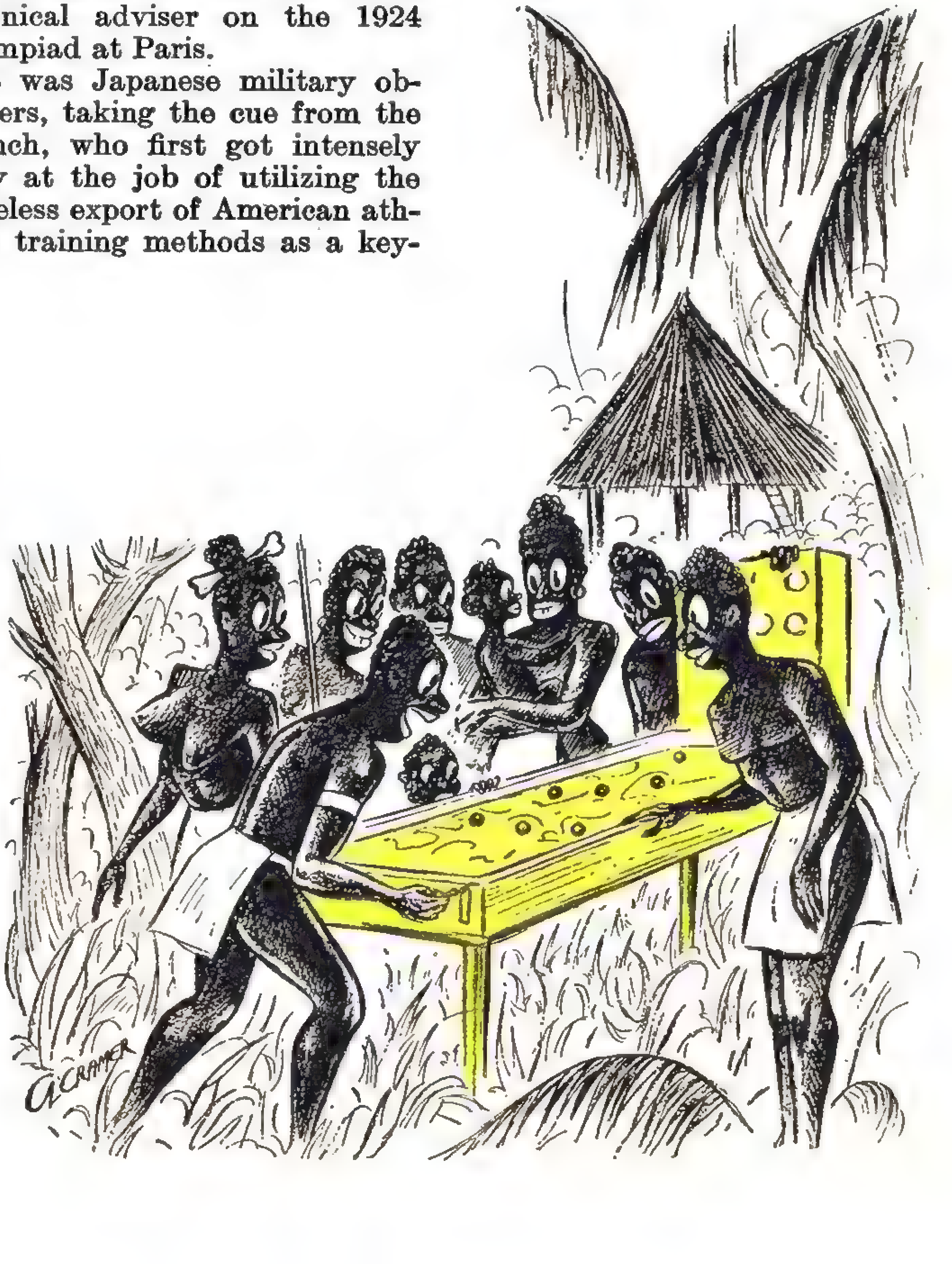


Half a League Onward

A close-up of Ford Frick, whose career includes ghost writing, broadcasting and presidency of the National League

by ARTHUR MANN

▪ARTICLE▪

In nine fruity years as president of the National League Ford Frick has made only one mistake, a record that would bolster the ego of all but a perfectionist. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, Frick is more than a perfectionist; he has a Hoosier nature that reeks with pride and caution. Today he would willingly waive credit for major accomplishments that have made him the older league's most successful president, if he could expunge from the record, and especially from his memory, that single blunder committed as a youthful incumbent.

He had been convinced during his several years as a top baseball writer that the game was made up of component parts, none of which, obviously, could be greater than the whole structure. Thus, when the Belleville, Illinois, newspaper quoted Dizzy Dean as calling a pair of National League umpires "two of the biggest crooks in baseball," the youthful president, then only forty, ordered the component part on the carpet to sign a retraction and apology.

That was the blunder. A wiser and more vengeful person would have slapped the newspaper with a juicy libel suit for daring to print such bilge. Damages, punitive or not at all, would have been inconsequential. The action would have forced the paper to substantiate the statements, and punishment aplenty would come from merely having to deal with Dizzy Dean, a headachey ordeal even socially.

But baseball is notoriously shy of libel suits against newspapers, and Frick inadvertently punished himself in a laudable attempt to demonstrate that baseball is greater than any single player. At the time, Dean was still toasted as the League's first thirty-game winner in twenty years, for towroping the Cardinals to a pennant and for ham-stringing the Tigers in the 1934 World Series. Well on the way to another great year and possibly another pennant, the Great Mouthpiece was in no position to concede anything, beyond admitting that baseball might be a component part of him.

Armed with two pages of carefully-worded apologia, plus the unlimited authority of office, Frick ordered Dean to append his signature. But the pitcher executed a stalemate with a simple denial of the published quotations.

"I'll sign nothin'," he declared tersely, "because I didn't say it."

He was shown a telegram from the newspaper which insisted that the printed account was an accurate report and transcription of the lethal speech before a Father and Son's Dinner in the Presbyterian Church of Belleville.

"Nobody can make me sign somethin' I didn't say," Dizzy fumed and double negatives cascaded in all directions. "I won't sign nothin' for nobody an' what's more, I'll take this thing to the top, right up to Judge Landis."

Frick retired to form new lines which were then typed neatly on fresh paper, but the Great One stubbornly refused to sign this and even subsequent revisions. Frick's faith in mankind took a terrific shattering. He was thoroughly stumped. Further suspension was a futile weapon, for Dean was the best drawing card in baseball. The assorted beneficiaries of his box-office appeal, Frick among them, would be affected and the punished player damaged least. A heavy fine would merely emphasize the fact that Dean's salary was a pittance when measured against his value as a player and a crowd-puller.

Punctuated by Dizzy's accelerating verbosity, the prolonged deadlock took on the aspects of a musical comedy sequence as Frick searched his brain for a way to save face, personal and official. He was obliged to settle finally for verbal denials from the accused, which were attested by wise-cracking sports writers as witnesses. Bigger and better than ever, the culprit then went out to beat the Giants in a classic of pitching skill before the biggest crowd ever wedged into the Polo Grounds.

WILD WEST HEROES
WILD WEST HEROES
Z Z Z Z Z
SGT. Ned Hilton

But many of Frick's subsequent administrative triumphs are traced to this early setback. The harrowing ordeal served to haul his bushy head from the clouds and it reduced the optimistic philosophy on which his poetic nature fed. Tumbled to earth, he was girded for the more practical task of shoring a financial structure that was no steadier than Leon Errol's legs. Frick wrestled bankers, promoters, and financial Dizzy Deans with such calculating confidence that the National League achieved the soundest capital position in its sixty-seven years. When Frick took the job, it was half a league, crippled in four of the eight cities. Attendance totaled 3,000,000. The sale of the Phillies last spring to the Cox syndicate ended the League's most stubborn financial woe, and the total attendance had risen almost to 6,000,000.

The Dizzy Dean fiasco was a lasting lesson and Frick's methods have since been quiet and subtle. He takes no steps until he is certain of his ground. When a Boston bank put in a demand for Judge Emil Fuchs' shirt, which he owed in behalf of his Braves, Frick agreed that it was a just prerogative to exercise.

"But we have a constitution," he added, "which says that any defaulted franchise reverts to the National League as trustee for discretionary disposal, and all players automatically become the property of the League. Anything else, of course, you can sell."

Since the Braves rented the ball park, the bank's security for some 250,000 dollars in loans amounted to a few well-worn uniforms already damp and musty from too much cellar air. The bank held no auctions and Frick was able to take his time about solving the tangled affairs of the Boston club without the loss of an asset.

During that hectic first year he managed to get a worm's-eye view of every park in the league, a trick no other president could perform. Having the appearance of the man in the street, he traveled incognito and bought admission tickets like an ordinary fan. He checked on ushers, rest rooms, inadequate drinking fountains, ticket manipulation, umpires' quarters and poked around in general. He laid the foundation for a liberal umpire-pension plan, the four-trip schedule (abandoned for the duration), the Baseball Hall of Fame, lighter uniforms for umpires and the pet dream of his baseball-writing days—lifetime big-league passes for veteran players.

At the annual meeting in December he made his report and thanked the assembled magnates for tolerating his presence. They beamed in complete satisfaction.

"And now, gentlemen," Frick said, "we come to the annual election of officers, the first of which is president."

He handed the gavel to Sam Breadon, vice-president (the senior member is always vice-president), and left the room. Breadon appeared in the hall an instant later, gavel in hand and apologies tumbling from his lips.

"Ford, this is embarrassing," he confessed. "We . . . a . . . we forgot about the re-election and it seems nobody discussed it. Have you any ideas about . . . money?"

It developed that Frick hadn't given it much thought either. Breadon mentioned a raise over the five-figure first-year salary and Frick accepted. The St. Louis owner then ducked into the meeting only to reappear less than a minute later.

"I forgot about the length of term," he panted. "Will two years be okay?"

It was okay. Breadon disappeared once more, and then came back to escort the re-elected president to the chair as the magnates' hallelujahs split the smoke-laden air. They managed to inject more formality into subsequent elections—a three-year term in 1937 and a four-year stretch in 1940—and thus far no one has injected a dissenting vote.

This casual note has flavored most of the important events in Frick's life, which began on a farm near Wawacka, Indiana. In 1921, for instance, he was chugging along in Colorado Springs for a wife and a four-year-old son and the *Telegraph*. He wrote a column and fashioned verses that not only scanned but had spondees in the right places. One day he found a message in his typewriter that read:

Can you come to New York and see me?—Arthur Brisbane.

Frick ripped it from the roller and it was still on the floor when the city editor came over to learn what had been done about the invitation. Frick pointed to the discarded slip and rendered a minority opinion on cheap practical jokes.

"That's no joke," the boss exclaimed. "It's on the level."

Frick nodded and essayed a few iambics with tricky trochees. The editor assured him once more and also referred to the time-difference between New York and Colorado. Suppose Brisbane decided to leave his office early. But Frick continued with his column.

It was afternoon before he finished and, merely to satisfy his meticulous nature, he went over to the Western Union. Lo, and also behold, it wasn't a gag at all. Brisbane had actually sent for him. Frick learned later that an ink-stained resident of the Union Printers' Home, located at Colorado Springs, had clipped and forwarded a number of his columns to Brisbane much in the manner of a scout recommending a ball player. But Frick was caution itself before actually leaving the West, where he had gone to teach school after graduating from De Pauw in 1915. It required two trips to New York before he could make up his mind on the switch, and even then he reached New York saturated with doubt.

He wrote sports and occasional verse for the New York *American*, a Hearst morning paper, and, when Brisbane took over the *Journal*, Frick shifted to that afternoon daily. From 1924 through 1930 he traveled with the Yankees in their hey-heyday. During that time he became a most proficient ghost writer when the by-lines of champions and sports celebrities commanded high prices. He ghosted for Miller Huggins, Lou Gehrig, Tex Rickard and wrote a series of articles under Gene Tunney's name. But he was best known for writing every word that appeared under Babe Ruth's name for seven years, including a best-seller, *Babe Ruth's Own Book of Baseball.*

Frick saw no reason why Ruth should appear erudite and verbose in print when he wasn't in real life, and so he developed what he liked to call Babe Ruth's style. It was essentially a short-sentence treatment, homey and informal, but it contained an uncommon lot of Hoosier philosophy that reflected the deep influence of Kin Hubbard and James Whitcomb Riley on the spirit behind it.

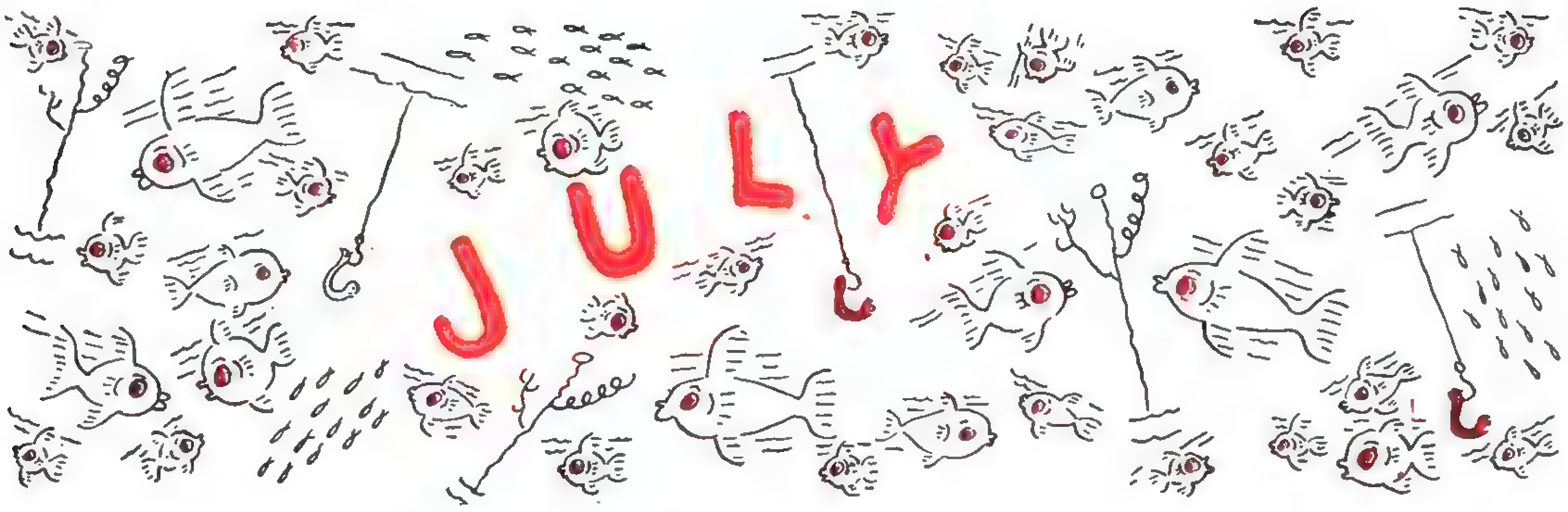
Once the ghost-writing job for Ruth hit the rocks in a bridge game that found the Babe in a two no-trump play with four kings topping his suits. It wasn't too tough, but Babe let out a howl of pain as first one king was captured and then another. His roar rattled the Pullman car when the third and fourth kings were gobbled up

Continued on page 153

"I'm tired just reading about murder"

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**



PASSING a military hospital, a visitor saw a badly wounded man. "When are you going to send that man home?" he inquired.

"He ain't going home," answered an orderly. "He says he's just resting a minute, then he's going back to the front."

"Back to the front?" exclaimed the visitor. "But he's in an awful shape."

"Yes," replied the orderly, "and he thinks he knows who did it."

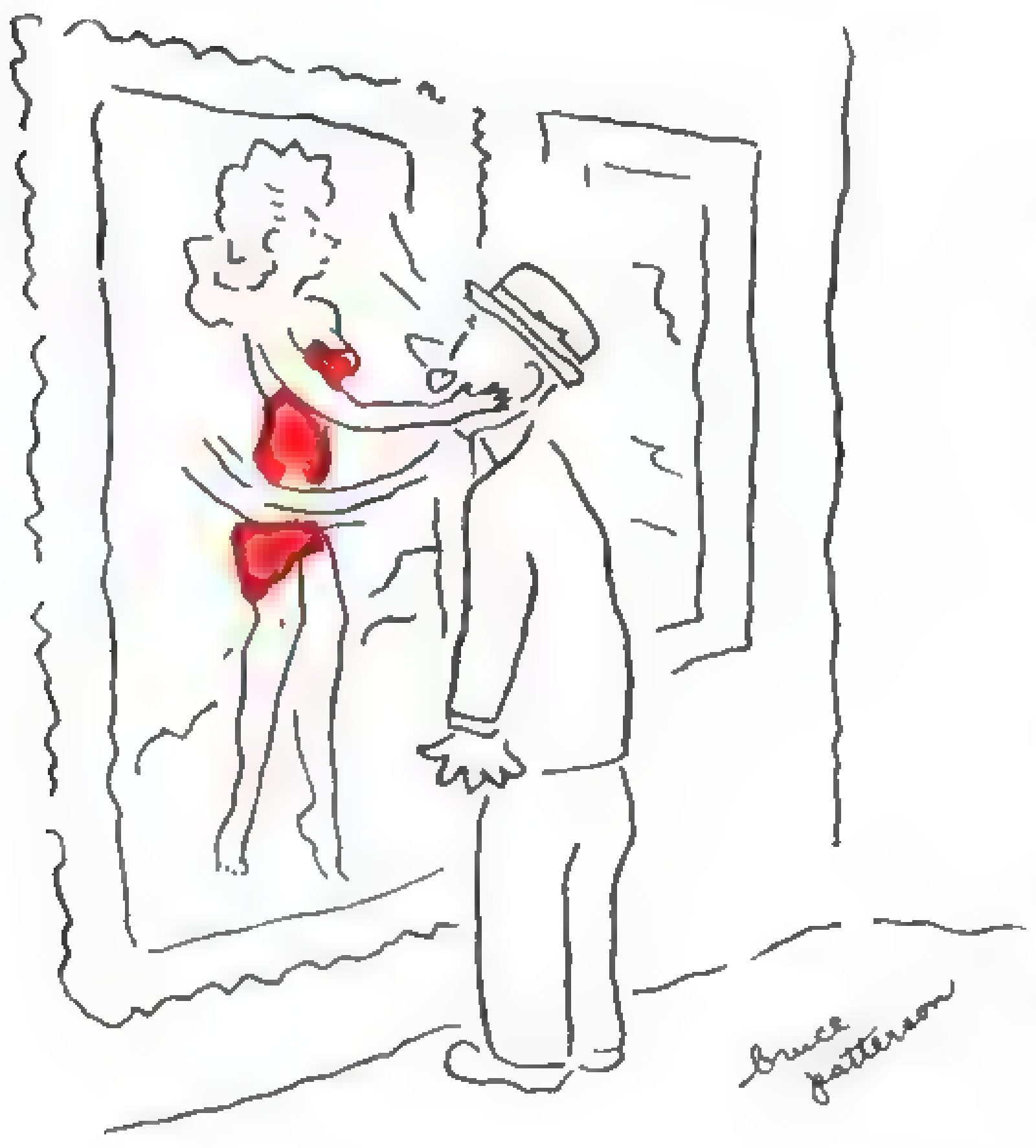
—*Lakeland* (*Fla.*) *Bombshell.*

"Forty-eight hamburgers, please," said a G.I. to the director of the service club cafeteria at Camp Roberts, California.

The director gulped.

"Oh, don't worry," said the soldier, "I'm not going to eat them all. I've got three buddies outside."

—*Fort Monmouth* (*N.J.*) *Signal Corps Message.*



The scene is a train compartment in Romania. The characters: a German officer, a Romanian officer, an old lady and an attractive girl. The train enters a tunnel. The passengers hear first a kiss, then a vigorous slap. The train emerges into the light again. Everyone remains silent, but the German officer has a black eye.

The old lady thinks: "What a good girl she is, such good manners, such a fine moral character."

The girl thinks: "Isn't it odd that the German tried to kiss the old lady and not me?"

The German thinks: "That Romanian is a smart fellow—he steals a kiss and I get hit."

The Romanian thinks: "I am a brilliant fellow. I kiss the back of my hand, hit a German officer, and get away with it."

—Reprinted from *Underground Humor, N. Y. Times*, in the *Communiqué.*

G. I. Barber: A brilliant conversationalist who occasionally cuts hair.

—*Los Angeles Brigadere.*

Pvt: "If you had five dollars and I asked you for two, how many would you have left?"

Pfc: "Five."

—*Camp Beale Bealiner.*

1st. Sgt: "Any of you guys interested in artillery?" Two rookies stepped forward.

"O.K.," said the top kick, "report to the galley to shell peas."

—*Camp Lejeune Globe.*

Mess Sergeant: "Did you strike that K.P. with your fist?"

Cook: "Yes, Sir—if I'd taken time to reach for the soup ladle he'd a got away."

—*Greenwood Gremlin.*

MEN . . .

If you smile at him, he thinks you're flirting.

If you don't flirt, he thinks you're an iceberg.

If you let him kiss you, he wishes you were more reserved.

If you don't, he'll seek consolation elsewhere.

If you flatter him, he thinks you're simple.

If you don't, he thinks you don't understand him.

If you talk of love and romance, he thinks you're asking him to marry you.

If you're a good girl, he wonders why you're not human.

If you return his caress, he doesn't want you to.

If you let him make love to you, he thinks you are cheap.

If you don't, he'll go with a girl who will.

If you go out with other fellows, he thinks you are fickle.

If you don't, he thinks no one will have you.

MEN, God bless them—they don't know what they want.

—*Paine Field Ace-Pursuiter.*

Navy Doctor: "Why do you have AF-76625 tattooed on your back?"

Lt. (j.g.): "That's not tattoo, Doctor—that's where my wife ran into me with the car when I was opening the garage door for her."

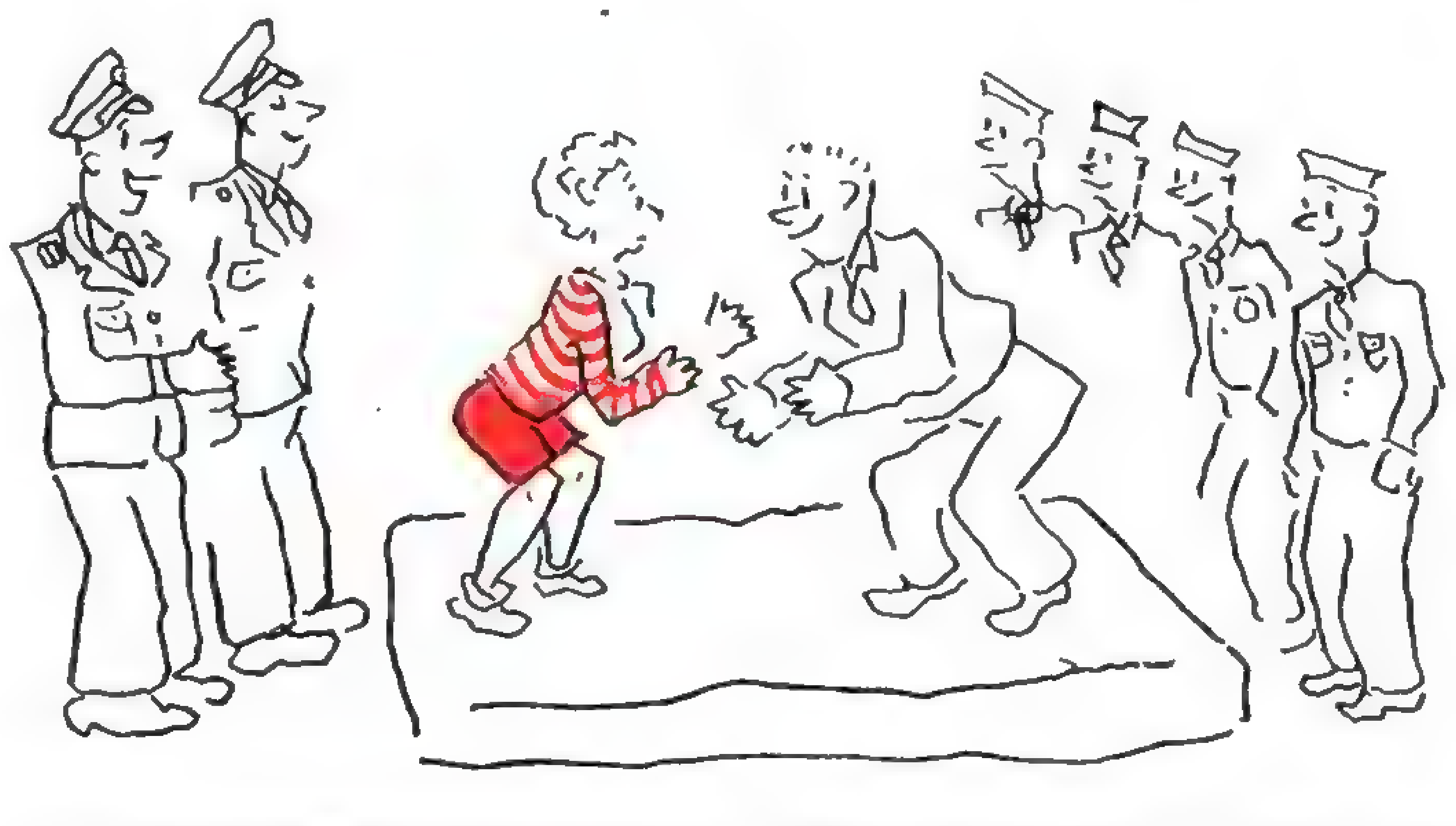
—*Norman Bull Horn.*

Two old retired chefs bought out a country tavern. The place was redecorated and the two chefs moved in. Then the villagers waited and waited for the grand opening, but it didn't come. Finally a crowd gathered outside and one of the bolder hicks knocked at the door of the bar. A window opened and one of the chefs inquired the reason for the gathering.

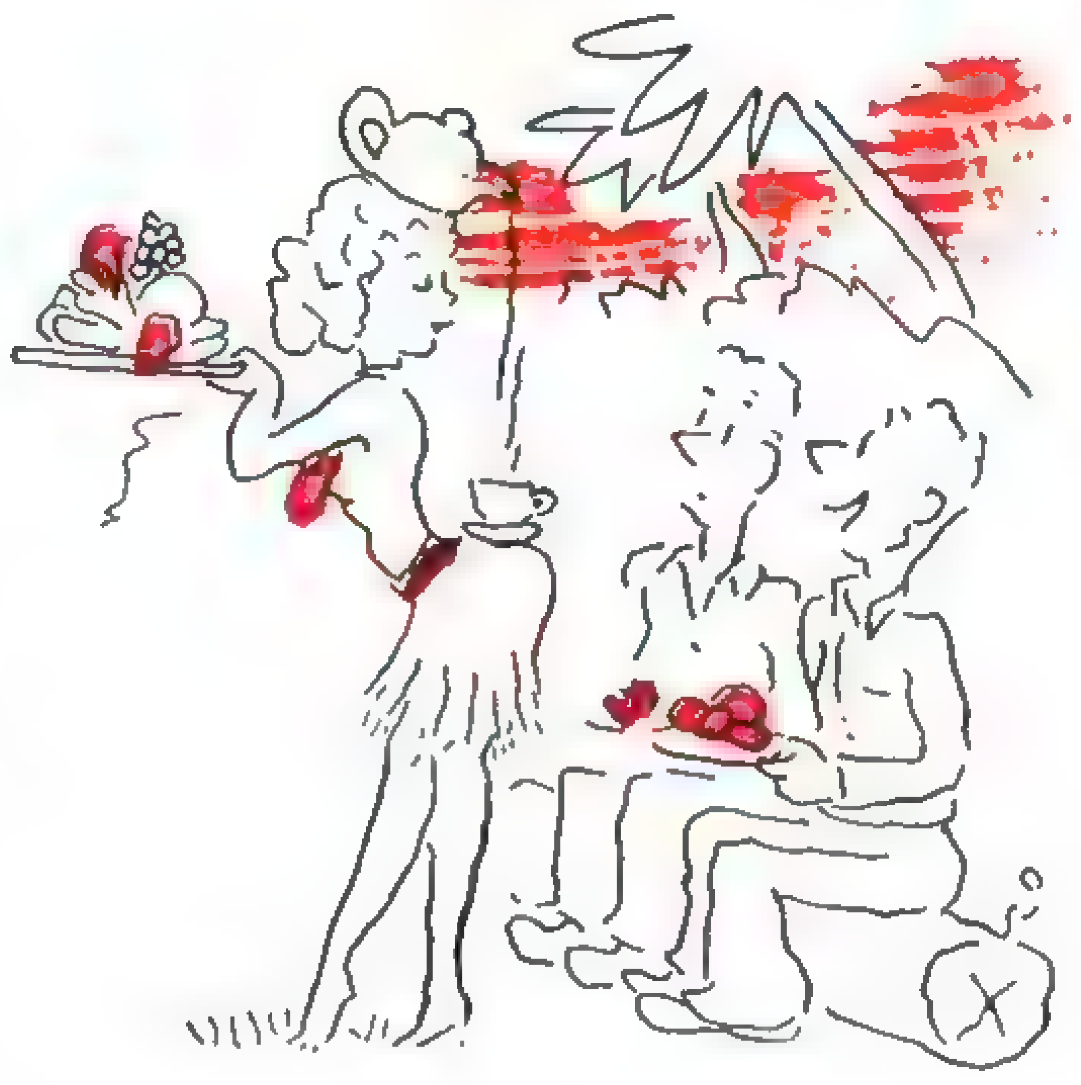
"When are you going to open up?"

"Open up?" stormed the chef. "We bought this place for ourselves."

—*Norman Bull Horn.*



"Congratulations, Lieutenant—the men show much more interest since you hired female judo instructors"



"She's a one-woman cafeteria"

"What makes you think your boy friend is conceited?"

"He joined the Navy to let the world see him."

—*Purcell* BAM.

A member of the line wanting to be an aviation cadet went up to an old Army man and asked how.

The old Army man: "Do you drink? Do you smoke? Do you go out with women?"

Line member: "No, absolutely, NO."

The old Army man: "Then why study aviation? You must have wings already."

—*Boca Raton Transmitter.*

A team composed of military police was playing a soccer game with a team composed of buck privates. The instructor was outlining the principles of the game. "If you can't kick the ball," he said, "kick one of the men on the other team. Now where's the ball?"

"Never mind the ball," shouted a big private. "Let's get on with the game."

—Reprinted from the *Great Bender* in the *Ft. Leavenworth Reception Center News.*

Pvt: "What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Pfc: "That requires technique. First you put your left arm around her waist, then you gently take her left hand and—"

Pvt: "She's my sister."

Pfc: "Oh—push her off the dock."

—Fort Belvoir Castle.

Pvt: "Get ready to die—I'm going to shoot you."

Corp: "Why?"

Pvt: "I always said I'd shoot anyone that looked like me."

Corp: "Do I look like you?"

Pvt: "Yes."

Corp: "Then go ahead and shoot."

—Sioux City Bombardier.

Remember the good old days when silk stockings were within the reach of all?

—Fort Belvoir Castle.

A man was walking in the rougher part of the city one night when he was attacked by two footpads. He put up a desperate fight. They finally overpowered him and rolled him—finding only thirty cents.

Robber: "My gracious man, if you fight that way to save thirty cents what would you do if you had a dollar?"

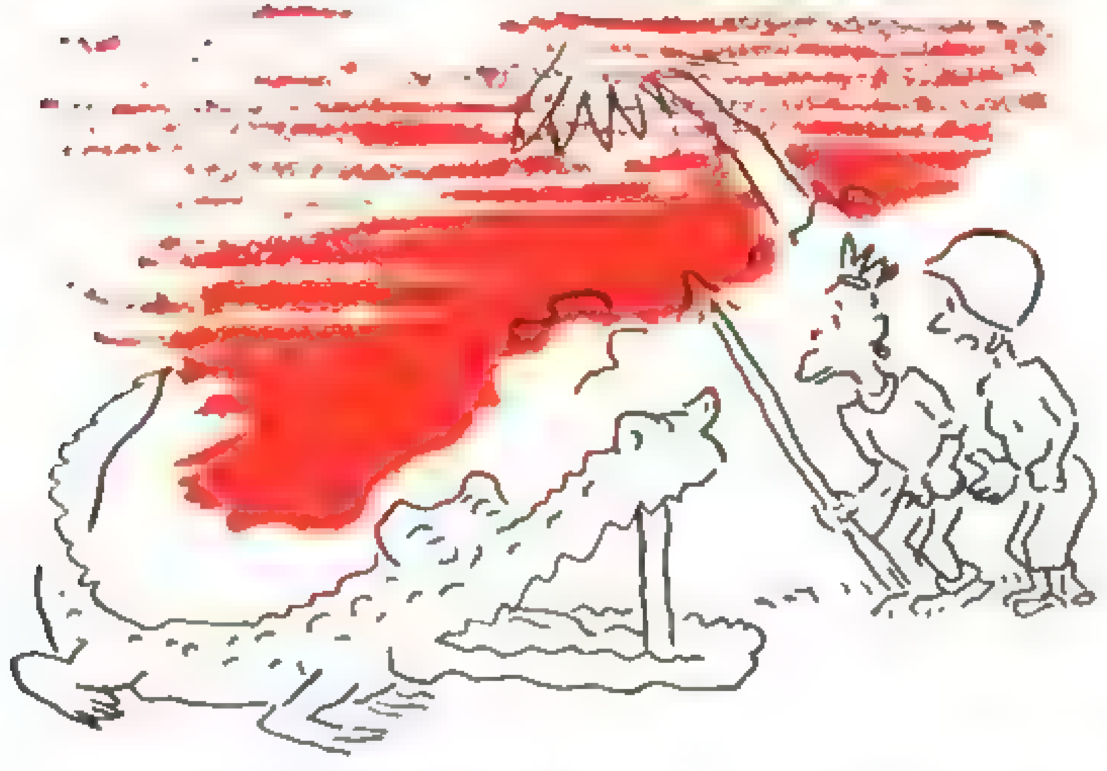
Victim: "I don't care for the thirty cents, but I didn't want my financial condition exposed."

—Arizona Contact.

Conductor: "How many in this berth?"

Passenger: "Just one. Here's our ticket."

—Norman Bull Horn



"I wonder if that would work on my wife!"

Astronomy Lecturer: "I predict the end of the world in fifty million years."

Alarmed man in the back row: "How many?"

Lecturer: "Fifty million."

Man: "Thank God! I thought you said fifteen million."

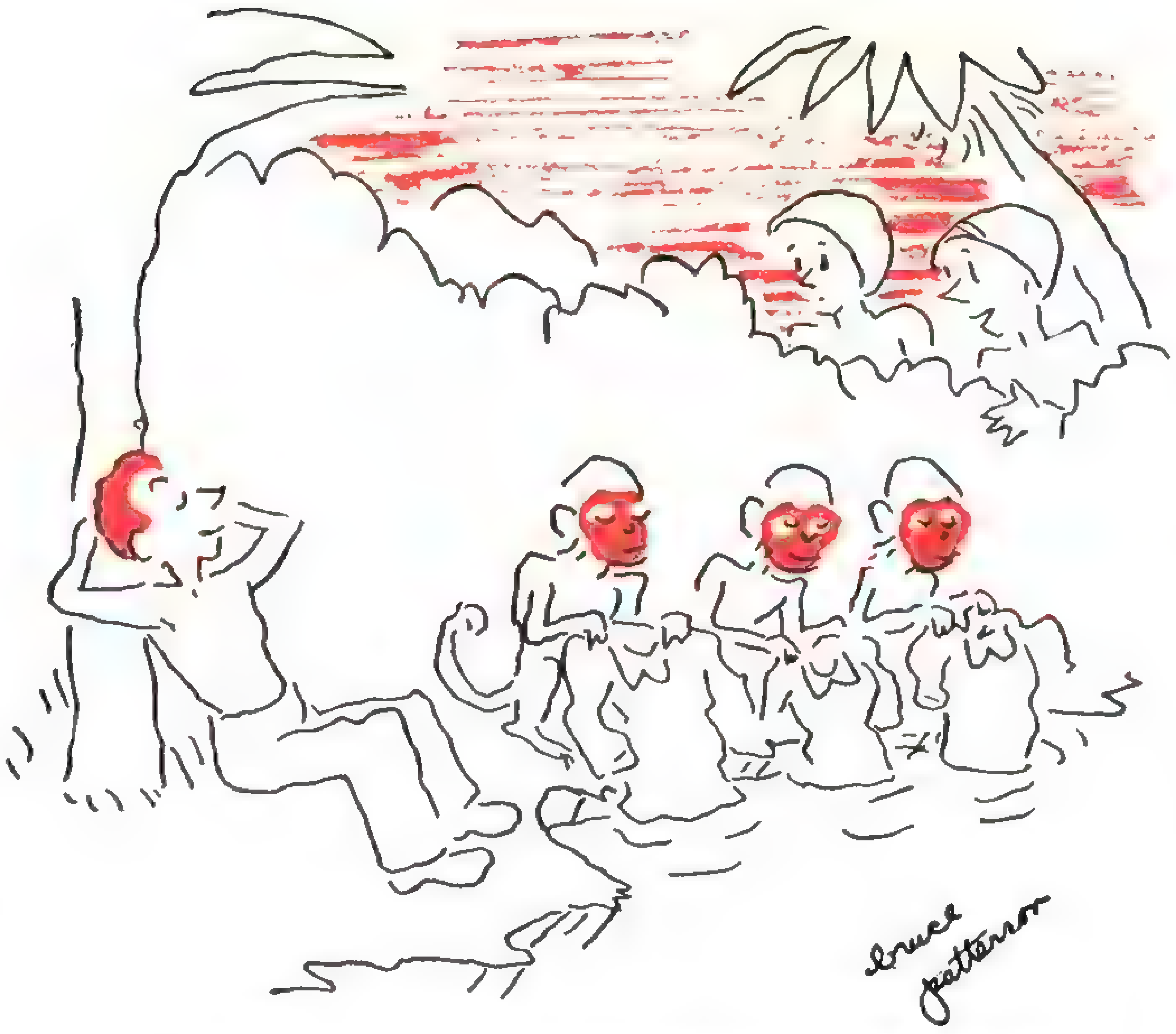
—Terminal Topics.

The civilian who wasn't quite able to distinguish an officer's rank by insignia was conversing with a colonel. Several times he called him captain, then, as if not sure, he asked: "You are a captain aren't you?"

"Well," said the colonel, slightly amused, "I once was, but I'm not any more."

"That's too bad," consoled the civilian. "Was it women or liquor?"

—Camp Pinedale Interceptor.



"We've been here three days and Harry is in business for himself"

THE RHYME OF THE MESS KITS

The Chinese use chopsticks,
The natives use a shell,
The officers use dishes,
The C.P.O.'s as well,
But when it comes to eatin'
Most anywhere or when,
You'll find the bloomin' mess kit
Is for enlisted men.
So sing a song of mess kits
The muckin' fussin' mess kits
The canteen cups and mess kits
That serve enlisted men.

Civilians eat in order
And never reason why
They have so many dishes
From soup clean through to pie
But those who did the choosin'
Of the tools we use to eat
Just thought it made no difference
If the mixing was complete.
Invention of the mess kits,
The soupy, sloppy mess kits
The hashin' mashin' mess kits
They thought was mighty neat.

It really doesn't matter
If soup or meat or bean
Is piled in first or after
Or sandwiched in between—
Dessert may find the bottom
Or maybe stay on top
But gravy gets on everything
And flavors every drop.
Hooray, hooray for mess kits
To mixin' jumbling mess kits,
For pre-digestin' mess kits
That make all chow like slop.

We get the nicest victuals,
Likewise the finest cooks—
They make a perfect menu
One for the record books,
But when the chow is splattered
And stirred up in that can
It makes goulash of dinner
No matter what the plan.
And all because of mess kits
Of rattlin' bangin' mess kits
Of mixin' messin' mess kits
That plague enlisted man.

—Norman Bull Horn.

Says one of our Pfc's from Iowa: "I was a farm hand working in a dairy for so many years that when I am introduced to people I still catch myself shaking hands with them one finger at a time."

—Camp Lejuene Globe.

Doll: "You've got a face that only a mother could love."

G. I: "I'm about to inherit 10,000 dollars."

Doll: "Sonny Boy."

—Orlando (Fla.) Tac.

Cpl: "Music is my true forte. I'm going to study it after the war."

Pfc: "Yeah?"

Cpl: "Yep. From Bach I'll learn counterpoint, from Beethoven I'll learn about symphony, from Stravinsky I'll learn about ballet, and from Harry James I'll—"

Pfc: "I know. From Harry James you'll learn about Betty Grable."

—Fort MacArthur Alert.

"Sugar pie," said the dark one to his Susie, "did that kiss I jus' gave you make you long for another?"

"It sure did," said Susie, "but he's out of town."

—The Alaska Fishing News.

Private from Michigan: "Once when I was a civilian I caught a bass that was three feet long."

Private from California: "That's nothing. When I was a civilian I pulled a lantern out of the river and it was still burning."

Private from Mich: "I find that mighty hard to believe."

Pvt. from Cal.: "All right then—you cut two feet off your fish and I'll blow out the lantern."

—Camp Beale Bealiner.

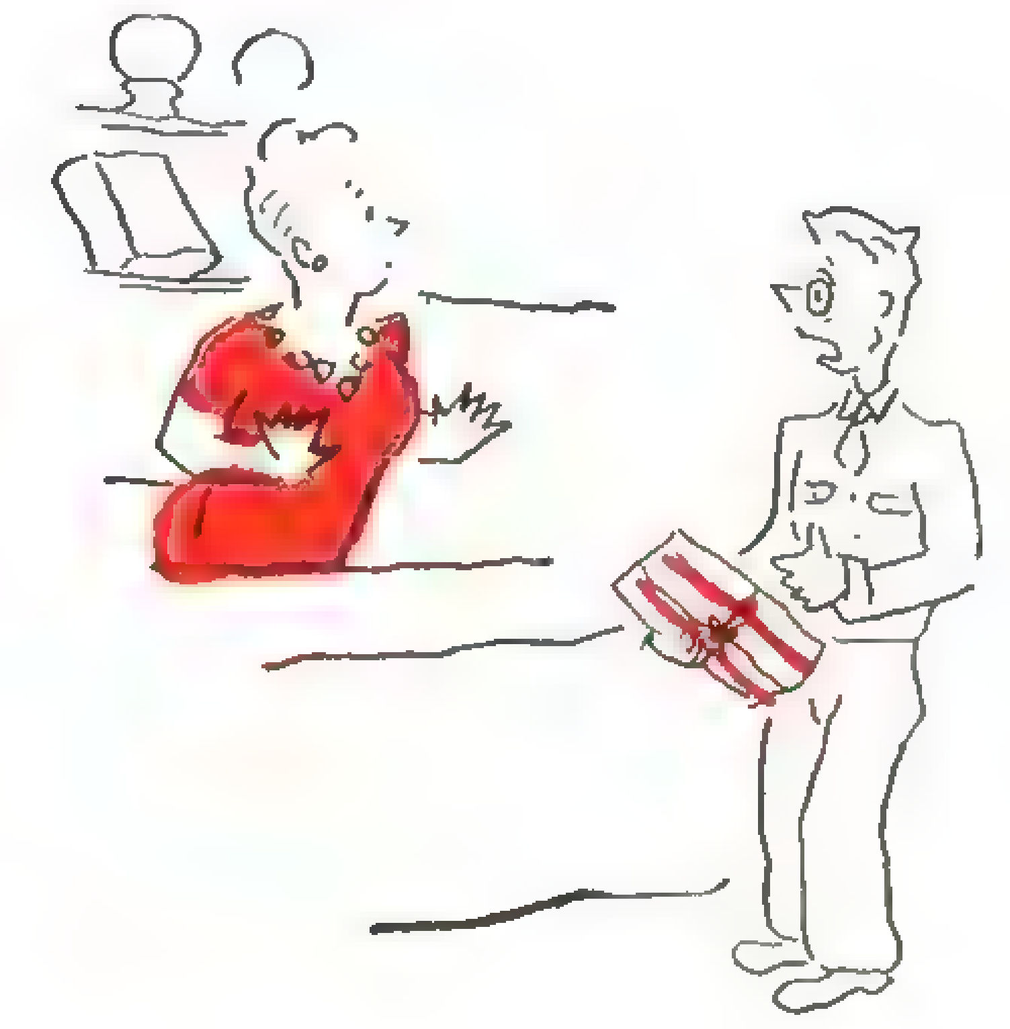
Satchel Paige, the great colored baseball pitcher, is past sixty and still drawing down an income that looks like a New York City telephone number. Satch gives credit for his marvelous and long-lived athletic success to his "diet." "I've been on a diet for years," says Satch, "I eat nothing but fried meats."

—Camp Lejuene Globe.

The two little working girls were talking over the date they'd had the night before with two sailors. Said one: "So your boy friend really liked his wine?"

"He did that," said the other. "He not only wants a sweetheart in every port, but port in every sweetheart."

—Fort Screven Echoes.



"I want to return this Weegee Board—it tells lies about my girl"

"Brown never completed his education, did he?"

"No, he lived and died a bachelor."

—Ft. Lauderdale Avenger.

Did you hear about the fat woman who visited a shipyard on the east coast? She bent over to tie her shoestring and before she could straighten up, they broke a bottle of champagne over her stern and launched her.

—Paine Field Ace-Pursuiter.

Holding a boy's hands used to be an offense; now it's a defense.

—Fort Worth Tarranteer.

Our inquiring reporter was taking a poll of the post to see what they thought of double features. He politely posed his question to a winsome young lady.

"Do you like double features?"

"No," was her retort, "It's too long to hold hands."

—McClellan Cycle.

The Rhythm Section

Elegy for hot classics junked by record makers and a forum on the question: how would you spend a million bucks for jazz?

by PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER

▪ JAZZ ▪

JAZZ bears the same relation to popular music as does classical to light classical music. Once such a distinction is made, jazz assumes some semblance of its rightful place in American music. This simple division of the four main categories of the music America hears offers the only intelligent approach to the cultural, social and historical significance of jazz. Its salient implications cut deep into the pattern of American living.

Most jazz fans and musicians have failed to recognize the implications. They have allowed themselves to be mercilessly propagandized into a self-conscious feeling of inferiority, and in large measure the guilt lies with champions of classical music, who long have maintained toward jazz an attitude of righteous smugness, based on irrational appeals to a tradition which persuades rather than convinces.

But now, after ten intensive years of swing (the best swing is in the true jazz idiom), persuasion has become more difficult. The activities of leaders such as Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington have eliminated the need for the jazz apologist. It now seriously may be affirmed that jazz, germinated by an exciting kaleidoscopic American environment, reflects a healthy, sincere and direct expression of its indigenous surroundings. The art quality attributed to classical music likewise may be credited to jazz, as to any music which interprets its own era in sound patterns of universal appeal. To jazz may be accorded the same dignified treatment and respectful attention given to classical music.

Jazz is an externalization in musical sounds by men who instinctively "feel" the spirit of the times. The jazz listener, too, feels this penetrating reality. The group which favors this music, to be sure, is a minority group—compared with the large public which enjoys its music only in terms of popular songs. But patrons of classical music, matched against this same huge popular-minded audience, likewise are in the minority. Furthermore, the number of persons who listen with appreciation and pleasure to light classical music far exceeds that which concerns itself with the more serious type.

Remembering these relationships, it is unfortunate that such a wide influence on public taste is wielded by the classicists, who admittedly are prejudiced against anything outside the classical sphere. To cite an example, two major recording companies, Victor and Columbia, are convinced that their greatest contribution to American culture lies in the maintenance of a large catalogue of available classical music having nonspectacular but steady sales value. The better jazz receives no such laudable consideration. Instead, sales of jazz recordings are expected to keep pace with those of the most commercially successful popular tunes of the moment. Because of such thinking on the part of recording executives, a jazz classic such as *West End Blues* is supposed to possess the same sales appeal and marketability as a popular song such as *When They Ask About You.*

Naturally, the gentlemen who make the decisions do not expect Bach's *The Art of the Fugue* to sell as many copies as Tschaikowsky's *Romeo and Juliet Fantasy Overture.* Neither would they, for that reason, remove the Bach masterpiece from the catalogue and destroy the master recording so that no more copies could be pressed. Yet, with regard to jazz recordings, the actions of the boys in the front office reflect an appalling absence of such lofty cultural discrimination. Indeed, in the case of jazz it may even be said that they revise their theories. Because a tune like *West End Blues* does not immediately sell in the hundreds of thousands of copies, it is regarded as having less importance than popular songs of the same vintage, such as *June Moon* and *Carolina in the Morning.* That *West End Blues* was a piece of music worthy of preservation was a fact discovered not by the record companies, but by hot jazz fans. Recorded three times prior to 1930 (by King Oliver on Vocalion, 1925, and on Victor, 1929, and by Louis Armstrong on Okeh, 1927), it gradually came to be recognized by both musicians and fans as distinctive jazz. Collectors soon placed premium values on it. But by the recording companies it was not deemed a sound sales venture until 1941, when Columbia reissued the Armstrong version in an album with other Armstrong Hot Five discs. As if to underscore their skepticism, a Cootie Williams performance of the tune recorded for Vocalion in 1941 was not even given an opportunity to sell; it disappeared from the catalogue in less than a year, presumably because one available platter of a jazz classic was regarded as sufficient for the market.

But even though the Armstrong album is now listed in the current Columbia catalogue, it is virtually unavailable, due to the shellac shortage—which has "forced" the official attitude that popular tunes for the juke box trade deserve the lion's share of the shellac. It is significant to observe, however, that the stock of classical albums is kept at reasonably high levels.

This would indicate that jazz still is regarded by the recording companies as the peculiar whim of an esoteric group devoid of substantial musical tastes. Yet, since the group is rapidly expanding in numbers, its broadening purchasing power should attract the attention of busy sales managers seeking a larger volume of record sales. But more than that, it is a group which increasingly is becoming culturally more alert and aggressive, more conscious of its power to dictate trends, more discriminating in its taste musically as well as generally. Box-office support in the form of record purchases derives almost exclusively from such a group of jazz enthusiasts. Given an opportunity, jazz can and does display a long-range selling power equal to that of the classics.

Here, then, is the most potent argument for jazz as an art form, since only music of quality could attain the approval of succeeding generations of jazz lovers. If it is nothing else, good jazz is a type of music which can withstand repeated playing without inciting feelings of boredom and revulsion —as does popular music and even much light classical music.

It is not improbable that the impatience of the classicists stems from an unconscious fear of dethronement, and that their efforts to keep jazz in its "place" are nothing more than an apprehension that a revaluation of the relative importance of jazz and contemporary serious music might disclose some startling facts about music for a new world. —P.E.M.

AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

THAT jazz presently finds itself on the short end of critical approval—where critical approval counts most, that is, among personages who set the cultural tone —is not due entirely to factors which lie outside the realm of jazz. It is with considerable sadness that I am forced to report that jazz musicians themselves frequently contribute to the widely held beliefs that jazz and popular music are identical, and that jazz is mere entertainment-music unworthy of dignified presentation. The jazzician, of course, cannot control all his actions in accordance with his own private beliefs about his kind of music. Nevertheless, he has it in his power to correct and minimize the distorted charges falsely held against jazz.

Some of the practices which manifest such an irresponsible attitude on the part of jazzmen include the following:

1. Duke Ellington practically insulting a concert audience in Chicago by publicly announcing that it is incapable of comprehending the significance of his forty-five minute composition, *Black, Brown and Beige,* because it does not know the story behind the music—and then playing only two brief excerpts from the much discussed composition.

2. The excessive "plugging" of popular songs on radio broadcasts and recordings, attributable in large part to the fact that many bandleaders own or have an interest in music publishing houses.

3. Glenn Miller allowing that fine jazz cornetist, Bobby Hackett, to sit in his band and play a guitar, only occasionally permitting Hackett to perform solo on the cornet—which is his forte.

4. The keen competition among bandleaders for the questionable privilege of recording "hit" tunes for the transient juke box trade, while simultaneously ignoring opportunities for recording quality jazz tunes which will still be selling ten years hence—and incidentally adding immeasurably to the prestige and reputation of the leader.

5. Benny Goodman recording *Buckle Down Winsocki.*

6. Raymond Scott wasting his excellent CBS band on the rendition of popular tunes with vocals.

7. A groveling subservience by big-name bandleaders to jazzically illiterate movie producers.

8. The complete sellout of that one-time great trumpeter of jazz, Harry James, to the cloying sweetness of commercial popular music.

—PAUL EDUARD MILLER

Jazz Symposium

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

If you had a million dollars to spend on jazz, how would you use it?

Earl "Father" Hines (veteran swing pianist, leader of a twenty-five-piece band now playing theatres):

You know what I'd like to do first? I'd like to see that some of those old-timers are taken care of. I'd establish a haven for men like Bunk Johnson and some of the others who helped to put jazz on the map and inspired a lot of the fellows who are famous today. I'd build them a place where they could sit down in their old age and have the young musicians come in and talk things over with them.

Next I'd get together with some of the other bandleaders and we'd set up a co-operative booking office, so that we could control our own management instead of having the managers control us. We'd build an organization with offices in every key city, and through it we'd help to eliminate some of the misery musicians go through when they're on the road. I mean, we'd organize a sort of musical Y.M.C.A. in each town, a combination of hotel, restaurant and recreation room, a place where you could depend on some comfort when you hit town on a one-nighter, instead of having to rely on restaurants and hotels that take advantage of theatrical folk. Boy, that'd be the best million I could ever spend!

Vaughn Monroe (ballad singer, trumpeter and bandleader):

I'd use that million to do something for the young talent that hasn't been discovered. After making the proper arrangements with the American Federation of Musicians, I'd go about it this way. First of all, any high school bands interested in taking part would write in to the trade magazines. Then I'd send them free copies of all the best stock arrangements; the Benny Goodman, Count Basie and Artie Shaw series and everything they wanted. Next I'd set up local organizations for county contests, and the winners would take part in a state contest. We'd wind up with a national convention, with the best young bands from all the states brought together, all expenses paid, for a musical tournament. We'd pick out the three top bands and the outstanding soloists and they'd all take part in a coast-to-coast broadcast for an hour and a half right through.

The winning soloists would be given six months' free study with the top men in the business, people like Goodman and Krupa. How would I get them? Well, they'd be guest teachers at my summer camp. That would be a combination school and recreation ground where all the best youngsters would go to get their tuition under staff teachers and guest instructors. Every name bandleader would take a week off to go to this camp and give the kids a hand.

Eddie South (outstanding jazz and classical violinist who led his own band in Europe for several years):

With my million I'd do two things: set up a shrine and develop a great orchestra. The shrine would be dedicated to the great jazz musicians who have passed on—such men as Bix Beiderbecke, Leon Rapollo, Fats Waller, Chu Berry, King Oliver and Frank Teschemacher. The orchestra I'd form would be a big one, grouped instrumentally somewhat along the lines of the thirty-two-piecer Artie Shaw had before he joined the Navy. I'd want a string section of eight violins, two violas, four 'cellos and two basses—the bassists would be Milton Hinton and Eddie Brown. In the reed section I'd have men like Hilton Jefferson, Rudy Powell, Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster; in the brass section Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Shavers, Russell Smith, Jonah Jones, Dickie Wells, Claude Jones. I'd want two pianos, preferably Bill Taylor and Stan Facey.

I'd book this band on concert tours and I'd spend plenty of that dough on advance and general publicity, promoting both box-office interest and good will. Certainly the million would allow for plenty of rehearsals. I'd consult regularly with a staff of five or six arrangers, each of whom would be selected for a specific purpose; they would help me train the band to play all types of jazz to best advantage. Then the public performances could be the acme of perfection.

Sam Donahue (Musician Third Class, U. S. Navy; tenor saxman, trumpeter and leader of the Navy band formerly directed by Artie Shaw):

One way I could put that money to good use would be to split it among all those Mickey Mouse bandleaders and tell them to retire. But I guess they're making so much I couldn't even buy 'em off, so I'll think of something else.

Well, I'd like to make an educational film, debunking the average musical movie. I'd tear down the studios' haphazard method of sloughing off good music. Instead of having some chick bursting into song somewhere in the middle of a forest, accompanied by an invisible fifty-piece band from out of space, I'd work the music in logically and give the musicians a break. If I could get Duke Ellington or any great colored band, I'd fix it so you could really see the band and get to know it, instead of covering it up with a lot of jitterbug dancing and stuff.

I'd use singers like Martha Tilton and Martha Raye. I'd have all the recording done simultaneously with the shooting of the pictures, instead of having it dubbed in separately the way they do now. That would help to make the music real and spontaneous. Listen, after I got that movie on the market, all the musicals after that would just *have* to be legitimate!

Baron Timme Rosenkrantz (Danish swing student and writer; one of the experts who selected Esquire's 1944 All-American Jazz Band):

I'd go out and buy a good-sized yacht (post-war plan). I'd hire the Duke Ellington band; talk Cootie Williams and Barney Bigard into taking back their old places; I'd take along Art Tatum as relief pianist, plus a small jam band including Benny Carter, Bill Coleman, Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. Louis Armstrong would be my guest of honor. We'd stock the craft with just the right viands and potables and shove off on a world cruise. I'd pick up Django Reinhardt in France and take on Svend Asmussen, the great Danish violinist, in Copenhagen. Then I'd take jazz to the world by holding concerts everywhere, trekking inland to the interior of Africa, Asia, Asia Minor, South America, thus picking up the threads of music which have all been fashioned into the universal language of today—jazz!

Count Basie ("Jump King of Swing," pianist and bandleader):

Million bucks? Ow! I don't know where to start. I might like to buy up a recording company. Or a radio station. If I could run a radio station I'd put some of those fine little bands and trios on the air, the ones that play in the 52nd Street clubs, for instance. People read a lot about them but unless they happen to live within reach of them, they never get a chance to hear much music of that kind.

Another thing, I'd buy a big bus and arrange to ship bands out to all the Army camps where the colored soldiers don't get much entertainment.

What I'd like best of all, though, would be to get me a hotel room. Not too large, just enough so I could see my way out financially. That would have to be a place where the bands could work without having to worry about playing anything but the music they like, as loud as they like, and for anybody who wants to come in and hear it—no color lines.

I'd stay there a few weeks in the year with my own band; I'd have a ballroom in Los Angeles where I could have the same policy and another spot like it in Chicago's Loop. The rest of the year I'd put in some of the up-and-coming bands, the ones that need to get good locations and plenty of broadcasts. I'd get Cootie Williams, for instance, and Georgie Auld and Jay McShann and my pal Les Hite. I wouldn't have to worry about people like Duke and Cab, because they're so well set already; but if Lionel Hampton would come in for a few weeks I'd have him anyway, just to glorify the room, though I wouldn't want to follow him for a while afterwards!

Of course, I'd entertain all my friends there and have a wonderful time. Everybody in the house would have to have at least one drink on me every night. Come to think of it, I don't believe I'd have my million long. Say, do you think you can make that six million?

—L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

On RECORDS—Don't give your dealer any peace until he stocks up on Hit Records' *Echoes of Harlem* album by the Cootie Williams Sextet. The eponymous title is that of a tune Cootie made famous when his growling trumpet was part of the Ellington band. If you haven't yet found out that Cootie's the greatest all-around trumpet man in jazz today, listen to the way he handles *Sweet Lorraine, My Old Flame* and the weirdly-named original tunes in this package. The Sextet is further adorned by two excellent saxmen, Ed Davis on tenor and Eddie Vinson on alto, as well as a promising pianist named Earl Powell.

The harmonic delicacies and subtleties of modern jazz are again brilliantly outlined in a King Cole Trio release on Capitol, with the leader playing piano and singing on *I Can't See for Looking* and *Straighten Up and Fly Right.*

Decca has released Lunceford's double-sided *Back Door Stuff,* which might be subtitled *Monotony in Two Parts.* Don't expect anything up to the Sy-Oliver-vintage Lunceford standards.

As you might fear, the best jazz is again on the hardest-to-get records—Coleman Hawkins' plumbings of *How Deep Is the Ocean* on Signature, and his four sides on the new Apollo label (produced by Harlem's Rainbow Music Shop) including a new set of variations on *Body and Soul* thinly veiled under the title *Rainbow Mist.* Hawk's brand of music is sensuous and insinuating.

Then there's Ed Hall's fine *Uptown Café Blues* on Commodore, with the electrifying Eddie Heywood on piano; and a Keynote recording of *Just One More Chance* featuring Hawkins and Earl Hines.

ON RADIO—Boyd Raeburn's press agents are hereby authorized to quote us as considering this the best new band we've heard thus far in 1944. Raeburn, long associated with a Mickey Mouse style band, now has some surprisingly great jazz in his books, scored and executed in a manner that strengthens your faith in the development of jazz. At this writing the band, on the air from a New York hotel, boasts several fine soloists, notably alto saxman Johnny Bothwell, who sounds like an ofay Johnny Hodges. Skipping the puny vocalists and some of the more sordid Tin Pan Alley tunes that have to be played, you can hear some fine instrumental music from this outfit.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Mr. Collins, Meet Mr. Ron

It's a long, long way to Puerto Rico in those venerable schooners that can be spared for the transporting of rum

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪POTABLES▪

HAS the human hand grown larger, or does it just *seem* to have because of the way glass-sizes have shrunk? All I know is that highballs *used* to possess stature so that you could dive for the brim without biting your encircling thumb. And Collinses—loftier still—were drinks you could really look up to. Most awesome of all were the stupendous cylinders known as rummers.

In the tropics where these rummers first came into play they were geared for sunset purposes. Tugging at your straw, you tucked Old Sol into his blue Caribbean bed, enjoying a two-way afterglow.

Recollections of such pleasures crept upon me the other evening, when in bounced a friend, distraught over the plight of his cellarette. He's a large, husky fellow who could take a rap from a telephone pole without a quiver, yet the thought of being cut off from his accustomed homework materials had put him into a galloping decline.

"How about a highball?" I suggested impulsively.

He rallied at the sound of the word. Color came back to his cheeks and his brow unknit as he noted the fourteen-ounce glasses I brought out with the bottle of sparkling water, the bowl of cubes and the liquor.

"Highballs with rum?" he asked.

"You'll be surprised," I promised. "It's Puerto Rico to the rescue."

He sniffed quizzically, then hazarded a sip.

"Who's been drinking my share of this up till now?" he demanded. "Is it you?"

I assured him that Puerto Rico managed to keep a couple of bottles ahead of my depredations and that those bottles could be found at many a parcel shop.

Columbus discovered this lush island of Puerto Rico on his second voyage and installed shoots of sugar cane from the Old World.

Crude distilleries sprang up automatically, turning out raw firewater called *aguardiente*, which survives today as the poor man's delight. He finds its scorch endearing. Well-aged stuff just wouldn't tempt him. Bad and good, the rums of Puerto Rico were made solely for local consumption. It was an island with sugar and coffee repute.

Developments since Repeal have changed all that. This sea-girt paradise, one hundred miles long and forty miles wide, now simmers with kettlery attuned to American taste. Some of these establishments have outputs reckoned in millions of bottles a year. All excise taxes are collected at the source of outflow and go into the Puerto Rican treasury, defraying a larger and larger share of the budget. Thus, these rums come into America duty-free.

It's a pity that Columbus was so remiss as to fail to include a bottle factory, for that is one thing that Puerto Rico lacks. Nowadays, with all cargo space in steamships pre-empted by war needs, transportation of cartons of fresh-laid empties from the mainland is by slow schooners, which also fetch them back filled.

We consumers, knowing that the willingness is there even if the stuff isn't here, surely won't be so sordid as to take the attitude that a bottle in hand is worth two in transit. Me, I'll take that Rum Collins we were on the verge of a while ago: Deposit juice of one lime or lemon in a shaker, sweeten with 1 barspoon (½ teaspoon) sugar, stirring till latter is dissolved; add generous jigger of light-bodied White and shake with plenty of cracked ice; pour into tallest cylindrical glass you possess; fill up with charged water; sip it easy. Bartenders often use plain syrup or epicurean Falernum. Addition of mint sprig-do transforms the drink into a Mohito.

Rum and ginger used to room together at college, and grand is the time that's had when these twain reune in a highball: 1 jigger Gold, juice of ½ lime (optional), no sugar; fill up with Pale Dry ginger ale. For that matter, there are few bottled soft drinks that either Gold or White find it hard to get along with. Hence the lazy system that some people have of doing their rum barkeeping without shaker or mixing glass. You'll find, though, that these nonexertionists will wrest drops of juice from a lime, any time that Cuba is liberated à la "Coke."

In the hands of strict constructionists the Daiquiri is merely a jigger of White tossed in upon the juice of half a lime, sweetened with ½ teaspoon sugar, shaken with cracked ice and strained into a cocktail glass. But there are improvement societies. The Daiquiri Perfection League, for example, dashes with Maraschino liqueur. Tipple Tinkerers, Inc. interpolate a touch of Triple Sec. And so on.

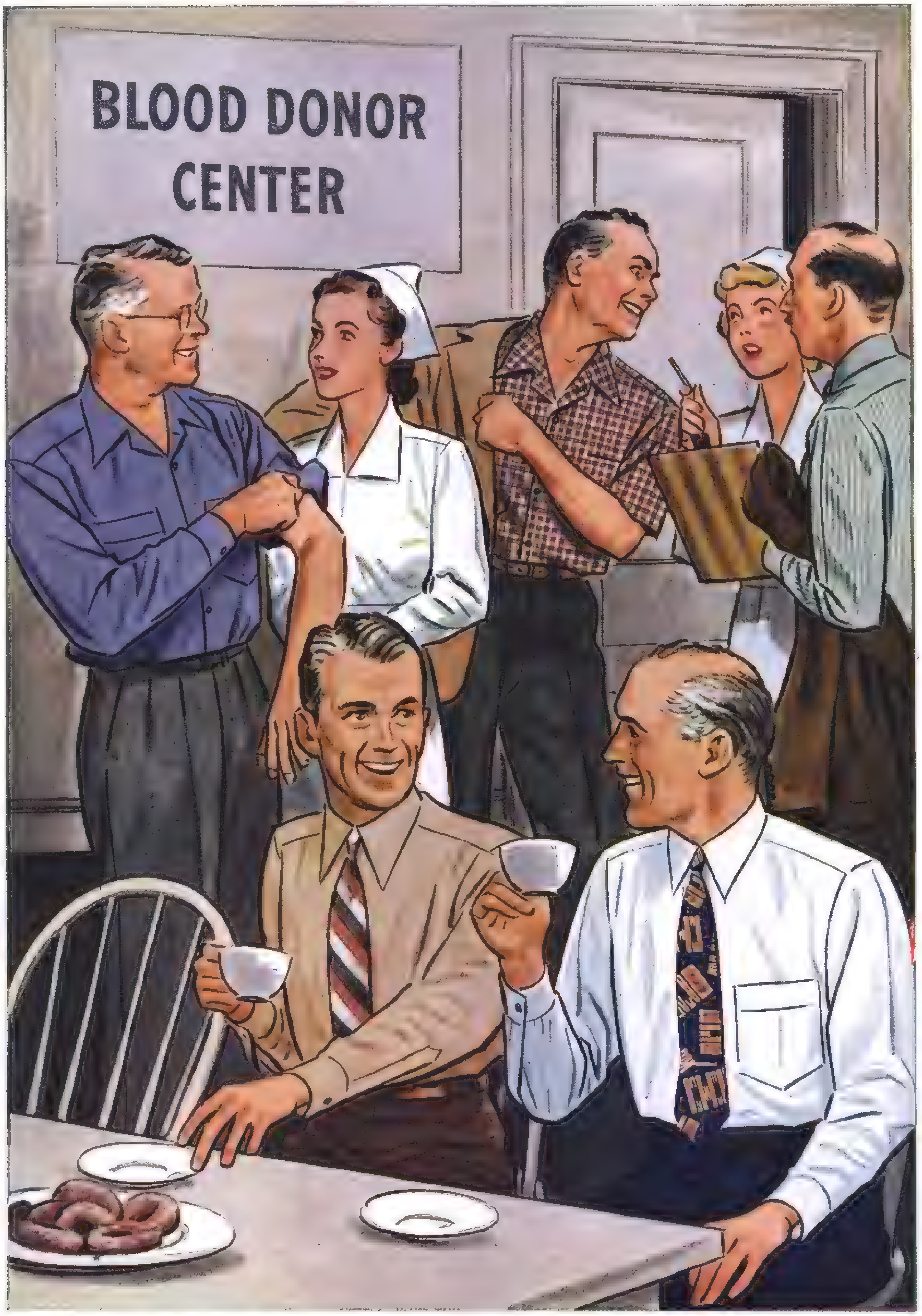
A crucial feature of any Daiquiri is coolness—and this fact might well be called to the attention of numerous spots in the deep South which tender a room-temperatured curio with a red cherry which looks like a fugitive from a Rum Sour. A *real* Rum Sour (juice of ½ lemon, sweetened, 2 ounces of rum, ice-shaken and strained into a Delmonico glass, filled up with fizz and décored with orange slice, cherry) would be all right, too, served under any title, but those lukewarm nondescripts are calamities. Fortunately if you ask for a Daiquiri in a place like Broussard's in New Orleans you get authenticity.

Various recipes bid for your support as candidates for El Presidente Cocktail. One party leader campaigns on a platform of rum and sweet vermouth 50-50, stirred, with orange peel wrung over it. Another advocates dry vermouth as the only sensible ingredient. A third favors reducing the vermouth (dry), increasing the rum and adding a dash of bitters. Still another would substitute grenadine for bitters and plop in a cherry. I'm betting on a dark horse or, rather, a deep orange one: 1 ounce White, ½ ounce orange Curaçao, ½ ounce dry vermouth, dash of grenadine, twist of orange peel.

Old Fashioned folk, who recently were beefing because their thick-bottomed squatty tumblers were getting dusty for lack of whiskey, are now using rum. Of course, a Rum Old Fashioned is no novelty. The only difference is that the individual hobby has become general. The host who wondered if his guests would care to try one, now knows, poignantly.

Planter's Punch, the most ostentatiously opulent affair ever to come out of the Indies, is traditionally made with dark Heavy-bodied. But that doesn't build any fence around it that the Golden boys can't vault. So get your program for the community hurdle race: 1 ounce lime juice, 2 teaspoons sugar, 3 ounces Gold, 5 dashes Angostura; shake with cracked ice and strain into a steeple-high glass filled with shaved ice; pile on enough fruit to barely leave room for straw conduit. Ask the orchestra leader for a grand march with a rumble of drums apropos of something distinguished from Puerto Rico. #

"Oh, we still have our car—it's in there, too"



Donors and Coffee

—And why shouldn't these fellows look rather pleased with themselves? They've managed to find time between hectic war hours at important jobs to donate pints of the precious red fluid that means so much to wounded soldiers. (Have you given blood recently?) We can't identify these men, but we can—and will—let you in on the shirts. The two chaps, sipping coffee, are wearing Arrow Lightweight Shirts, so porous and feather-light, it's hard for them to believe they're wearing shirts. Sanforized-labeled and blessed with an Arrow Collar that won't suffer from heat prostration, these Arrows cost $2.24 (and up). On the left, the strapping man is rolling down the sleeve of an Arrow Sports Shirt. The flaring collar is comfortable and cool-looking, and the shirt comes in a choice of several summery colors. The middle-man, donning the sports jacket, is dressed in a short-sleeved Arrow, of which there are many colors and fabrics to choose from. Arrow Sports Shirts, $2.25 up. All these warm-weather Arrows at your favorite Arrow dealer's. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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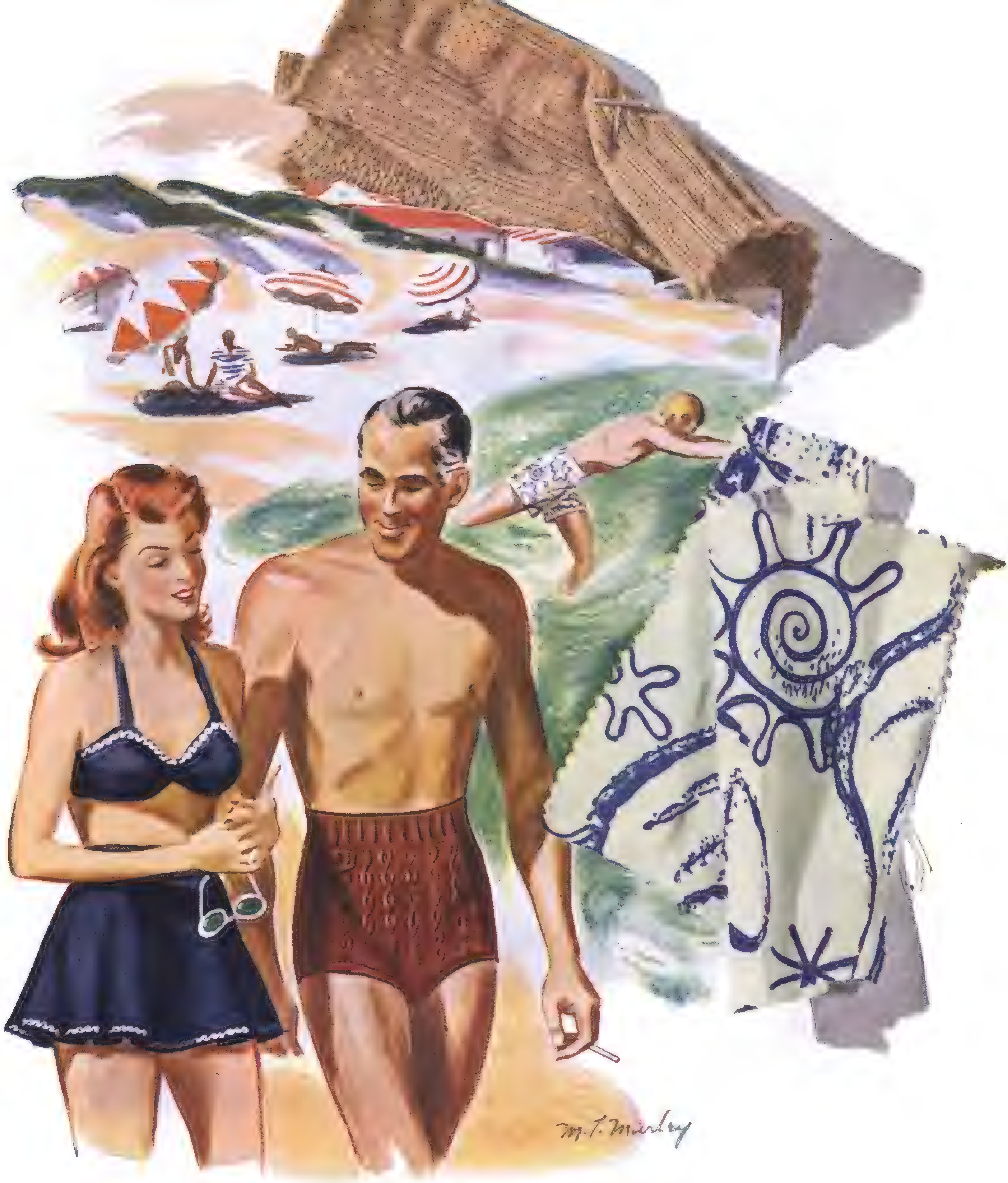

drama at the seashore

It's that old eternal triangle again. The inconsolable runner-up has resolved to drown his woe in salt water. Fortunately for him and purposes of this story, he couldn't be better dressed for a plunge. His rayon shorts, patterned after boxers', are comfortably roomy in the hips. The all-over print, made obvious at right, is a South Sea shell design. The lady with red hair takes such extravagant compliments in her stride. She's read about Zuleika Dobson, and anyhow the water is shallow. Her escort of the moment, a cool card and an opportunist if we ever saw one, plays it the barnacle way. His swim trunks are cable-stitched wool, which sheds water quickly and has a hand-knit look. The close-up above shows the same fabric in tan which accents a bronzy sunburn and constitutes a reply to the question propounded awhile back by Robert Benchley: "After you're tanned, what?"

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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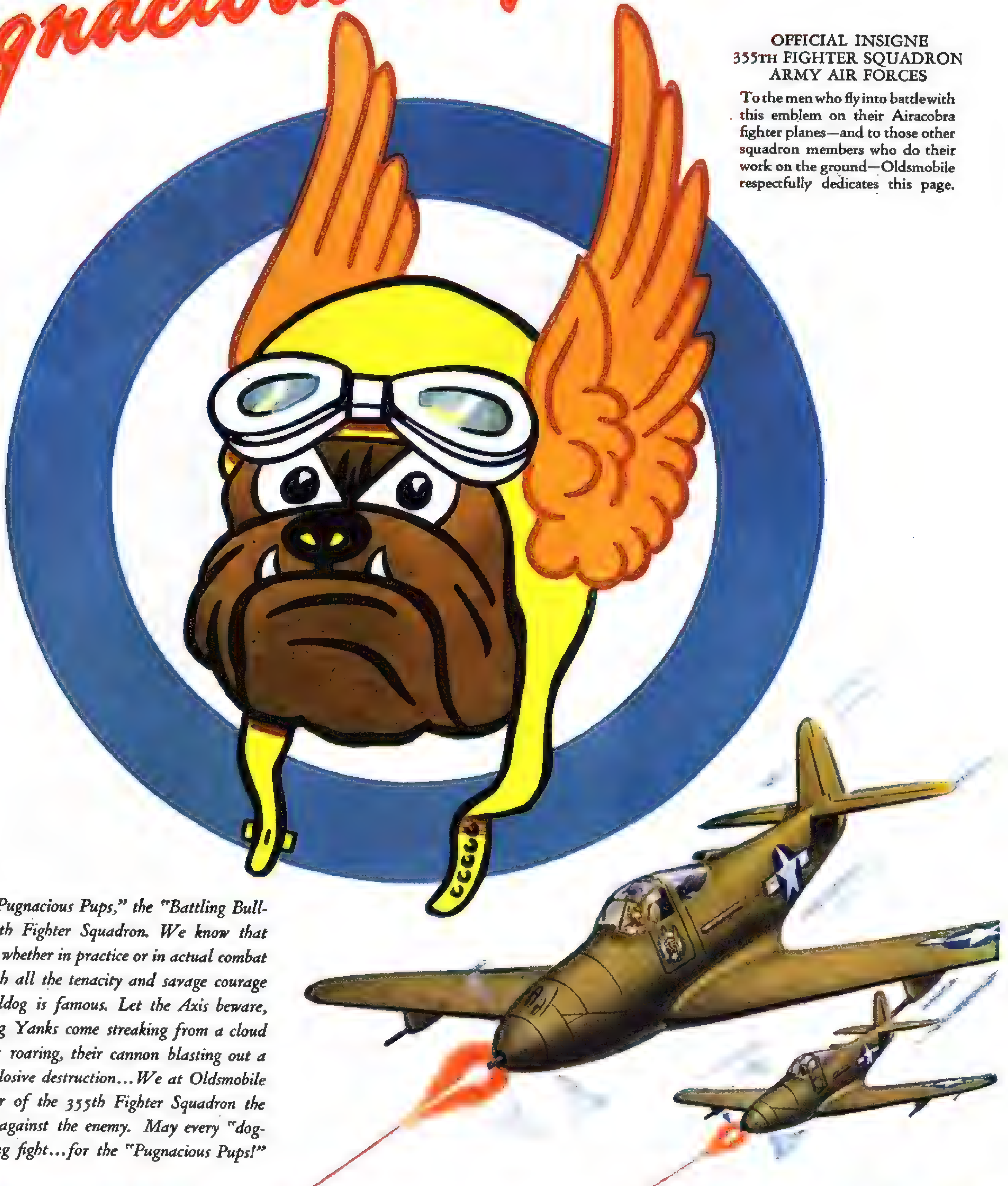
ARMY AIR FORCES

To the men who fly into battle with this emblem on their Airacobra fighter planes—and to those other squadron members who do their work on the ground—Oldsmobile respectfully dedicates this page.



Here's to those "Pugnacious Pups," the "Battling Bulldogs" of the 355th Fighter Squadron. We know that whatever they do—whether in practice or in actual combat—they'll do it with all the tenacity and savage courage for which the bulldog is famous. Let the Axis beware, when these fighting Yanks come streaking from a cloud cover, their motors roaring, their cannon blasting out a stream of high-explosive destruction... We at Oldsmobile wish every member of the 355th Fighter Squadron the very best of luck against the enemy. May every "dog-fight" be a winning fight... for the "Pugnacious Pups!"

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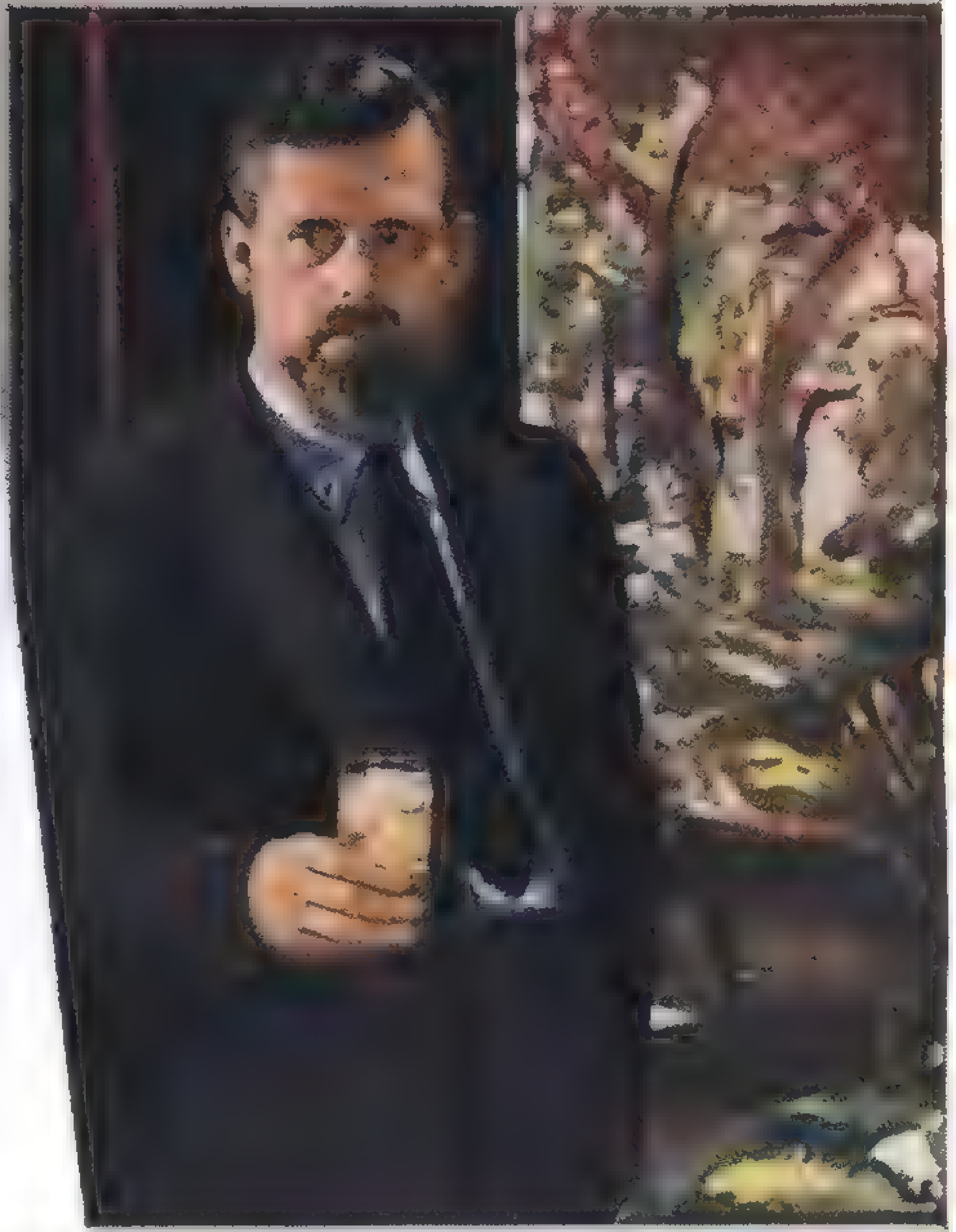
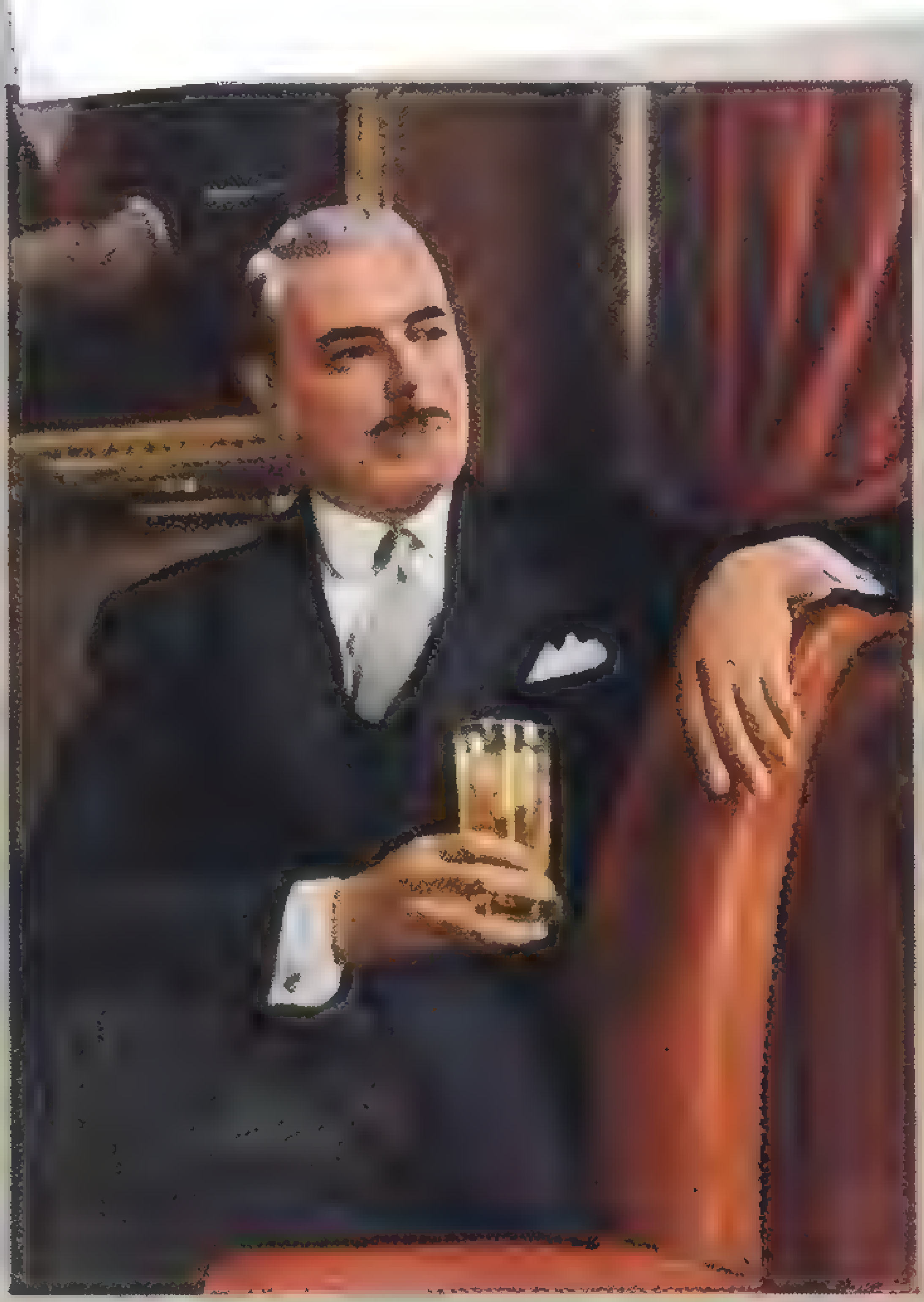


FOR MEN OF PERSPECTIVE

FOR MEN OF ACCOMPLISHMENT



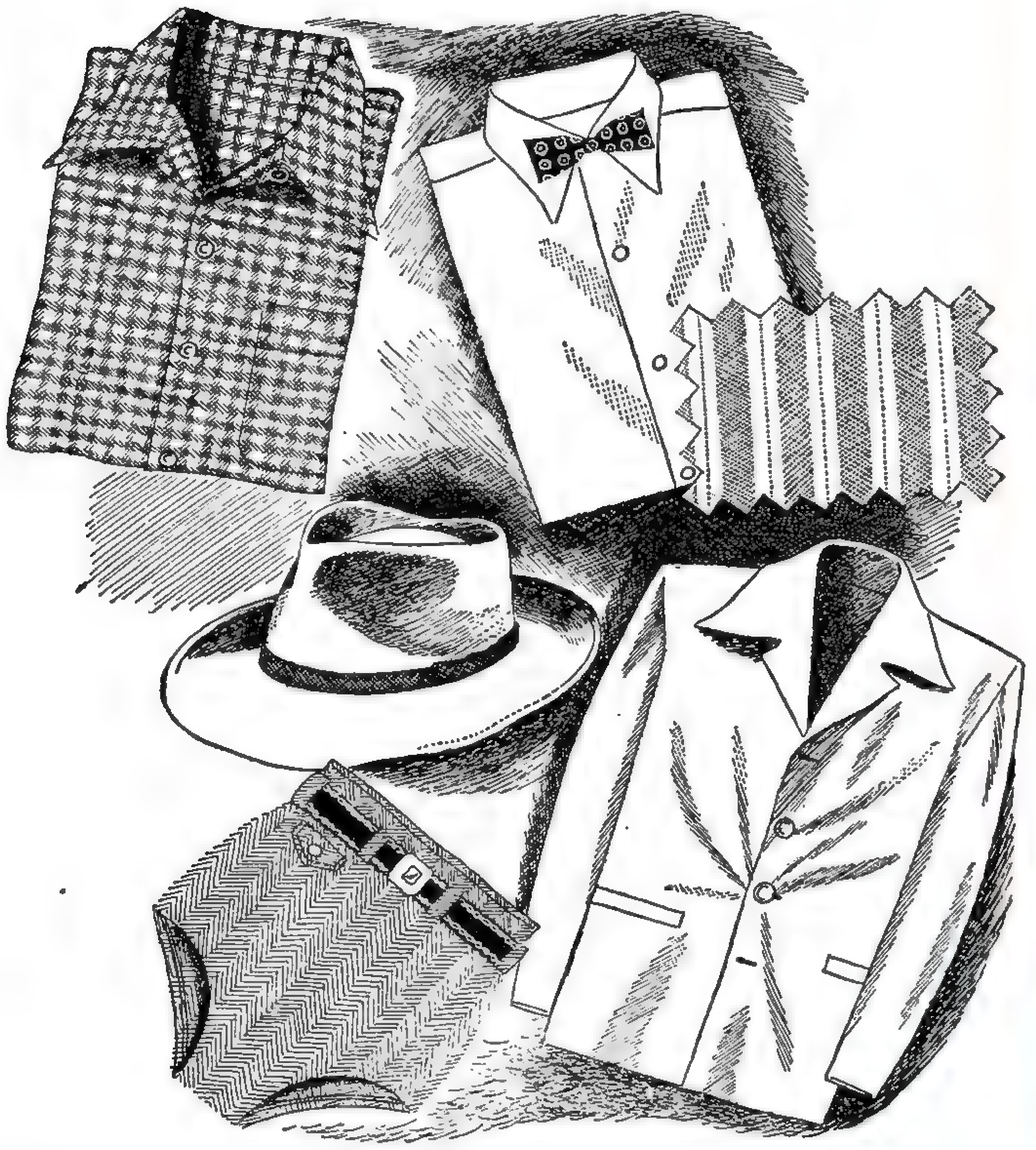
FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

FOR MEN OF AUTHORITY

Father's Great Day

Hundreds of demands, tuition fees, allowances and budgets everywhere but only one father

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
• WEARABLES •



NO ONE has been a more patient target of flippant wisecracks than Father. That overrated sage, Lord Chesterfield, declared that, "As fathers commonly go, it is seldom a misfortune to be fatherless." Homer made the observation that has lost its fine edge with the centuries:

> It's a wise child that knows its own father.

And A. E. Housman, the chronic lamenter, murmured sadly:

> The night my father got me
> His mind was not on me.

Contrary to common acceptance, Father is as sensitive as the next fellow. He knows that his birthday will probably be forgotten by his self-seeking offspring. But Father's Day—that is one day of tribute to sires that will surely be remembered, because the advertisers and the greeting card people make sure of it.

Hence he waits confidently for June 18. It's his inning. And thoughtfully chosen tokens of affection will greet him, he hopes, at the breakfast table.

Wearing apparel is a logical gift for these practical days and it shouldn't be hard to find something he really needs. For instance, he might not have bought for himself thin open weave shirts for summer, so there's one cue. They come mostly in solid colors, with self stripes. Keep in mind his color preferences as to shades and harmony with his summer suits. Then save him that trip to the exchange counter by having his correct size for neck and sleeve length.

How about bow ties of printed rayon foulard? They have been gaining acceptance at a fast clip lately and he might like to have one of them.

Or have you thought of giving him sport shirts in checked rayon? Blue and white checked shirts go well with grey, blue or even yellowish slacks.

A plain lightweight tan gabardine jacket of the casual type that stemmed from California and has become so popular everywhere will give him a lot of pleasure during his precious hours of leisure.

If he hasn't bought a pair of swim-shorts in the past couple of years, a new pair of knitted shorts showing herringbone pattern qualifies.

A lightweight felt hat (a hat gift certificate would enable him to pick it out) is another happy thought.

As for fathers in the Armed Forces, military shirts, socks and ties are always welcome and practical gifts. ‡‡

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YELLO-BOLE . . . A NAME TO REMEMBER,
WHEREVER YOU ARE and WHEN YOU COME HOME

Man the Kitchenette

On desserts preferred and eschewed by Louis XIV, Elsa Maxwell, the Duke of Milan

by ILES BRODY

•EDIBLES•

HOW TO GET A COM-MISSION

I AM un-American in only one respect, so far as I know—I am not addicted to pies. I eat them merely for want of something better and lighter. But back in the days when I lived in Paris, I could not resist open fruit tarts with plenty of Devonshire cream, spooned out of the terracotta pot the waiter put before you. Then too, childhood desserts linger in my memory, such as pancakes with walnut filling.

The filling in these pancakes was quite a job to make. The nuts had to be pounded in a mortar and mixed with cream and sugar so that the filling would be moist and sweet—but not too much. Finally the filling must be heated in a pan and, before rolling, placed in the middle of the freshly made pancake. A small piece of bread was eaten after this rich dessert.

I can count on my fingers the sweetmeats I really like. I don't like crêpes Suzette; I am not at all crazy about puddings (excepting hot rice pudding) or custards. I don't care to eat *beignets* or *mousses* or layer cakes. I like only prune soufflé and chocolate soufflé, but not flavored with Grand Marnier or other liqueurs. The dessert department of a good restaurant's menu baffles me; whoever would want to choose among thirty or forty desserts! Yet there are many people who spoil their stomachs and their wits at the same time, as Lachapelle, a famous gourmet of the Eighteenth Century put it.

Elsa Maxwell is a good example of a light dessert eater. Since she is anxious to retain her "figure" and her health, she eats a broiled steak and fruit before going to a dinner in order to have her appetite under control.

Yes, dessert ought to be a simple matter. A slice of fresh pineapple, covered with sugar and bathed in sherry puts a perfect period to a dinner. Of course, not for a gourmand like Bonaparte's arch-chancellor, Cambacérès. He dined superbly and was extremely fond of elaborate desserts. Once when Napoleon kept him at a prolonged conference Cambacérès frantically scribbled a note under the conference table, Napoleon intercepted the paper and read aloud the lines addressed to Cambacérès' cook: "Can't get away! The roasts will be ruined. But for heaven's sake keep at least my desserts!"

Talleyrand was ostentatious but frugal. He would have the same parade of desserts served for ten days or so. The lackeys brought in the beautifully designed dessert monuments and pagodas, marched around and disappeared.

Strudel is in great demand in the United States, though I'm afraid it's not very simple to make. Its European forefathers tasted better on account of the fine flour obtainable only in Hungary, where strudel originated. This fine flour when mixed with water and eggs and kneaded into a paste, is unbelievably elastic and unbreakable—very important points in strudel-making, since strudel has to be rolled after it has been filled, and it must possess many layers and be extremely light. You may fill it with apples, cheese, hazelnuts, poppy seeds and even ground meat or cabbage if you wish.

Add to two pounds of the finest flour, two ounces butter, two tablespoonsful of cream, a whole egg, a bit of salt, and a little less than a pint of lukewarm water. Thoroughly mix these ingredients together in a large vessel (preferably wooden) and knead well. Make two identical mountains of the dough and let them rest for an hour. Lay a fresh white tablecloth on your kitchen table and sprinkle with flour. Place one of the paste mountains in the middle, and, carefully, start to elongate it by lifting with your hands, little by little, always gravitating toward the edge of the table. The motion of the hand should be a guarded, pulling one. When the paste is so thin that you can see through it, and it hangs down on all sides, sprinkle with lukewarm lard, fill with your desired filling, roll carefully into a three or four inch width and put in a moderate oven. Proceed with the other mountain of paste the same way.

For apple strudel filling, take a pound of grated apples, six ounces ground hazelnuts, a tablespoonful of fine bread crumbs, eight ounces sugar, two tablespoonsful of apricot jam and four ounces raisins. Cook the apples (after you have added the sugar) to a soft consistency, then add the apricot jam and the raisins. Cool this. After you have sprinkled the dough on the

Continued on page 104

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Cigarette of successful men, *and* lovely women.

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 102

table with lukewarm lard, smear the apple concoction on it, sprinkle with the ground hazelnuts, sprinkle with more sugar according to taste and start to roll. While rolling, drip a little melted butter on it, including the top, when rolling is finished.

Desserts are an Italian invention. The French adopted the custom early. But Carême, the famous French chef and writer of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries, said that they are "like rocks at the end of dinner, seriously embarrassing the liver."

Crêpes are the liqueur-soaked, degenerated little sisters of pancakes. Ceremony over crêpes Suzette in the better restaurants is silly. Four waiters are engaged in carrying liqueur bottles, wheeling carriages and lighting flames under chafing dishes. Waldemar Vetlugen, the Hollywood producer, one night when his lady guest wanted crêpes, told the waiter, "Please have them prepared in the kitchen." His dinner companion was inconsolable. "I just wanted them for the fuss," she said, "that's the best fun of crêpes Suzette."

A light and exceedingly tasty Danish dessert is made the following way:

Beat three egg yolks and six tablespoonsful of sugar well together, and add to this three ounces of dark rum. Soak one and a quarter tablespoonsful of gelatine in a little less than a cup of cold water, dissolve this over hot water, add to the egg-sugar-rum concoction and stir. When the mixture begins to thicken, add a cup (a half pint) of whipping cream, and chill well. Serve with a sauce made of raspberry juice thickened with a teaspoonful of cornstarch. Serves five or six.

(Courtesy of Mr. Niels Olsen
The Passy Restaurant, New York)

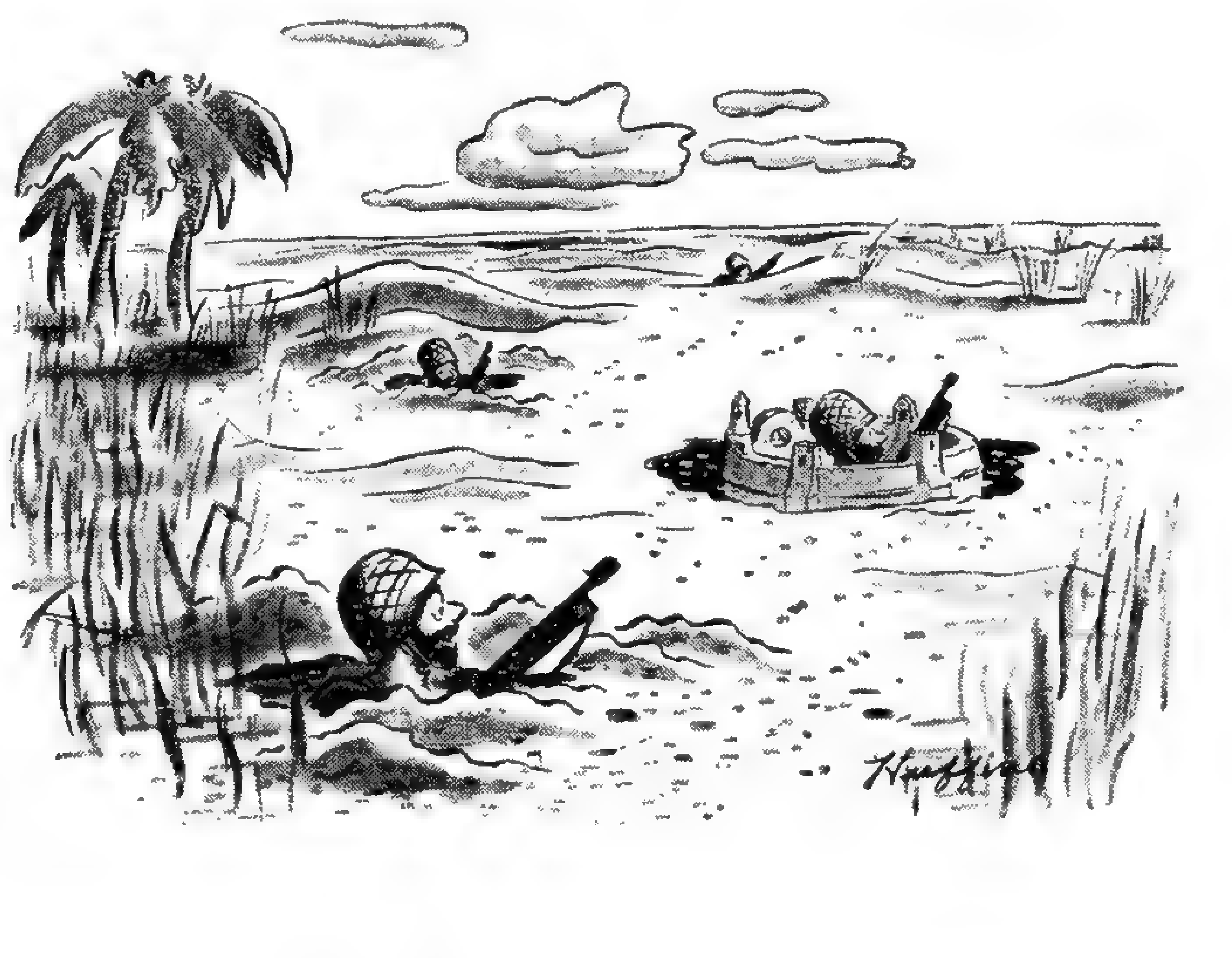
But fruit is the thing, fresh fruit. I envy the excellent habit of Ludovico, Duke of Milan, who had a traveling orchard follow him wherever he went. George I of England always ended his meals in season with melons—until he ate too much of them on a voyage to Holland and promptly died. King Matthias Hunyadi of Hungary died from eating a big basket of figs for dessert. Louis XIV on the other hand seemed to thrive on oranges. The Sun King's royal favor was to send a couple of Maltese or Portugal oranges to ladies of the court.

The best desserts are a little fruit and a bit of cheese. Both are magnificent in the United States. However, I must admit that, to me, fruit in this country is much too cultivated, hot-housed, streamlined. I feel that the outer grandeur impairs the flavor. In Europe, melons and oranges, plums and apples, pears and cherries look modest and insignificant, but they are still as God has made them, almost wild. One remembers the marvelous, divine and honest wild *fraise des bois* to be had in any country in Europe.

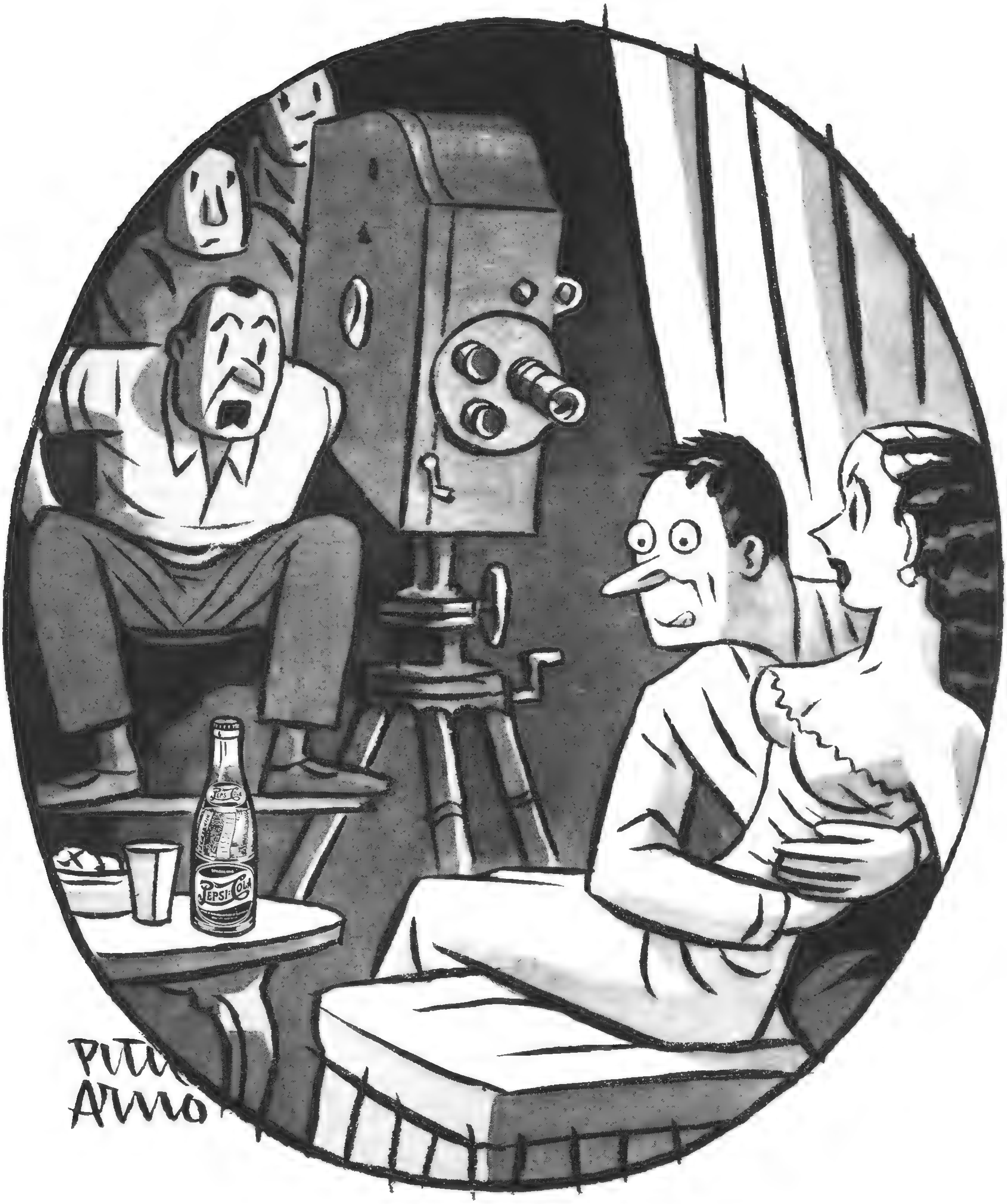
While I have a somewhat belittling opinion of the gorgeous fruit in the United States, I cannot praise the domestic cheese sufficiently. Now and then you get a piece of Swiss cheese that surpasses the imported; the Port du Salut is definitely better. We thought there wouldn't be any more Camembert; well, there is, made right here, and every inch as good as its French brother. And Provolone, a smoked cheese, is better here than it is in its native Italy.

There are just a few cheeses America cannot imitate. Brie, although very good, doesn't resemble the French Brie in the least. Parmesan can never be successfully copied, because this cheese has to age for years. Astonishingly enough, Roquefort, which, we imagined, could be made to perfection by aging in the grottos of Combalva by the monks of Conques, often approaches the pungent flavor of the original in its American version.

Fruit and cheese then, are the sanest desserts. To this day the custom of eating nuts, figs, raisins and almonds for dessert in France prevails—in more modest restaurants one gets a little box of them at the end of dinner. This dessert is called "Les quatre mendiants," in honor of the four orders of begging friars. I tell you this so you will see why these excellent things cannot possibly be served in some of the more elegant and expensive restaurants. ⌗



An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company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Golf Without Elephants

Continued from page 50

he now is at Pinehurst, the St. Andrews of American golf, as an editor and publisher. He's been one of my best friends for twenty-four years; he knows golf and of the current trend he says, with true Harlow bluntness:

"The mob is on the march."

And that may be the answer to the equally blunt question: Is golf still a gentleman's game?

So here is where I get on. I'm a typical Bourbon, who never forgot anything and never learned anything—much. My background in golf is radically different from that of Mr. George S. May. I gather that Mr. May started the game as a wealthy businessman, a gentleman golfer, in the Gay Twenties. I started as a caddie, in 1897, at a gentlemen's club, the Walworth Country Club, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, now the Lake Geneva Country Club, not far from Chicago.

They had Big Shots out there in those days. Some of the names still may be remembered in Chicago—Fairbanks and Leiter and Porter and Strong and Crane. Mr. May possibly has heard of some of them.... The caddie fare was thirty-five cents a round, and that included the shining up of the employer's iron clubs with emery cloth. We usually got a tip, however, adding up to fifty cents in all. Caddies at the club were permitted to play on the caddies' course, including three holes of the regular layout, when the members weren't playing. My first golf club was a John Morris Cleek, from Hoylake. It cost me a dollar and twenty-five cents, and I still have it. . . . A dozen copies were made from another copy I had made of it in 1926 for Bobby Jones, for a run-up club, when he was having a bilious time with his chip shots. He used it in winning the British Open that year, after those rounds of 66-68—134 in qualifying at Sunningdale; still the record, by the way.

Well, I backed into golf, you might say; and I didn't haul any country clubs out of the Slough of Despond and never got to be worth a tinker's damn as a player. And still I loved the old game and got to writing sports and Alexa Stirling came along, in my then (and now) home town of Atlanta, and then a towheaded kid named Bobby Jones. I've probably seen more Grade A competitive golf than Mr. George S. May will ever see. I've covered as a golf reporter sixty-eight National Championships, in this country and Great Britain. . . . I know something about competitive golf.

And I'm telling you this: When you turn it into a show, it's on the way out—as golf.

They did that with wrestling, a great game in the days when I saw Frank Gotch and Ben Roller and Mahmout the Turk and Stanislaus Zbyszko and others in their prime—when wrestling was a sport. Boxing is rapidly going the same way. It's a show, now—for the gate. And we've had no real boxers since Gene Tunney and Benny Leonard. Joe Louis was taught all he could absorb about the art of boxing by the late Jack Blackburn, admirer of that really great Negro boxer, Sam Langford. Baseball itself is by no means the game it was before Babe Ruth and the rabbit-ball came in—to make a show for good old Hoi Polloi and for the gate.

Tennis? Let's lay off tennis. They allowed expenses for amateurs, to gain their participation in a lot of tournaments, and it didn't work so well in a good many cases. . . . What about this, by the way? Does Mr. May wish to see expenses allowed amateur golfers for *any* tournament to which anybody wants to pay their expenses, or just to the National affairs?

Let's get down to brass tacks, or knucks.

"The mob is on the march," says Bob Harlow. "May is a good student of psychology. He is smart enough to note the trend of the times. Remember our clergyman friend in Los Angeles who said that America was passing into a cheap era? It is arriving. Any era that is controlled by the masses is bound to be that way. The sweat-shirt brigade is marching forward. It is 'cheap,' by the old standards—but need it also be dishonest? I think not . . ."

Mr. Harlow adds:

"If a soda jerker happens to be a good amateur, it would be better to permit his club or his pals to pay his expenses to the State Championship and to the National than for him to get to the events by subterfuge . . ."

Granting, of course, that he simply *has* to get there. This matter of betting a good golfer 100 bucks to one that he won't break 90 in the medal round—where did I hear of that being done, or something like it?

Well, it's nothing new or original, at that. I collided with some even more forthright propositions away back in the boom era of golf, the 1920's. I'll tell you one or two, and I hope Mr. May sees this piece. *Regardez-vous:*

Bobby Jones—he's Major R. T. Jones Jr., Army Air Corps, now somewhere in England—was at the Lido Golf Club on Long Island for the qualifying test ahead of the U.S. Open of 1925. I was with him, as usual. The morning of the day before the first round, while he was on a practice spin, I was out on the lawn in front of the little clubhouse and a gentleman came up and introduced himself as a member of the (then) Westchester-Biltmore Country Club at Rye, New York. He inquired what Bobby was going to do between qualifying and the championship a week or so later at Worcester, Massachusetts.

I said he was going over to Worcester to get a line on that

Continued on page 108

For a Father's Day he'll always remember . . . a gift

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Golf Without Elephants

Continued from pages 50-106

course, with which he was not familiar. He said:

"Why don't you both come over to Westchester-Biltmore a day or two? It's a course very much like Worcester and we'd be glad to have you as our guests."

I said that sounded like an idea and I'd talk to him about it.

"Of course, your expenses will be taken care of," he added.

I said that didn't figure; I was with the Atlanta *Journal*, which paid my expenses, and Bobby was an amateur and paid his own.

"Oh, I know all about that," said my new friend. "But the fellows really want Bobby over there and they said if it could be arranged, just to give you a thousand dollars for expenses. . . ."

I said, well, that being the case, we would just go on over to Worcester as planned.

I never told Bobby about that one, or the offer of 500 dollars to be photographed taking a cigarette out of a packet on the golf course—that was during the U.S. Open of 1929 at Winged Foot . . . Just to inform the public of the fact that a great competitive golfer smoked cigarettes while competing, the guy told me, carefully . . . Just to see what he'd say, I asked him what brand would be used. He told me and I told him Jones wouldn't smoke one for a thousand dollars. . . . You didn't get sore about things like that in the old days. You just turned them down.

And now this proposed lovey-dovey policy toward amateurs who can afford to play enough golf to get to be top-notch competitors, but who can't pay their way to the tournaments.

As I see it, aside from messing up the amateur fixtures with a growing proportion of golf bums, one major result from the application of this policy would be a sudden and vast crop of underdone professionals, with no experience in the true professional phases of the game. Peripatetic professionals, jamming a field already, in the pre-war era, quite adequately staffed for the Winter Loop and the other regular events. . . . *Amateurs!* I'll let the U.S.G.A. *and* the P.G.A. do the thinking about this one! It gives me a cervical myalgia, or pain in the neck, far down.

In fact, I don't care to think about anything farther, in that direction. . . . "On the march"? I rather suspect that's true. But it isn't pleasant to think about. . . . I have in mind a completely disappointing picture of an enterprising little gal, battling her way to the U. S. Women's Championship in three years; winning it at the last playing—and turning professional about fifteen minutes later. . . . I do not care for that sort of thing.

An old Bourbon, 100 proof, and all out for a gentleman's game. Why not? I don't have to attend the Tam O'Shanter affairs—golfing circuses, with a gallery all over the place, half of the inmates never having seen real golf before. . . . I wonder if Mr. May ever considers *that* phase—the deadly handicap a huge, dumb (but paying) gallery imposes on the pair or the match it is following, and more especially on the pair or match in front and behind! Blue ruin for a square deal in the competitive game—you can't confine a golfing gallery to a grandstand.

The U.S.G.A. says, and I believe will stick to it, the success of golf has never been dependent on the "gate" and never will be.

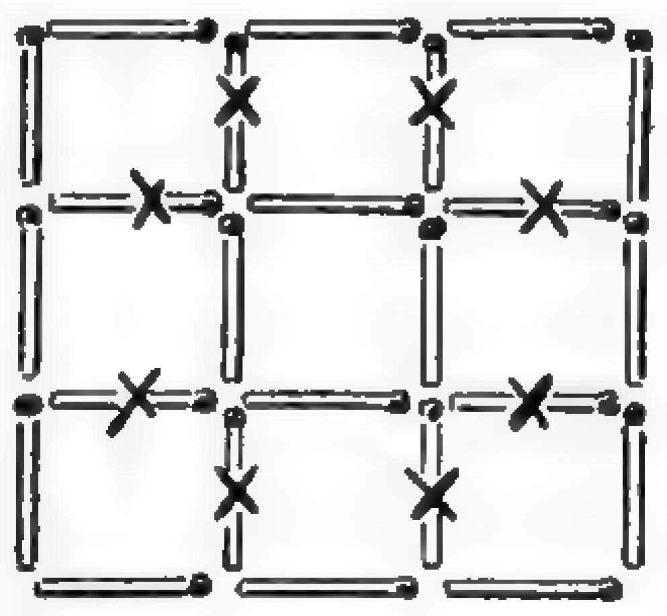
And now, the sixty-four-dollar question: *if* the George S. May National Championship is to be played, *what* is it to be played for?

No prompting, please! My guess: for George S. May! #

Checkpayers . . .

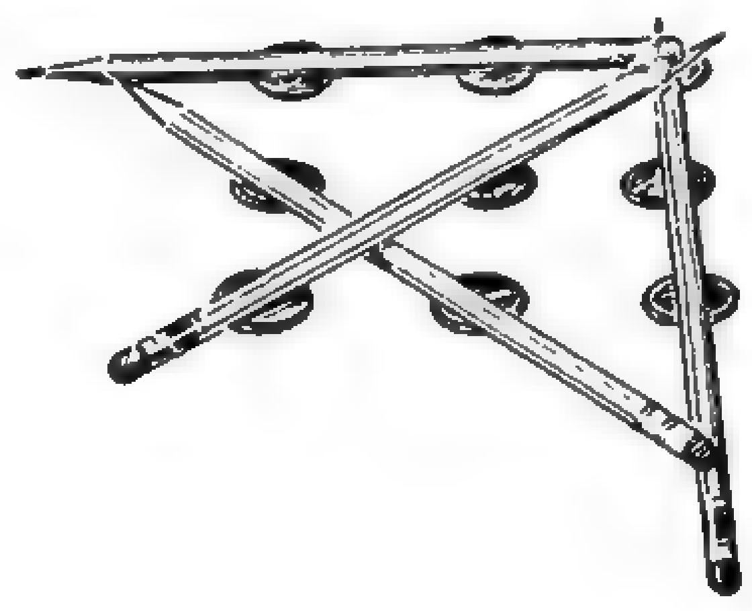
good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: Arrange 24 matches into 9 squares, as shown; you bet that by removing only 8 matches you can leave just 2 complete squares.



the payoff: Pick up the matches marked with an x in the diagram and you will win your bet—winding up with 2 complete squares, a small one inside a larger one.

the wager: Set out 9 coins in 3 equally spaced rows of three; place 4 long pencils alongside the coins. You bet you can place the pencils so that they will cover all 9 of the coins, with each pencil touching the other three.



the payoff: Place the pencils as shown in the diagram and collect.

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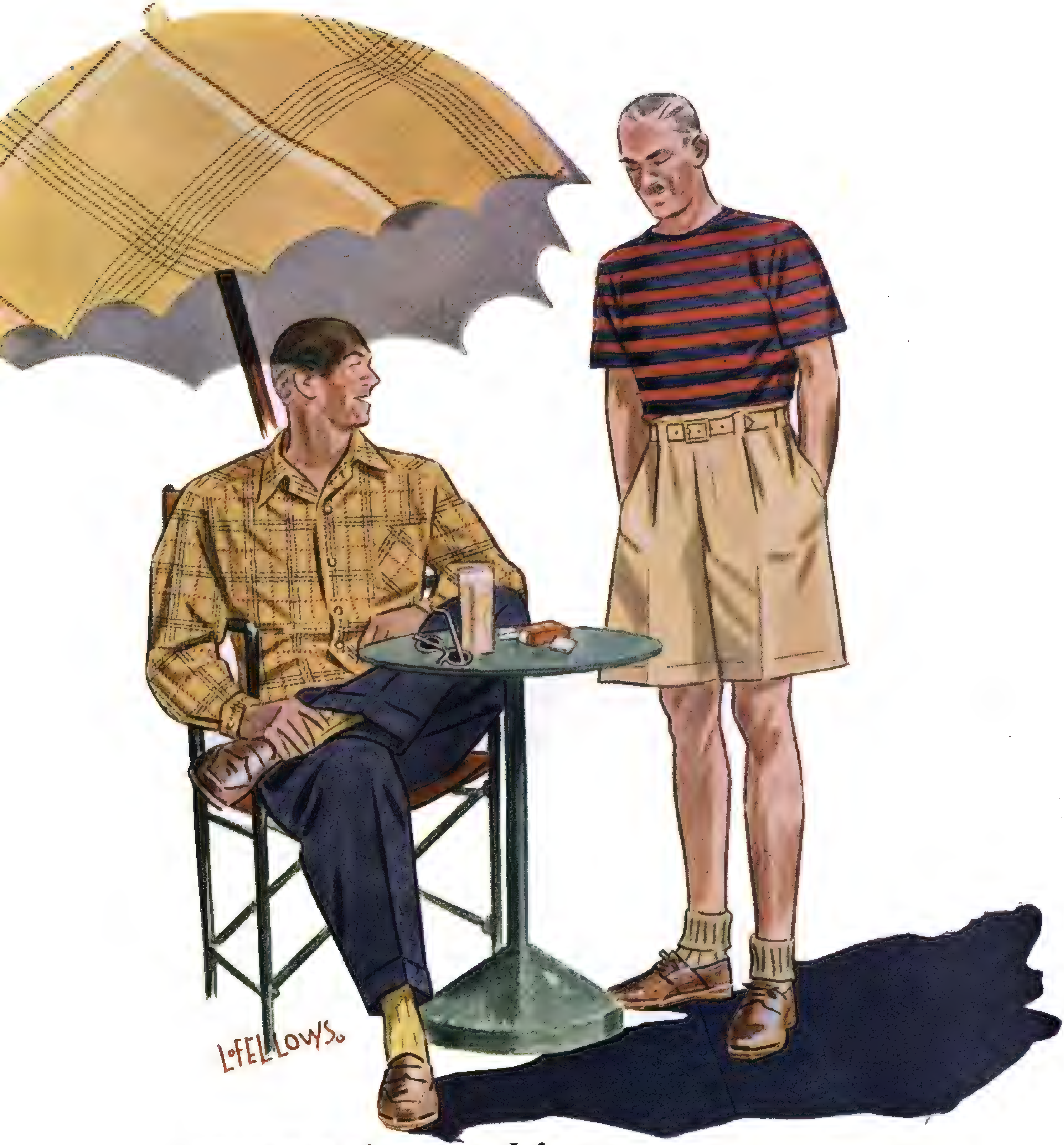

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The self-abnegator in plaid has achieved his own personal brand of Nirvana in the height of the heat by virtue of a tall drink, loose fitting, lightweight clothes and complete inaction. Honor bids us say that the umbrella is a phony dreamed up by our artist to show the plaid shirting as big as life and twice as natural. Material may be lightweight wool or rayon. The Peter Pan shadow is done with scissors, too, in order to display the cool rayon material of the slacks. Socks are yellow cotton. The guy on his feet subscribes to an adaptation of the tan cotton shorts worn by our Army in the tropics. Stripes on his cotton shirt are in Campaign Colors, inspired by the hues of American service ribbons, in this instance: Middle East Maroon and Atlantic Blue. His anklets are tan cotton and his shoes are brown blucher with currently popular wedge heels.

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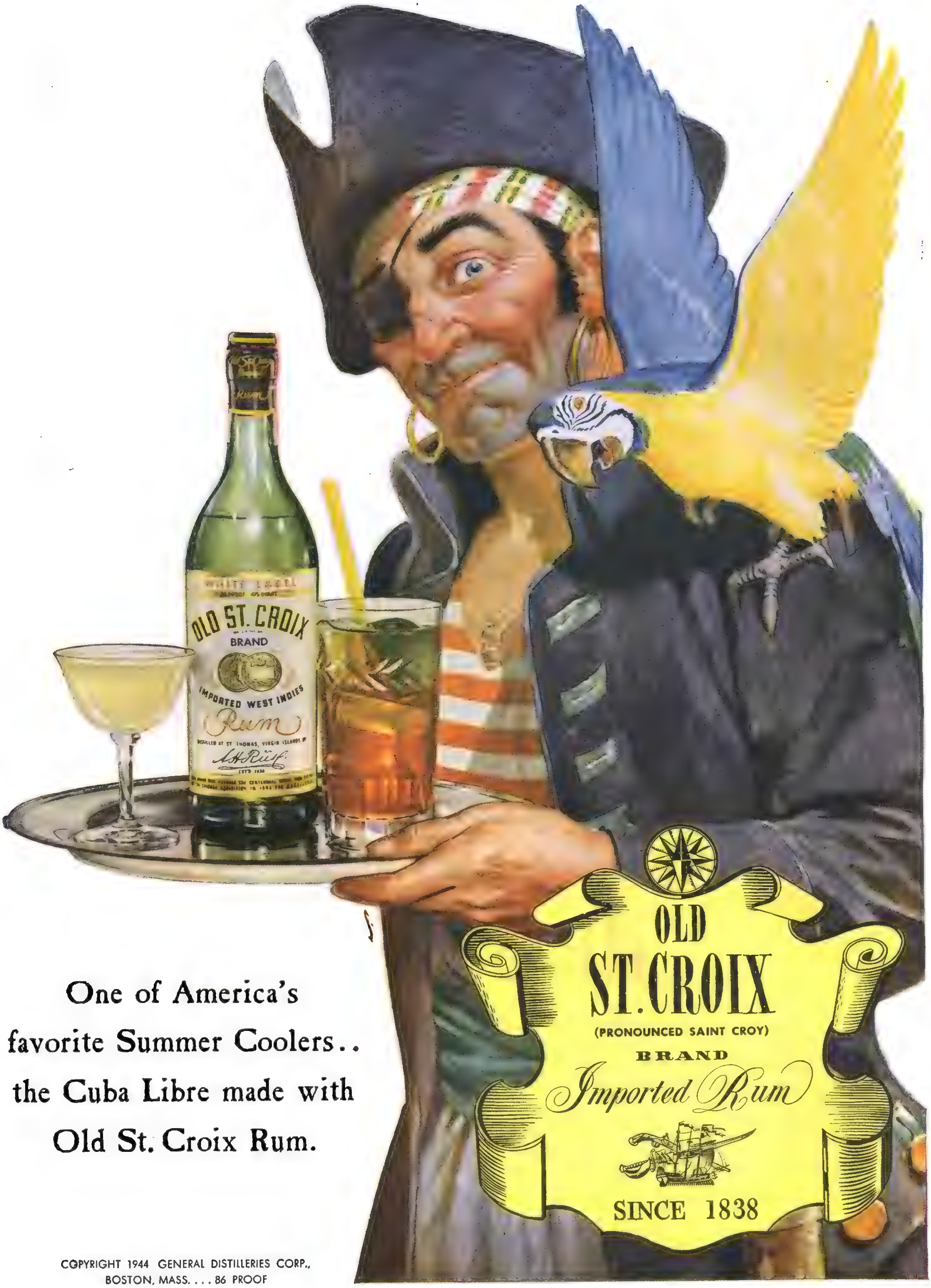
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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 81

have a drink they are subject to the onslaughts of nosy and blabby bores; if they shower and depart quickly the same bores who infest tournament locker rooms declare the absent pros antisocial, grouches, and worse.

"Having broadcast the National Open in 1940 and the Western Open in 1937," wrote Bob Kelley, WGAR, Cleveland, "I found that most of the pros were rather dull in conversation."

Miss Jill Jackson, WSMB, New Orleans, remarked:

> I can imagine no more fun than being allowed to hear the locker room chatter of the big-time golfers, since naturally I can't get in. I'm sure the boys hold back much conversation that I do not hear over the "after eighteen hole" bottle of beer.

QUESTION V

What can you recommend to help enable the public to see big golf tournaments better?

Golf architects have made many attempts to design championship courses at which all parts of the layouts could be seen from a few elevated spots. But nature in its infinite wisdom hasn't provided such terrain; hence the gallery must stampede from point to point and eliminate the unfit.

Golf is only a little more than a half-century old in the United States. In 200 more years the golf fans will learn that no matter how swiftly one runs or no matter how vigorously one shoves in following golf, one always will finish behind a guy who is eight feet tall and a brassie shot wide across his rear . . . or behind a female of the same specifications.

Bleachers at some greens and, especially the ninth and eighteenth holes, have become fairly common. However, the temporary construction of the affairs makes them accident hazards, uncomfortable and a haven for wild shots of nervous players.

One suggestion not advanced to solve the gallery problem is to hand out little cards to golf event spectators who don't want to walk. On the cards could be the reminder: "How would you like to do your walking with a pack on your back? Wages: fifty dollars and up per month."

The recommendations most frequently made were for better policing of the courses, and bleachers, either around the greens or of a portable variety. Other suggestions were for television, helicopters, roping off the course, putting numbers on players, staggering of the top stars, allotting tickets per hole, guides, stepladders, periscopes, walkways, blimps, movies, etc.

O. B. Keeler, Atlanta *Journal*, recollected:

> Frank Craven and I invented the starfish or radial golf course in 1929 but nobody took it or us seriously. It was intended mostly for the sports writers and (2) the galleryites who liked to check in frequently for a drink. We were watching a match of one of the Long Island clubs, where the course came back near the clubhouse six times during the round, and each time Mr. Craven and I dropped into the locker room and had a cocktail, devised by himself—it was in the alleged Prohibition era. . . . The starfish layout which we evolved, and which I later suggested in an A.P. article (just for fun), had the first hole going directly away from the clubhouse, the second coming straight back, the third going away, the fourth coming back, like spokes in a wheel. . . . Lots of fun, in those good old days, anyway!

Albert Gaucher, *Le Nouvelliste*, Trois Rivières, Canada, wrote:

> I am very glad to see sometimes a golf tournament. We see it in our country. The ground of Ki-8-Eb near Trois Rivières is surely one of the most picturesque and undulating that I know. The best golfers of province of Quebec did play there. The 8th and 9th holes are very interesting on play. The last hole is placed 50 feet over the 8th hole. When you see a good golfer to strike a ball just all right, it's a nice and tough exploit. A day I saw four golfers executing the same good shot consecutively. I wish that your "compatriotes" golfers come in Trois Rivières and play a game on Ki-8-Eb ground. I am persuaded that they will come back in United States with a great consideration for our local promoters.

Hy Turkin, New York *Daily News*, suggested the use of "Limousines like they had for sightseeing at the New York World's Fair."

QUESTION VI

How do you think the world's golf champion should be determined:

- ***a. On the year's average in major tournaments? ( )***
- ***b. In a tournament between all national champions? ( )***
- ***c. By a match between the British and U. S. open champions? ( )***

The Public	(b) 36.96%
Sportscasters	(b) 43.64%
Civilian Sports Writers	(b) 50.89%
Military Sports Editors	(b) 46.31%
P.G.A. Members	(b) 52.60%

By 47.59% of the entire balloting the voters endorsed a world championship determined by competition among all national champions. Of the total vote among the scattering recommendations, 3.21% went for an "open world tournament."

George S. May, Chicago golf club executive and energetic promoter of golf tournaments, already has expressed his intention to stage a championship of national champions after the war, guaranteeing expense money and bonuses to bring together a world-wide field. May's proposals also include substantial prize money for amateurs which will clash with all national amateur rulings, consequently the amateur aspect of his post-war world-wide championship is cloudy.

"Take the best on average in major tournaments," suggested Fred Digby, New Orleans *Item*, "and let them play 72 holes, top man to win title." Henry I. Gruhler, Atlantic City *Press*, urged:

> All championship play should be of the medal variety, the true test of golf. Golf is a game in which the best are up today and down tomorrow. Therefore I think the true champion is the man with the lowest average medal-

Continued on page 114

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 81-113

play score at the conclusion of the year. Ben Hogan won the Vardon Trophy for lowest average score for three successive years. Under my suggested system he would have realized an honor he rightfully deserves.

Frank Walsh, Royal Oak, Michigan, wanted to see "an open event with everyone starting from scratch."

QUESTION VII

Who is your choice as the most colorful golfer of all time?

The Public	**Walter Hagen 63.15%**
Sportscasters	**Walter Hagen 57.78%**
Civilian Sports Writers	**Walter Hagen 66.37%**
Military Sports Editors	**Walter Hagen 49.42%**
P.G.A. Members	**Walter Hagen 53.85%**

The Great Emancipator, Hagen, who put pro golf into big business, got 59.73% of the total vote as the all-time most colorful golfer. Walter always put on a great show for the four freedoms; freedom of frolic, freedom of cash, freedom of the clock and freedom from worry.

Who is your choice as the greatest golfer of all time?

The Public	**Bobby Jones 92.31%**
Sportscasters	**Bobby Jones 77.67%**
Civilian Sports Writers	**Bobby Jones 85.45%**
Military Sports Editors	**Bobby Jones 74.19%**
P.G.A. Members	**Bobby Jones 44.96%**

The mighty Bobby was a way out in front with a total vote of 82.87%. His four U.S. open, five U.S. amateur, three British open and one British amateur collection of titles constitute a record of major victories topping them all.

Following Hagen as the most colorful came Jones with 22.52%; Sarazen with 7.51% and Sam Snead with 4.09%. Following Jones as the greatest golfer were Nelson with 4.79%; Hogan with 4.45% and Hagen with 3.77%.

Trailing Jones as the greatest in the P.G.A. bloc were: Hagen 19.77%; Vardon 12.40%; Nelson 6.98% and Hogan 6.59%.

The "greatest golfer" seems to indicate that the voters are convinced the game is getting much faster. Hagen's titles included five P.G.A., four British open, two U.S. open, four Western open, a Canadian and a French open. Nelson's national championships are a U.S. open and a P.G.A.

George W. Slade, WBZ, Boston, voted for Tommy Armour as the most colorful golfer of all time. S/Sgt. Horace Boren, Dallas, formerly a member of the Southern Methodist golf team, declared: "A perfect, smooth-flowing swing, plus a great fighting heart, coolness under fire and perhaps the finest competitive spirit and crowd appeal made Bobby Jones the most colorful golfer who ever lived."

As to the greatest, Jones was overwhelming. Willie Hunter, Pacific Palisades, California, however, gave his vote to Harry Vardon with ample and sufficient reason. Richard S. Tufts, Pinehurst, North Carolina, split up his vote as follows: "Joyce Wethered, swing; Bob Jones, record, and Vardon, development of the game." Sam Snead rated Hagen the greatest. Silas H. Strawn, president of the U.S.G.A. in 1911, gave the palm to Jones.

QUESTION VIII

Spectator sports such as baseball, football, basketball, etc. have been granted priority allocations for the manufacture of new balls. Do you think the great participant sport, golf, should be permitted the raw material required to manufacture new balls?

The Public	**Yes 86.36%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 87.50%**
Civilian Sports Writers	**Yes 83.05%**
Military Sports Editors	**Yes 78.88%**
P.G.A. Members	**Yes 88.26%**

Government allotment of raw material for sports use has not included golf balls, a discrimination bewildering to many who note that the government is constantly campaigning for physical fitness of the civilian populace.

Despite vigorous and organized efforts to collect used golf balls for reconditioning, the supply of balls is steadily diminishing. Further tightening of the golf ball situation has been caused by call for golf balls by Army and Navy establishments having golf practice ranges or courses. The government does not supply golf equipment to camps or stations or permit manufacture of balls to replace those civilian golfers contribute to the soldier and sailor golfers.

Golf is by a considerable margin the most popular outdoor participating game with the adult population which is counseled to keep in good condition to do wartime work, but the significance of the fact has been a long time registering in official Washington.

Lt. Walter E. Parker, Perrin Field, Texas, voted "no" because he doesn't "believe that individual sport games should be placed on the same level as group games, as any athletic program in wartime is based on volume of men in order to get the greatest value of physical training." E. F. Larson, Wamego, Kansas, commented:

> Golf is the one sport that we who have finished our competitive days in football, basketball and baseball can continue to enjoy. My father at 75 played 36 holes of golf on many occasions. We

Continued on page 116

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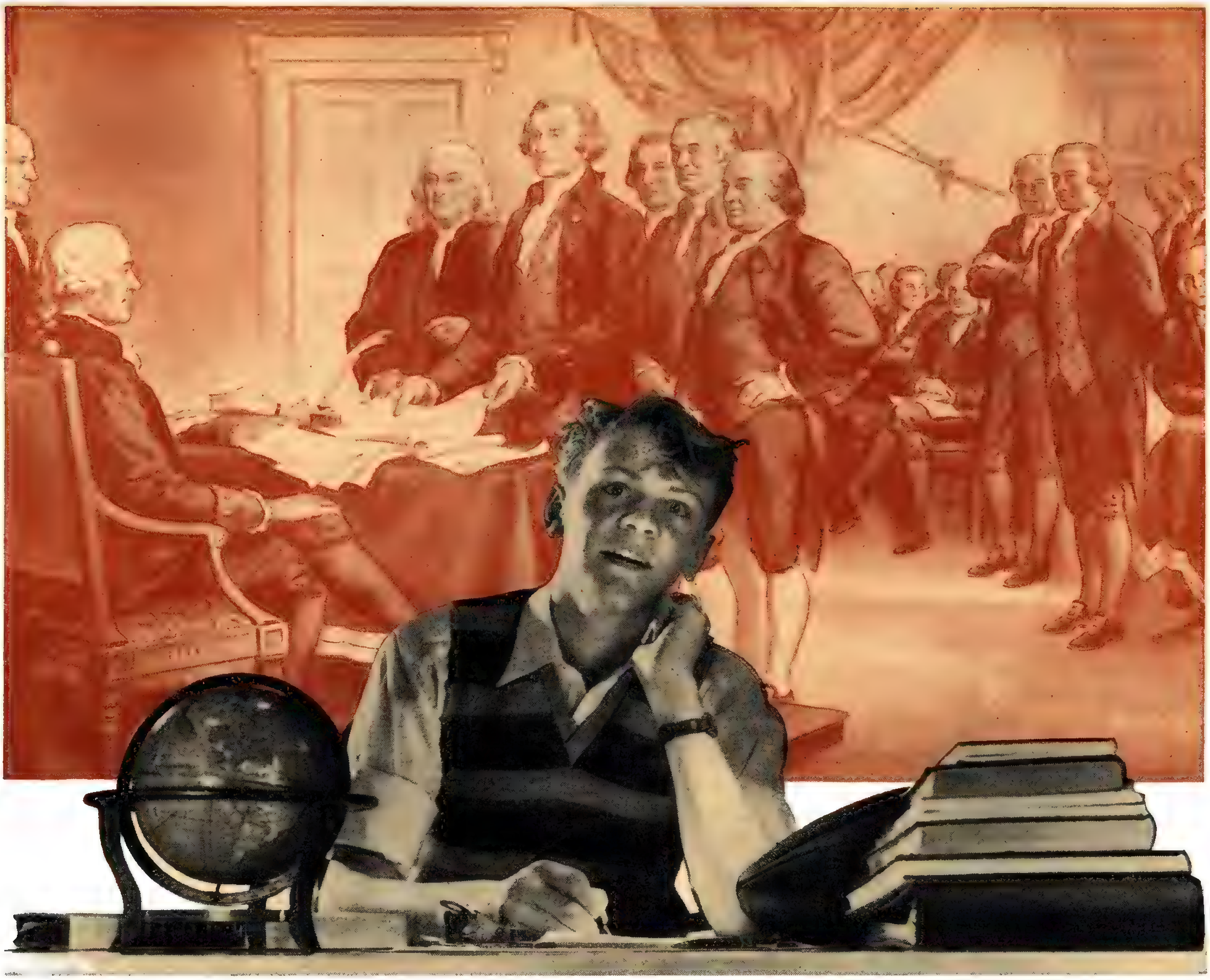


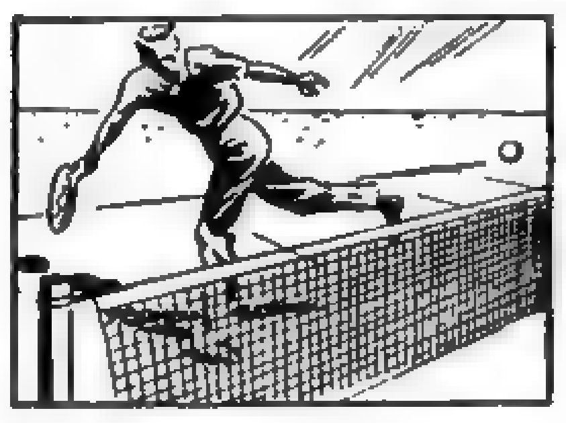
Initiative - The Foundation of Democracy

- When young "Red" Smith, eighth grader at Central School, sits with wrinkled brow, planning tricky plays for his football team, he is exercising his constitutional right to the "pursuit of happiness." His *happiness*, in this particular instance, is trying to beat the daylights out of rival teams. And that is the basis of our whole democratic competitive system. It's the reason that *no record*, in any branch of our economic life, is safe in this country. No *industrial* record. No *scientific* record. No *engineering* record. No *farm production* record. No *war* record.

Our kind of democracy gives us the privilege of initiative. In America we are free to go ahead and *do* things—free to compete for leadership in any walk of life.

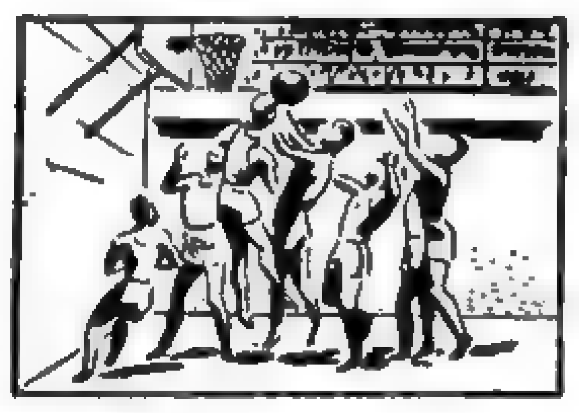
We are taught to believe that nothing is so good that it can't be done or made better. And that same initiative—that competitive spirit of free men—that everlasting urge to make the best *better*, bred in the hearts of millions of Americans, has made the U. S. the greatest nation on the face of the earth, in peace and in WAR.

The youth of America learns initiative early on our fields of sports. Out there, where "the best man wins," they develop the *will-to-win*, the *never-say-die spirit*, that makes them fight till the last man is out—till the final gun of the last quarter—the last bell of the last round—the last shot of the last long set—the last stride of the last lap.



Our competitive sports burn this initiative into our boys. While they develop fine, strong bodies, and agilities and skills in the use of those bodies, they also develop priceless qualities of self-confidence and determination—and a deep-seated love for the ways of American democracy.

It is this love of independence—this freedom to compete on even terms for any prize worthwhile, developed in our youth by our competitive sports, that is the greatest safeguard of our democratic ways, in this age of sinister change. Carried into manhood it will give us a mighty bulwark against any invasion of the sacred tenets of the American way of life—whether from without or from within.



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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 81-113-114

were in Ripley's *Believe It or Not* in July, 1941. My father, brother and myself made the same "Hole in One." Our golf membership has dwindled to about 25 but we're going to carry on.

QUESTION IX

Do you think a woman is more likely to call a rule on you in a golf match than a man?

The Public	Yes 57.50%
Sportscasters	Yes 55.10%
Civilian Sports Writers	Yes 52.94%
Military Sports Editors	No 51.65%
P.G.A. Members	Yes 81.40%

Ah, look at the chivalrous military sports editors differing from the other fellows. A woman, reputed to have a memory like an elephant or John Kieran, may logically be expected to call a golf rule. She is better qualified to remember the sport's many rules. **Tait Cummins,** Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, voted "no" because "most women don't know 'em; men either." **Bill Madden,** Hastings, Nebraska, *Tribune*, also voted "no" because he said, "Girls are more polite and don't care so much to win."

QUESTION X

Do you think the golfing facilities at the military camps will produce an appreciable increase in the number of golfers?

The Public	Yes 67.44%
Sportscasters	Yes 62.50%
Civilian Sports Writers	Yes 55.08%
Military Sports Editors	No 57.61%
P.G.A. Members	Yes 87.08%

Again the military sports editors differed from the other groups. The difference was accounted for by the lack of golfing facilities for the use of military personnel. **First Lt. Wallace D. Lawson,** Altus, Oklahoma, wrote:

> The crying need is for more golfing facilities. The golfers' associations could do a great deal if they would donate or provide clubs to be used by military personnel.

T/Sgt. Joe Broudy, sports editor, Lowry Field *Rev-Meter*, Denver, added:

> Few military camps have golf courses of their own, which leads me to doubt whether golf will pick up any new addicts from the service. I haven't played more than three rounds a year since I've been in service. Here at Lowry we have Pat Abbott who has been giving a good deal of free instruction to all comers. This has stimulated the game somewhat, but principally among those who are already golfers. Pat is a staff sergeant now and tremendously popular with all the boys.

Cpl. Michael Perez, sports editor, *News & Views*, Fort Logan, Colorado, reported:

> We have what is considered a small Army post yet we have our own 9-hole golf course which was designed by our colonel, Weldon W. Doe—and is plenty rough. In addition we have three putting courses. The special services and physical training departments furnish golf clubs and bags free of charge to any soldier desiring to play. There are soldiers playing a fair game of golf here who, as civilians, didn't know the difference between a brassie and a putter.

Edwin A. Johnson, *Army Times*, Washington, D.C., thought "there would be an increase in golfing around military camps if the equipment were available." **Sgt. Ed Clinton,** sports editor of *The Echelon*, Harding Field, Louisiana, thought:

> Golfing will be more popular after this war than at any time in its history because of the large number of men who, through facilities available at and near military installations, are getting acquainted with the game.

On the other hand, **Lt. Leonard Newman,** Lubbock, Texas, said:

> I believe golf will be the greatest sufferer, as far as sport is concerned, of the war. In Army camps a baseball, football, basketball game, etc., can be started anywhere. But not golf. I therefore think everything possible should be attempted to keep up the interest of the game for the duration.

"I haven't seen a dime's worth of golf played by Army personnel since I've been in the service," wrote **Pfc. Barney Miller,** sports editor, Fort Ord *Panorama*, Fort Ord, California. "The game, as far as I've been able to learn, is ignored by Army recreational and athletic directors. Here there are no Army links, no Army equipment, no nothing."

"Most camps that had golfing facilities in peacetime," observed **Cpl. Neil A. Ball,** Fort Monmouth, N. J., "now use the golf course for training purposes. Golfing at Monmouth, once called the 'Country Club of the Army,' has given way to creeping, crawling, judo, football, rugged training and rugged sports. What golf is left at camps seems to be for officers only." **Captain B. M. Irwin,** Fort Huachuca, Arizona, explained:

> Recently our Post Recreation Department built a nine-hole oiled sand green course. We started with a tent as a clubhouse, and built the course with prison labor at a cost of 190 dollars. I was discouraged by other officers because they thought not enough of the Negro soldiers stationed here would play. The turnout from both officers and enlisted men has been so encouraging that we have just built a clubhouse and have rebuilt all of the greens. The ball situation is acute. I can get plenty of tennis balls, whereas more men turn out for golf than for tennis. I believe if the Special Service Officer of each post would request golf balls, we could get them for servicemen.

Thomas E. Sheehan, Detroit, former amateur star wrote:

> At present I am a check pilot for the U.S. Army in Oklahoma. I welcome this opportunity to voice my opinions. Many an up and coming tournament threat will have had his game ruined by the time war has terminated. Many of us haven't played over three or four rounds in three years. Some Army camps have courses available but the majority haven't. Then, too, if courses are available some of us haven't the time to play. However, I for one will gladly give up ever being a top-notch golfer to have this war come to an end, and I'm certain the majority of the boys in service share my opinion.

Craig Wood thought golf would gain adherents from the military. **Major Hank Gowdy,** former big league catcher who is now Special Service Officer at The Infantry School, Fort Benning, thought not. The ball park at Fort Benning is named for Major Gowdy who was the first big leaguer to enlist in World War I. ##

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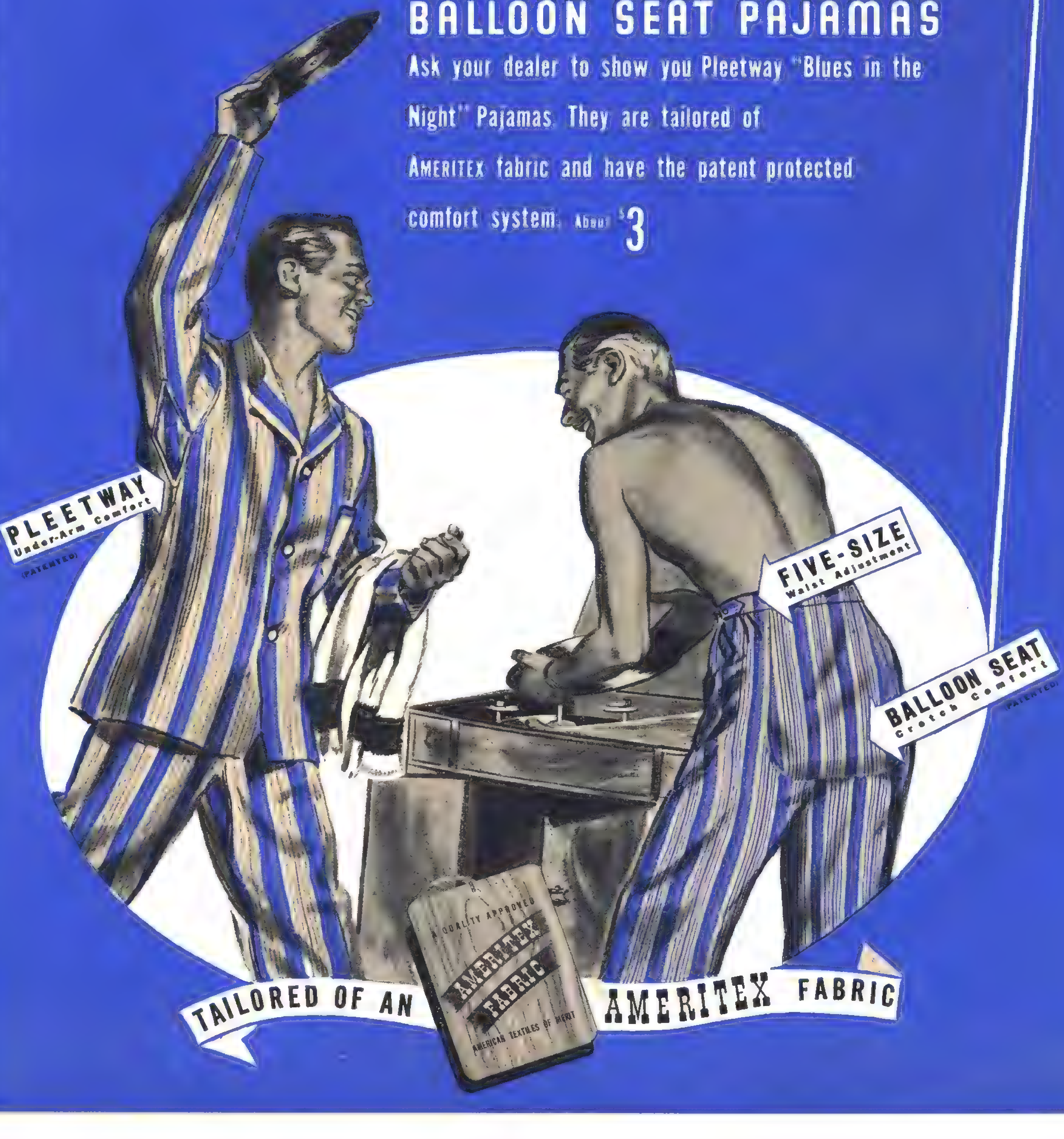
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[illegible] Attleboro, Mass.

Mountebank in Gold Braid

Continued from page 63

man's social behavior was unusual, to say the least. The reception broke up with an invitation from Harding to Wyman to stop by the White House the next day for luncheon.

After the luncheon he tarried in Washington only long enough to visit some men's furnishing shops and, with a White House car purring at the curb, drop some rubber.

The impostor went back to Brooklyn and was slapped in the clink again, but not for what you think. No charges were ever pressed as a result of the Washington episode because there would have been too many red faces in high places. He went to the pokey on a charge of having paid a Brooklyn tailor for a uniform with a thin slice of rubber.

When Doctor Adolf Lorenz, the noted Viennese bloodless surgeon, came to New York to perform miracles on crippled children at a clinic in the Bronx, Wyman called himself Dr. Clifford Weyman and boarded a cutter which went down New York Bay to greet Lorenz on behalf of Dr. Royal S. Copeland, then Health Commissioner of New York City. One fly in the ointment was that Copeland had never heard of "Dr. Weyman."

A feature of Wyman's success at imposture was that he frequently contrived to be of actual service to the person who made the imposture possible. Princess Fatima, for example, would probably never have been received at the White House if it hadn't been for Wyman. Doctor Lorenz, a naïve man, was bewildered by the bedlam at Quarantine induced by his arrival. Moreover, he couldn't speak English. Wyman spoke German, the tongue of Lorenz. And he knew his way about. So he just walked in and took the great physician over.

Wyman became a one-man layer of insulation between the distinguished visitor and the press. He didn't like reporters, because one of them had once hinted that Wyman was a heel. The interview with Lorenz was an important assignment to the scribes but Wyman saw to it that few of the reporters got to first base. When one of the boys got only half of a question out of his mouth, Wyman would shove an upturned palm within six inches of the scribe's face and bark, "Doctor Lorenz cannot be bothered with anything so trivial as that."

At the clinic, Wyman appeared in an operating-room gown and proceeded to give a shoving around to local physicians who had come to watch the master. One doctor, good and sore, demanded, "Who the hell are you, anyway, Weyman?" To which Wyman, who certainly had a sense of humor, replied, "My good man, don't you read the newspapers?"

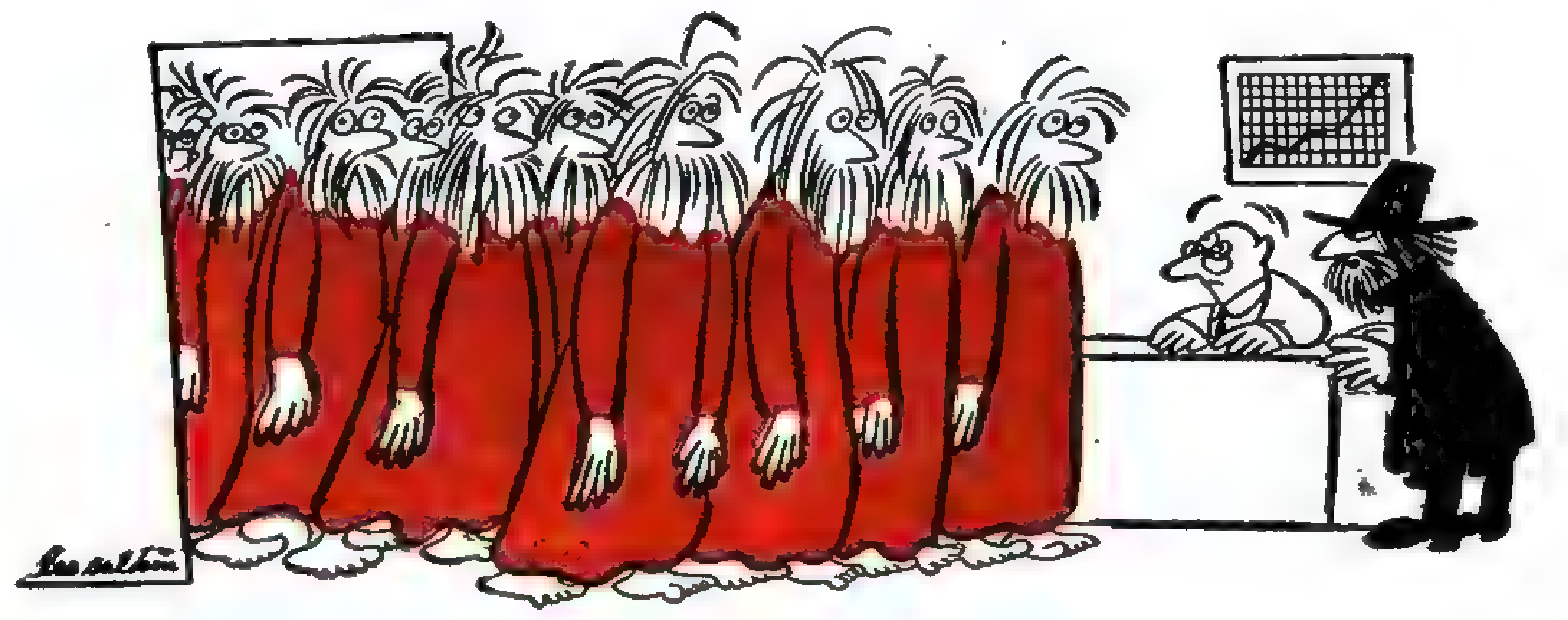
Within seventy-two hours of Lorenz's arrival, Wyman had become indispensable to the great doctor and he knew it. He had been so successful thus far in showing his authority to reporters and physicians that he decided on a bolder step. When a little boy with a clubfoot was brought into the clinic, Wyman actually shoved Doctor Lorenz to one side with the remark, "I'll handle this one," and thereupon proceeded to manipulate the child's foot. The poor kid screamed in pain. Wyman's handling of the foot was so utterly unorthodox that Lorenz and the other doctors got suspicious. The doctor the impostor had quarrelled with tipped off the gendarmes but when a harness bull showed up Wyman had abandoned his medical practice.

The next public appearance of Wyman in his role of physician was at the dedicatory exercises of a mental institution in New England. He sat importantly on the speaker's platform, and was down on the program as Doctor Sterling Wyman, author of *Wyman on Medico-Jurisprudence*, and his subject was *Problems in Psychiatry*. Just how the little rascal had wangled *this* has never been thoroughly explained, but, as H. L. Mencken would say, a fact is a fact, and there he was.

Psychiatrists had, from time to time, given Wyman an official going over and he hated them. When he got up to speak, his remarks were short and sweet. "Gentlemen," he said to an audience comprised of many psychiatrists, "we are here today to dedicate a fine new institution for the treatment of the mentally deficient. It is perhaps too much to hope that any good will be accomplished in this place."

As you may be surmising, a murmur was going through the audience. "But above all," Wy-

Continued on page 120



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Mountebank in Gold Braid

Continued from pages 63-118

man continued, "I trust that no psychiatrist will ever darken the portals of this institution. If such a thing were ever to happen—God forbid!—the whole place would be profaned."

Wyman knew he wouldn't have long to talk. "I have had considerable experience with psychiatrists," he hurried on, with one eye on the exit. "You will notice by the program that my subject today is, 'Problems in Psychiatry.' Now, gentlemen, the problems in psychiatry are simple. They would all be solved if every psychiatrist were sent either to the gallows or to the electric chair."

The dedicatory exercises, it need hardly be recorded, came to a sudden and uproarious conclusion. The self-styled author of *Wyman on Medico-Jurisprudence* was last glimpsed that day in a state of disorganized flight, outdistancing half a dozen noted psychiatrists.

All through the years, Sterling Wyman continued to make his headquarters in Brooklyn. His neighbors there saw only the Dr. Jekyll side of his character and regarded him as a nice little man although somewhat on the mysterious side.

Between exploits, his life was exceedingly humdrum. He never seemed to rise above a clerkship. The New York Police Department kept a weather eye on him from time to time, but just when the authorities would figure that Wyman had settled down, the old urge for the limelight would overcome the little man and he was off to the races again.

When Queen Marie of Romania came over here in the twenties, she was particularly inaccessible on the floor she occupied at Manhattan's Hotel Ambassador. The place was jumping with Secret Service men and local dicks and you practically had to take a blood test to get into the royal presence. But Wyman made it. He strolled into the Ambassador in morning clothes and headed for the private elevator that went to the queen's quarters. When a couple of Secret Service men attempted to stop him, Wyman withered them with a glance and inquired, "Is it *demotion* you are seeking?" The impostor seemed so extremely important that he was passed into the elevator.

Actually, Wyman was working this time for Manhattan's *Evening Graphic*—the managing editor of which had promised him a hundred fish if he could get an interview with Marie. His approach to the queen, however, wasn't in the guise of a reporter. He presented himself as the managing director of the hotel and as an excuse for his visit explained that he had come to see that Her Majesty was pleased with her accommodations. That little bit of business over, Wyman proceeded to draw Marie out on every subject from politics to the question-of-the-day of that period . . . is bobbed hair here to stay?

Wyman played a return engagement at the Ambassador when Pola Negri came to New York for the funeral of Rudolf Valentino, the movie idol to whom she had been reportedly engaged. Miss Negri was in hysterics in her suite until Wyman, an M.D. again, bounced in. He took charge of the Polish star and issued bulletins on her condition.

Wyman had a real turn in the sun at Valentino's funeral when movie fans were fainting on all sides of him. Attired in the habiliments of the operating room, the Brooklyn faker passed out smelling salts and took bows until his neck was sore. It wasn't until long afterward that the Negri-Valentino hoax was discovered. By that time, Wyman was a roving ambassador from Graustark, reaching under a purple uniform and considerable gold braid for a little book that contained rubber checks.

As he passed the forty mark looking remarkably young, Wyman showed outward signs of settling down, but occasionally the good burghers of Brooklyn would see him after dark, attired in an outlandish uniform, stepping into the shadows, bound on another mysterious mission. Afterward, some hotel credit department would find that it had been neatly clipped by an improbable little man going under an improbable name and wearing an improbable uniform.

Through it all, Sterling Wyman had had the good fortune to spend comparatively little time in jail. After the war broke out, the F.B.I. got around to checking on the impostor, just as a matter of routine. It was learned that Wyman had given up a clerkship and disappeared from his habitat in Brooklyn.

The hunt—and the heat—was forthwith on.

When Wyman was located at last, living in sumptuous quarters in a New York hotel—and paying cash—the F.B.I. began inquiries to ascertain how it was he was in the chips. G-men watching his suite were impressed by the fact that Wyman's visitors were all healthy-looking youths of draft age.

When the F.B.I. leaned against a couple of the 1-A boys, the cat was out of the bag. Wyman, posing again as a doctor, was fixing up dodgers, through means that need not be detailed, so that they would be classified 4-F.

And so the F.B.I. grabbed Wyman and sent him away. Discerning newspaper readers who looked at his photograph, taken on the occasion of his arrest, were startled to see the great change that had come over the once handsome, boyish-looking Wyman. Overnight, it seemed, his face had become twisted, forbidding and evil, like the picture of Dorian Gray. ⌗

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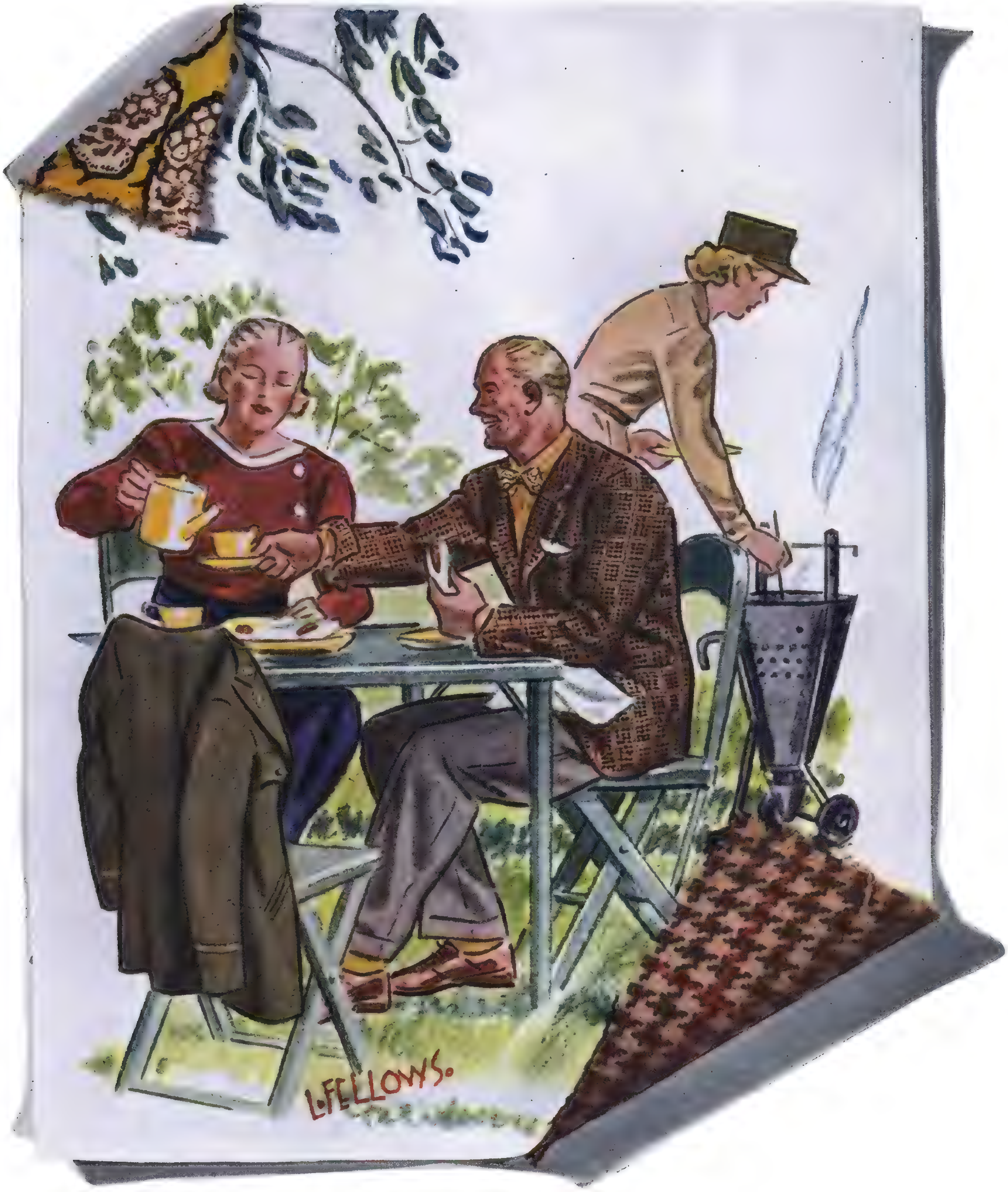

barbe- and fashion cue

It's fun to eat in your own back yard, especially if the daughter in the family is home on a furlough from her duties in the Women's Army Corps. One cue is to budget ration points for franks or hamburgers for broiling over a fire that may be wheeled any place on the lawn. The old boy getting coffee gives a fashion cue. His jacket is a soft brown and natural checked tweed with maroon overplaid. Curled back in the lower right corner is a piece of the fabric to show a close-up of the design. His trick of turning back the cuff of his sleeve is a handy feature of some made to order jackets. His bow tie is a yellow-ground foulard with brown and black figures as per swatch at the upper left corner. It's worn against a brown and yellow twill oxford shirt with button down collar. He also wears a pair of grey flannel slacks, tan woolen anklets and brown blucher shoes with lightweight soles.

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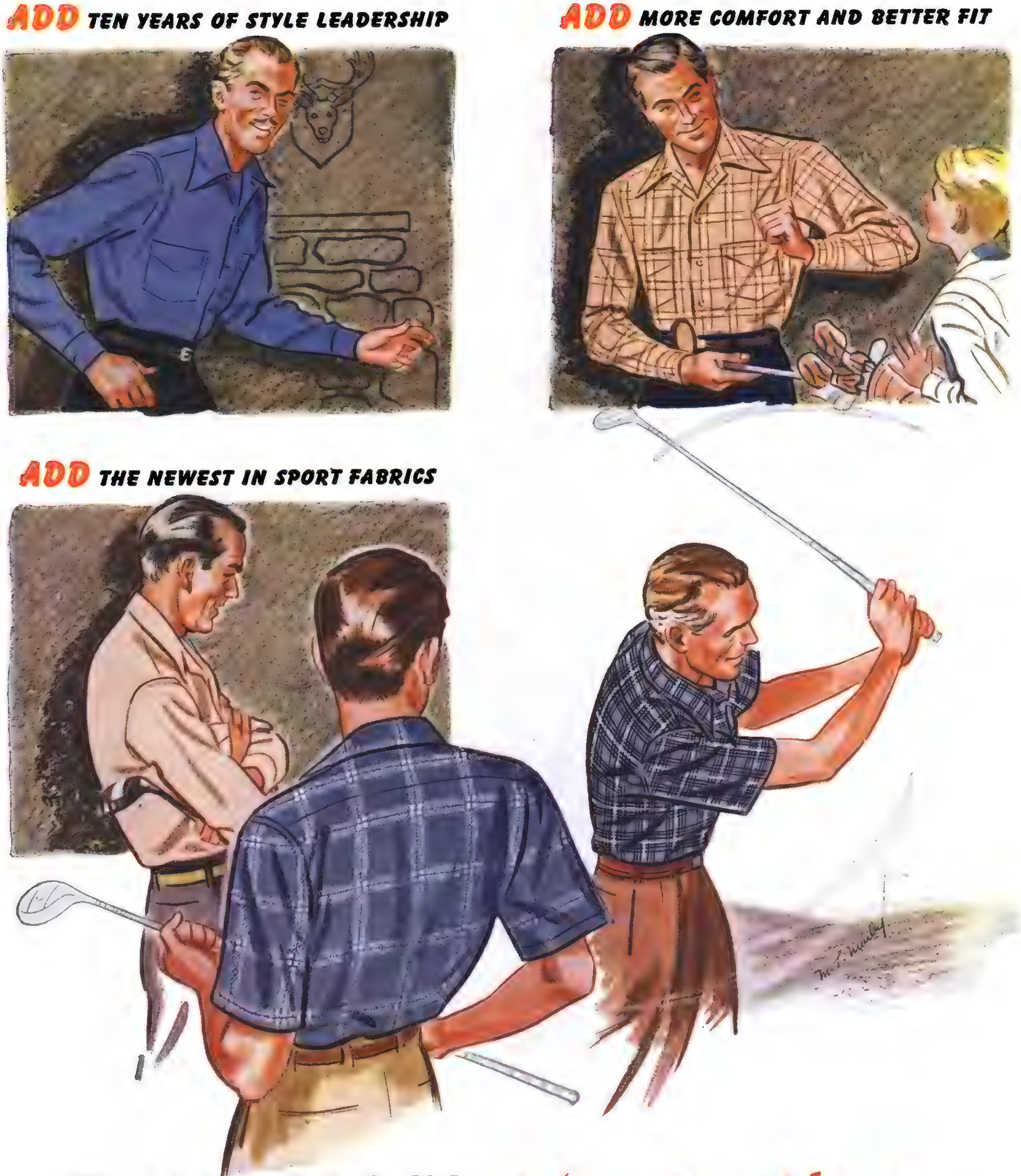
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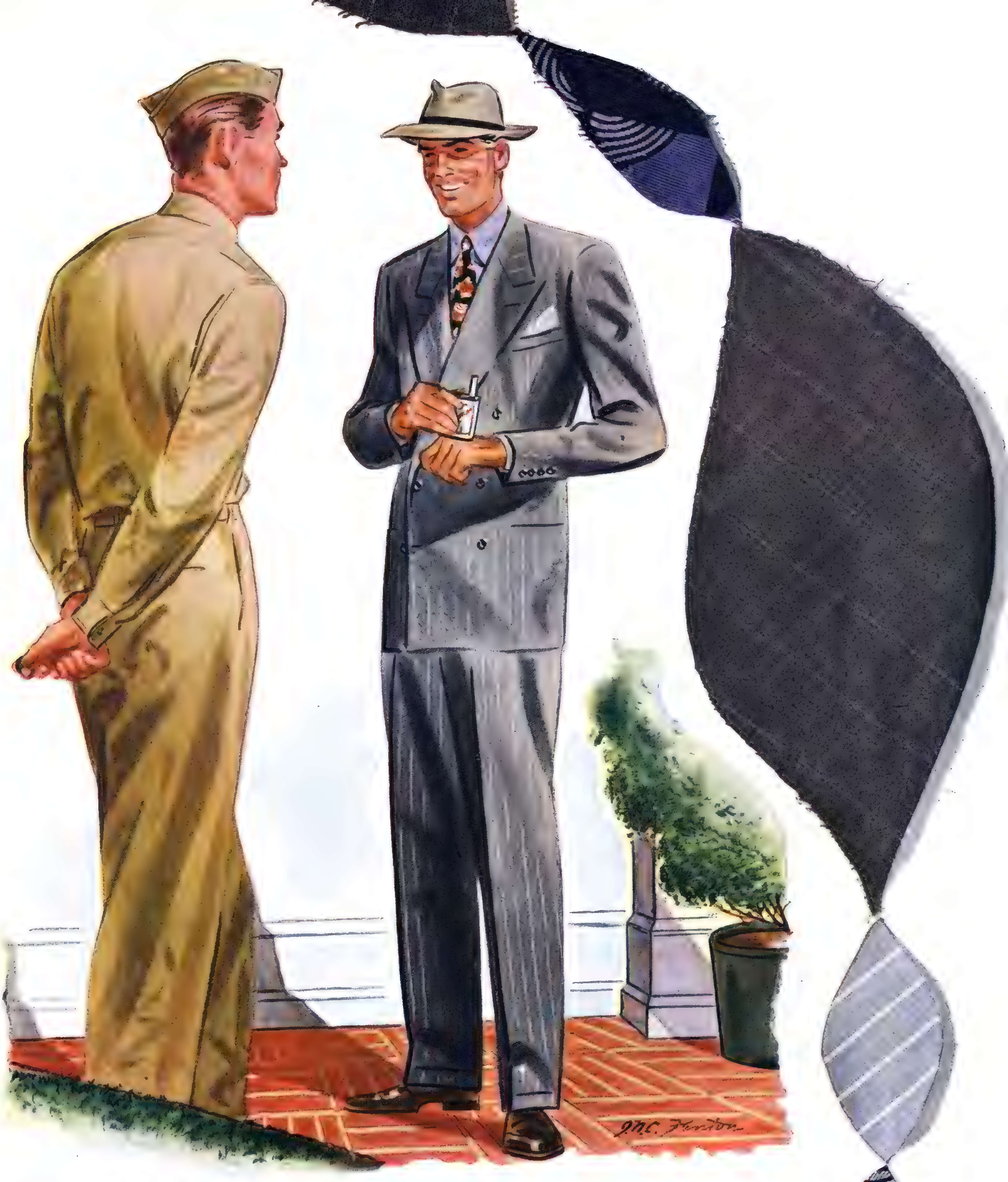

yardbird and veteran

Buck Private Jones may get a free drink out of this interview, but he'll pay by listening to a fulsome account of World War I—when Army barracks were rougher, sergeants infinitely tougher, and as for uniforms! They didn't bother with measurements in those days—just tossed out the stuff and told the boys to trade around till they fit. We learn by trial and error, Jonesy here got a much better deal as you can see from his well-tailored back. His regulation cotton shirt, sans blouse, is sensibly cool for summer; his cotton slacks, revised since his deferential Uncle Sam asked the soldiers for criticism, are roomier now. Benevolent textile technicians have given the unsung civilian a break, too: his grey striped suit is available in cool tropical worsted, Palm Beach and rayon blends. Accessories include a mesh panama hat, lightweight cotton shirt and printed foulard tie.

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The Red Shuffler Stays In

Continued from page 71

member his name. Ginger Buck, I guess it was. But now he's yours; no law would deny that. Cam, I want to see that bird work. What do you say to my pitting him for you next week? There'll be a big hack fight down at Harney on Wednesday. Old man Eddy himself is holding this main."

Fighting chickens for money—it was all Greek to Cam.

"I'll clip your bird and ready him and I'll handle him and back him with a hundred dollars. If he wins, you take three quarters."

They caught Buck with the aid of a gunny sack. Mr. Corey felt him over carefully. "Rawhide and whalebone. Keep him close-penned till the day of the main, Cam. Feed him nothing but lean beef and eggs or oysters. I'll have his feed sent from town—"

Once more Mr. Corey drove out—the following Sunday—and Cam looked on in wonder at the process of trimming for the tanbark. Buck's combs and wattles were pared off cleanly, his rump and neck hackles trimmed short and his tail cut to a short fan. Finally his wings were also trimmed feather by feather.

Wednesday came at last and Cam drove down to Harney with Buck in a covered pen under the seat. Cam met Mr. Corey and the rest of that afternoon was spent billing Buck with other gamecocks, grooming him and fitting him out with long steel spurs.

Shortly after dark, Mr. Corey, carrying Buck under his arm, led the way to an old deserted sawmill on the edge of town. At Mr. Corey's knock a man appeared and admitted them after flashing a lantern in their faces. In the dimly lighted interior a crowd of sixty or seventy men was gathered about a small spotlighted pit. Out in front of the benches, under a pall of blue tobacco smoke, five or six men moved up and down waving handfuls of greenbacks.

"Twenty-five bucks on the Dom."

"Twenty to ten on the Shawlneck. Who takes it?"

"Fifty even the Dom won't go five pittings."

Mr. Corey explained to Cam the high points. "Those two chickens over by the scales—they're fighting next. The fellows weighing them are the handlers. That Dom belongs to old Eddy. He'll probably win this fight."

Mr. Corey was right. In the second fierce tangle Ira Eddy's gray Dominique drove his steel spur through his opponent's head and the Shawlneck was carried out by his tail. By this time Cam had succumbed to the excitement of the game.

"Double doggone!" he muttered. "That grey was a scrapper."

"Luck," said Mr. Corey. "The other bird didn't get a hold."

The Dom was now pitted against a slow-moving Whitehackle. "If the Whitehackle lasts out the first minute he'll have the Dom sure," Mr. Corey predicted. And again he was right. The White stood up under a minute of slashing punishment, finally achieved a billhold and shuffled the Dom to death.

Meantime men had been pausing to speak to Mr. Corey. The next Cam knew the pit was full of men again, Mr. Corey among them with Buck. He was to fight the victorious Whitehackle. Cam saw Buck weighed. For an instant the two cocks were allowed to peck each other from the arms of the handlers. Their necks strained forward, their hard yellow eyes glared. Buck looked rangy and ragged compared to the other bird.

"Where'd yuh get that penwiper, Corey?" somebody laughed.

"Let go!" cried the referee.

The released birds met three feet in air in a whirlwind of flying feathers, flashing spurs and bills. It was the Whitehackle who sprang back first. Ginger Buck was hampered by the unaccustomed spurs. The White drove a gleaming spur into Buck's breast.

"Handle!" called the referee.

Mr. Corey and the other man pulled the chickens apart.

"Hurt yuh that time, Corey," called a voice.

Cam rose from his seat. He thought the battle was lost. But Mr. Corey was holding Buck under one arm, massaging his head. Buck had been learning every instant and the second pitting he sparred, biding his time. Then, ignoring the lethal slashes of the Whitehackle, he bored in, breast to breast. He found a billhold and drew back, shuffling a bit on his own. One second and he was sounding his crow of victory.

Mr. Corey Tate, with Buck under his arm, walked over to the man at the scales and received a handful of bills.

The handlers brought out a stocky, pure black cock, a Red Cuban.

"Three to one on the Cuban," called a voice. "Who wants it?"

Mr. Corey stalled till the last possible second to resuscitate his bird. At the release the two cocks flew together with a thud, stroking so hard their blows could be heard at the far end of the sawmill. Neither had done much damage, but the Cuban was patently more powerful. Buck hadn't recuperated yet.

"It won't be long now," grinned an Eddy backer.

The Cuban, veteran of a dozen hack fights, was a leaping, slashing wing-fighter. Again and again he flew high and drew blood with practiced heel-beats.

"The Cuban'll finish him in another minute," said a man behind Cam.

Another pitting, ending in a rolling shuffling tangle, Buck underneath.

"Still think yuh got a chance, Corey?" loudly called an Eddy gambler. "Five hundred bucks

Continued on page 126

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The Red Shuffler Stays In

Continued from pages 71-125

against two says you're fazed."

Mr. Corey, bending over his chicken, yelled, "That's a bet!"

Cam squirmed and twisted on his bench. It looked like the end; still Mr. Corey didn't seem excited. He was sponging Buck's head with water, running his finger along his throat, deftly stroking his crest.

"On the line!" yelled the referee.

As Mr. Corey and the other handler released their birds, there was an abrupt change. The Cuban had faded in the twenty seconds of rest, weakened badly, and Ginger Buck had suddenly tapped a new fount of life.

In the two fierce minutes that followed, the grin of expectancy on the faces of the Eddy plungers turned to a look of puzzled consternation. For in every flurry Buck had a decided edge. The pitting ended when Buck leapt high and drove both spurs deep into the Cuban's back.

Mr. Corey handled leisurely. He was in no hurry, for every second the Cuban was growing weaker and Buck stronger.

When the birds were put on the line again, Ginger Buck scratched the planks, his neck stretched forward. The Cuban sagged dizzily, his head bogging to one side. There was another swift flurry, Buck's spurs flashed once; then he stretched his neck upward and crowed. The Eddy handler carried his dead chicken from the pit.

Ill feeling was in the air now. Everyone expected Ginger Buck to be withdrawn, but it appeared Mr. Corey was staying in. The Eddy backers grinned like wolves and picked the best cock they had, a fiery Shawlneck, bred for speed. Bets ran three to one against Buck, but Mr. Corey did not even look the new contender over. Just before the pitting started he took Buck's head in his mouth as if he were sucking a lozenge; then he pressed his mouth against Buck's back and blew lustily for a moment.

"Look at him warm that shuffler up. That boy's a sweet handler, always was," said a man behind Cam.

"Yeah, but that chicken's dead an' don't know it. I'll make it four to one on the Shawlneck."

"Ready," called the referee.

Mr. Corey stalled till the last possible second. He knew he was asking as impossible a thing of Ginger Buck as for a promoter to ask a human fighter for three championship battles in one night.

The Shawlneck was a leaping, slashing fury. There were three full minutes of aerial bombardment in which Buck's shuffle was ineffective and he barely held his own. Twice Mr. Corey had to pull the Shawlneck's crimson-stained gaff from Buck's neck. How Buck managed to survive those three merciless minutes was a wonder to all. Staggering from weakness, bloody from head to tail, he fought a defensive fight, but he fought, every inch of the way. He just didn't know the meaning of quit.

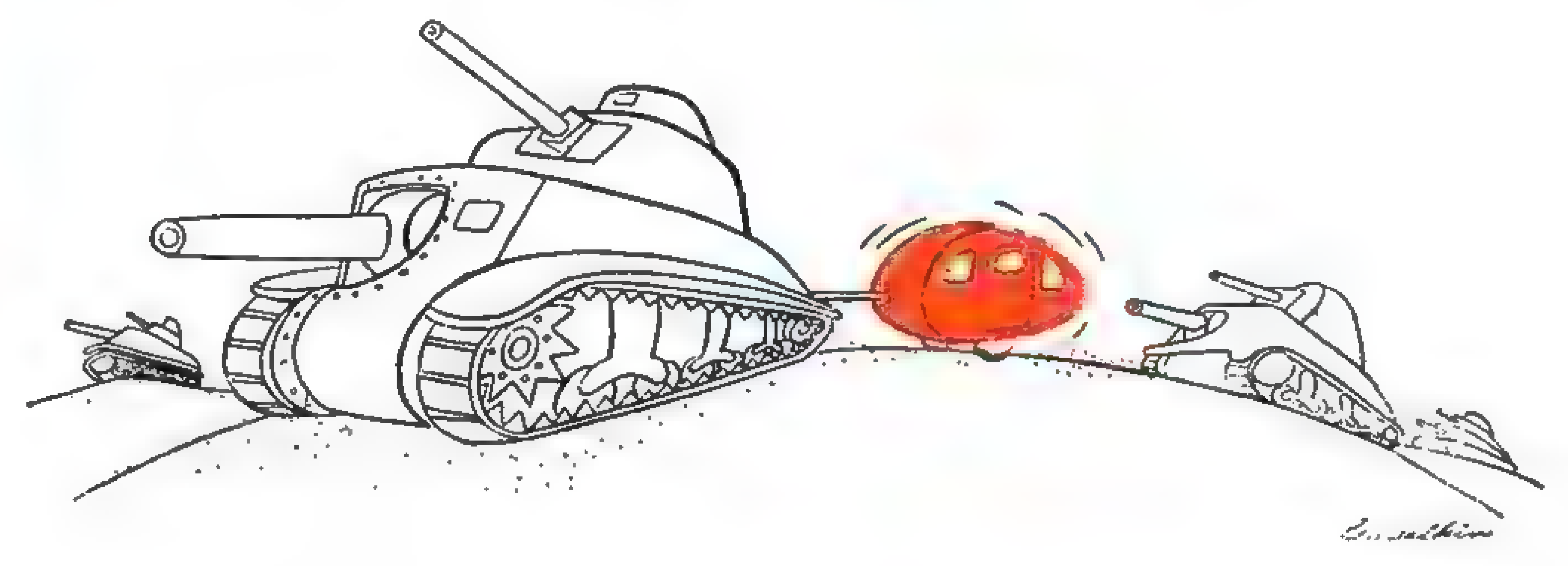
Again and again Cam Calloway went to his feet, his breath hasseling in his nostrils, for it seemed that Buck was down to stay. Then came the fifth pitting and once again as the two birds were released, a change was seen. Mr. Corey had banked all on that. Buck had revived again. He could no longer be overflown or outmaneuvered. But neither could he overfly the Shawlneck. A dozen times the two cocks thudded together, breast to breast, each recoiling just the fraction of an inch necessary to avoid the other's death-dealing needles of steel.

There was silence round the pit. Then the Shawlneck's gaff darkened one side of Buck's head. No one knew that till later. The next pitting both birds went into the air. There were thrusts and parries in that clash that no one rightly saw. When the pair landed the Shawlneck could no longer keep his feet. Weakly he pounded the turf; then his head sank slowly to the turf.

But Ginger Buck did not crow. He was staggering about, pecking at the air. Both sides of his head were dark now. A shout went up for the winning bird, but Buck did not know he had won his last battle. Mr. Corey handed him to Cam while he waited for the payoff. A few standing close by wondered about the strange look that suddenly came over Cam's face. No one knew till later that Buck had just died under his arm. . . .

It was one o'clock that night when Cam headed for home. He had just come from the house of old Ira Eddy, the landman, where he had erased in one grand gesture two years of back payments on his farm. Wadded in the pocket of his jeans was the remainder of his winnings from the cocking main—two hundred and ten dollars—more than Cam had ever had at one time in his life.

Under the buckboard seat a jug of corn liquor lay forgotten as the miles went by. Cam had tasted a higher fire that night than ever lived in the corn. ⵌ



Sport Sired the PT Boats

Continued from page 42

to go into business. The Wood hydraulic hoist came into being and in it Gar had a device that industry needed.

His arrival in Detroit coincided with a development of interest in speedboat racing on the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair. A year earlier a committee of citizens built a boat that went east to win the famous Gold Cup. However, the craft became outmoded. The Exchange Club assumed the task of selling it without results until a wiry stranger asked one day, "How much do you want for it?"

He was told the price and then said: "Will you take my note? I am Gar Wood."

"I want to buy a Mother's Day gift to give to my papa on Father's Day—he's a bearded lady in a circus"

Eventually, because no one else wanted to buy it, the *Miss Detroit* belonged to him.

He had already decided that speed was a question of getting more horsepower per pound weight of engine. That demand had been met by airplane motors. He bought a Curtis "12" engine, remodelled it to drive *Miss Detroit III* and won the Gold Cup. He had his eye on the great Liberty "12" motor and was able to buy them after World War I. With Libertys he powered the first five of his *Miss Americas*, winning the Harmsworth Trophy in England with the first in 1920. Since then the Harmsworth Trophy has remained in the Detroit Yacht Club.

Success of the converted Liberty motors in hydroplane racing inevitably led to a new air-cooled marine motor of that type. *Miss America VI* was powered with the new motor. Tuning up for the match with the British challenger, driven by Miss Marion Carstairs, *Miss America VI* blew up in the St. Clair River. In the few days remaining before the race the motors were fished up, *Miss America VII* was equipped with them and won.

Now Gar Wood had to meet harder competition. His 100 miles an hour record was quickly surpassed by a British hydroplane driven by an experimental motor of great power. The English boat came over that year, 1931, to bring that trophy back. The British motor was a Rolls-Royce, furnished by the British government. Its driver was Kaye Don, a famous British automobile racer. Three boats were in the race, the challenger, *Miss America VIII* and *Miss America IX*. George Wood, Gar's brother, steered *Miss America VIII*.

In the first heat the redoubtable challenger gave Wood its wash. Wood lost. *Miss America VIII* was behind, outclassed.

Up they came for the second start, apparently an even match. Both burst for the starting line, nose and nose, and both beat the gun seven seconds. Five seconds was allowable. They both roared on but this time Wood led. He was first to the turn and Don's boat capsized. Gar Wood was disqualified as both boats had beaten the gun. The outsider, *Miss America VIII*, completed the course and held the trophy.

There was a first-class uproar over this unsatisfactory result. The British press was boiling but the game English sportsman, satisfied that they had the faster boat, challenged again the next year, 1932.

Wood knew that he was in for the race of his life and that something new had to be developed if he was to win. Obtaining four Packard 750 horsepower engines, he decided to place them all in one boat. The engineers said it would never work.

But again Wood defied the engineers. Because of his overriding their ideas, the PT's are dashing over the seven seas.

In motor language Wood "souped up" the motors to 2,000 horsepower each. Then he utilized special gear boxes to harness the power into 8,000 horsepower for the ten-ton *Miss America X*.

Wood kept the Harmsworth Trophy. On the morning of September 20, 1932, he drove this marvel of motorboats at 124.915 miles an hour, a new world record.

Hubert Scott-Paine challenged for the British in 1933 but a redesigned *Miss Britain III* was no match for that locomotive of the seas, the *Miss America X*.

Wood was left with no more worlds to conquer in speedboating. But World War II furnished the setting for his "children" to go on to more victories. Wood doesn't ride at the throttle of a PT boat, but his wealth of daring ideas are an integral part of every one, standing as the only mechanical contribution sports have made to the American triumph.

What of the boat of tomorrow? Wood says it will travel 200 miles an hour without oscillation or vibration.

Gar Wood likes to study the toy model of this speedboat of the future. And just as sure as taxes is the impending blessed event, the arrival of a new member of the illustrious family of the *Miss Americas*. ⋕

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The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 89

been adopted in his homeland. At least, so opines one competent authority, John W. Fuhrer of the George Williams College, a Y.M.C.A. training institution.

Fuhrer, a veteran in physical training, says that Elwood Brown, after seeing the governmental development of physical training in Japan, tried to get American sports bodies unified. It was Brown's belief that the Amateur Athletic Union, the colleges, the Young Men's Christian Associations, the athletic clubs and other athletic organizations, together with the Army and Navy, should co-ordinate themselves and make full and proper use of American expert athletic training as one of the most valuable of national assets.

However, even the experts and their sponsors didn't recognize the significance of their exportation of American athletic training, so Elwood Brown died without seeing signs that his foresight might be shared.

Not one of each thousand of this nation's most rabid sports fans has any idea of the extent to which American athletic training talent has been exported. Hence it's not strange that the average American civilians, most Washington officials, Army and Navy authorities or college presidents still don't know how their foes used this export against us. Fortunately, some of this export was to friendly nations, but even then we don't realize what effect the American technique had.

Many American physical training experts have received foreign decorations in gratitude. At home the coaches usually receive the brush-off.

Ernest Hjertberg went to Sweden to train its athletes for the 1912 Olympiad. He was No. 1 of the long list of exported athletic experts. He applied American training genius in making the Scandinavians great distance runners. Haegg, Andersson, Kolehmainen, Ritola, Lehtonen, Nurmi and the rest of the fleet northlanders are the direct result of coaching ideas brought by the sprightly old New Yorker who began coaching in the United States more than 50 years ago. Hjertberg's pioneering brought Lauri Pikhala to the U. S. to study American coaching. He returned home to develop the Finnish distance running stars.

The Jap swimmers who came the back way into Singapore were the direct development of American coaching methods acquired by the Japanese.

The Japs' modern swimming began in 1917 when F. H. Brown opened the Y.M.C.A. natatorium in Tokyo, the first of its kind in Japan. Brown received the Imperial Decoration as honorary physical director of the Japanese Y.M.C.A.

The Japs didn't depend entirely on importing American genius. They came over after it. Much of the basis of Jap swimming development was acquired by the Jap student, T. Yanagita, from Dr. Thomas Cureton, Jr. at the University of Illinois and Dr. Karpovich, when these experts were at Springfield College, and from Bob Kiphuth, Yale and American Olympic swimming coach.

Johnny Weissmuller headed a fleet of American swimmers who displayed their methods to Japan in 1928. American swimming instruction motion pictures were in big demand in Japan.

Before the Warm-up War, American athletic coaching talent had been imported into Germany to coach an Olympic team. Alvin Kraenzlein, famed athlete and coach of the University of Pennsylvania, was invited to introduce American athletic methods to the Germans, whose athletics were mainly in gymnastics and mass drills. Al Copeland, in his latter days a sports writer on the New York *Daily News* and once an athlete and coach of note, coached an Austrian Olympic team before World War I.

Harry C. Buck, who died not long ago in Madras, went to coach an Indian Olympic team. Fred W. Dickens, who still is in Buenos Aires, was exported to coach the Argentine Olympic team. Platt Adams was shipped to coach Italy's 1920 Olympic team. He was followed by Southern California's Comstock, who coached Italy's later Olympic teams. Harry Anderson pioneered among the American athletic coaches in Russia, going about 20 years ago to teach the muscular Muscovites the fundamentals of American sports training.

After the VIIth Olympiad at Antwerp in 1920, Marriot and Burford were imported from the United States to coach, respectively, the Greek and Polish Olympic teams. Chester Tobin, another Yankee export, coached the Turkish Olympic athletes. Joe Pipal, now at Occidental College, coached the Czechoslovakian Olympic contestants. The American coach Hopkins was called to Uruguay, and Romania got Frank Stevens as its Olympic coach. Brazil imported H. J. Sims as coach of its 1924 Olympic team.

But Japan and Germany vied most in importing American athletic principals and principles.

By applying American athletic coaching methods the Germans revised their entire national policy of physical training. Since soon after the end of the first World War, Lou Schroeder observed the keen interest of certain German militarists in the American athletic coaching then being investigated.

Schroeder recalls that the Germans threw out their old system of apparatus athletic training and devoted their main attention to American procedure, such as track and field sports, swimming, boxing and ball games. The Nazis abandoned their system of calisthenics.

They established a coaches' school, the *Berliner Hochschule für Leibesübungen*, at Charlottenburg, a Berlin suburb. Graduates were sent throughout Germany to extend the basically American plan of athletic training. Germany, a washed-out nation in 1919, regenerated itself physically on a foundation of American physical instruction.

The curtain which hid much of Russia's stupendous preparation for eventualities could not conceal use of American athletic training methods. Sports pages of Soviet newspapers and sports demonstrations gave evidence the American plan was employed.

We didn't learn from our exporting, and after World War I American athletic coaching was regarded officially and by the majority of the American public as an entertainment adjunct and a service exclusively for sports specialists, so the physical fitness of American youth for self-defense rapidly deteriorated, as World War II draft examinations dismally revealed. The peculiar and surpassing endowments of American coaches were brought to focus on the urgent task of developing fighting personnel. A miracle was wrought in speedily toughening American warriors.

Now there is a wartime shortage of athletic coaches and an indifferent and often stubbornly adverse attitude toward physically conditioning American students. In civilian life we are worse off than we were before the war. This nation has yet to learn that its export of expert athletic coaches may account for the defeat and extinction of the United States of America in World War III. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 78

ing, bade the imagination to accept the idea that a girl who looked like Virginia Gilmore, which is plenty looks, would be so inflamed by a fat actor with a silly grin on his face that she couldn't resist having an affair with him. (But perhaps my esteemed colleague is anesthetic to blondes.)

The honey called *Take It As It Comes*, and when I say honey I mean honey, wooed the imagination with the theory that an upright man with an unblemished record would, after a glimpse of a notorious and just-murdered gangster's illicit pot of money, promptly abandon rectitude and become a crook himself. (I am still trying to imagine it.)

In the case of *Winged Victory* the fancy was animated no end in coping with characters of the American Army Air Forces who, just before going into mortal action against the enemy, carried on such disquisitions as: "There's something different on the way. We got to believe that or I can't keep fighting. And I'm glad I'm young and alive and I'm gonna be part of it. Flying has done something to me, too, Allan. I don't know nothing from big words like International Law and Tariff Controls, but I do know that too many nice people in this world are ignorant and hungry. They're not just names to me now—they're people! And guys like us know how small the world really is." (My imagination hadn't been so stimulated since I first saw *Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle*.)

The cabbage called *Manhattan Nocturne* kindled the imagination with the savory idea that a man about to shoot himself because of a philandering wife would promptly recapture his lost faith in women upon meeting a two-dollar "call" girl operating in the cheap hotel in which he was staying and that he would further be so inspired by her that he would be able to sit right down and write a fine novel. (It would take the imaginations of six dozen Heddas to fancy that.)

The fancy in the instance of *Doctors Disagree* was given all kinds of daisy fields to spree in by presenting it with such opium pipes as a child at the point of death who was operated upon at nine o'clock at night and who early the very next morning was already yelling for its toys and receiving visitors at its bedside, as a man's romantic love for a female surgeon with the manner of a combined Carrie Nation and John L. Lewis, etc. (Baffled, my own imagination rested up in trying to picture a revival, in terms of slapstick farce, of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* by Margaret Webster.)

The Naked Genius—you've all heard about that rhubarb—provided the imagination with another field day in its spectacle of an important and socially eminent book publisher like Alfred Knopf falling deeply in love with a strip-teaser, proposing holy matrimony to her and then peremptorily breaking it all off simply because he learned that a book of hers which he had published was ghosted. (My imagination was kept busy for two weeks afterward trying to figure out how he could have thought otherwise in the beginning, since his darling's literacy was plainly on a par with that of a street cleaner's.)

Even some of the musical show books offered the imagination fertile hunting grounds. Take, for just one example, *What's Up*. The imagination here was given all sorts of exercise over the idea that a lot of young aviators finding themselves marooned in a girls' boarding school would, instead of grabbing the girls, spend their time sentimentally smelling the sachet on the pillows which the beauties had lent them to sleep on. (And if my esteemed colleague challenges me in rebuttal as being the possessor of a deplorable mind, I'll look him in the eye and tell him he is goldarned right.) #

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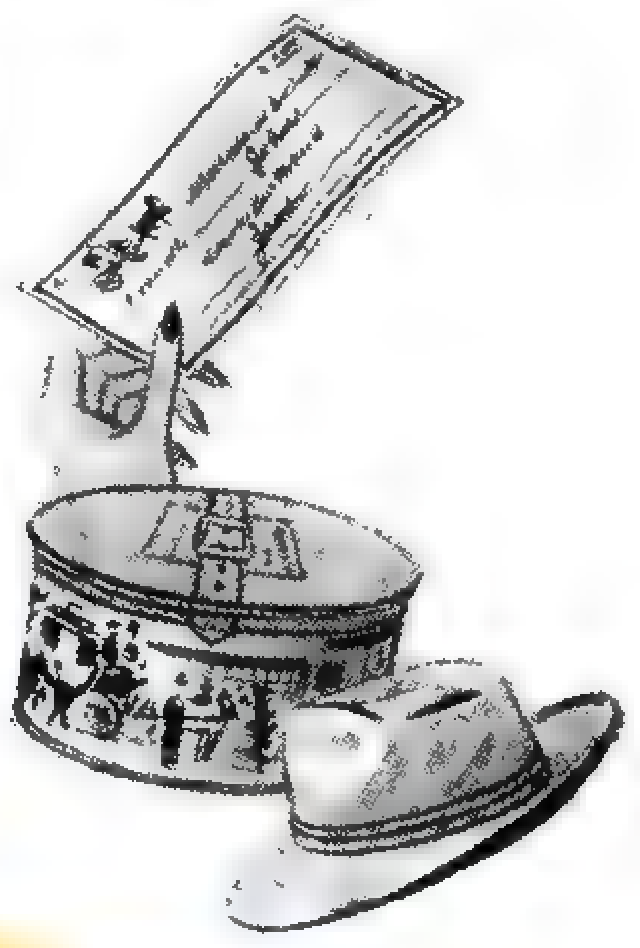

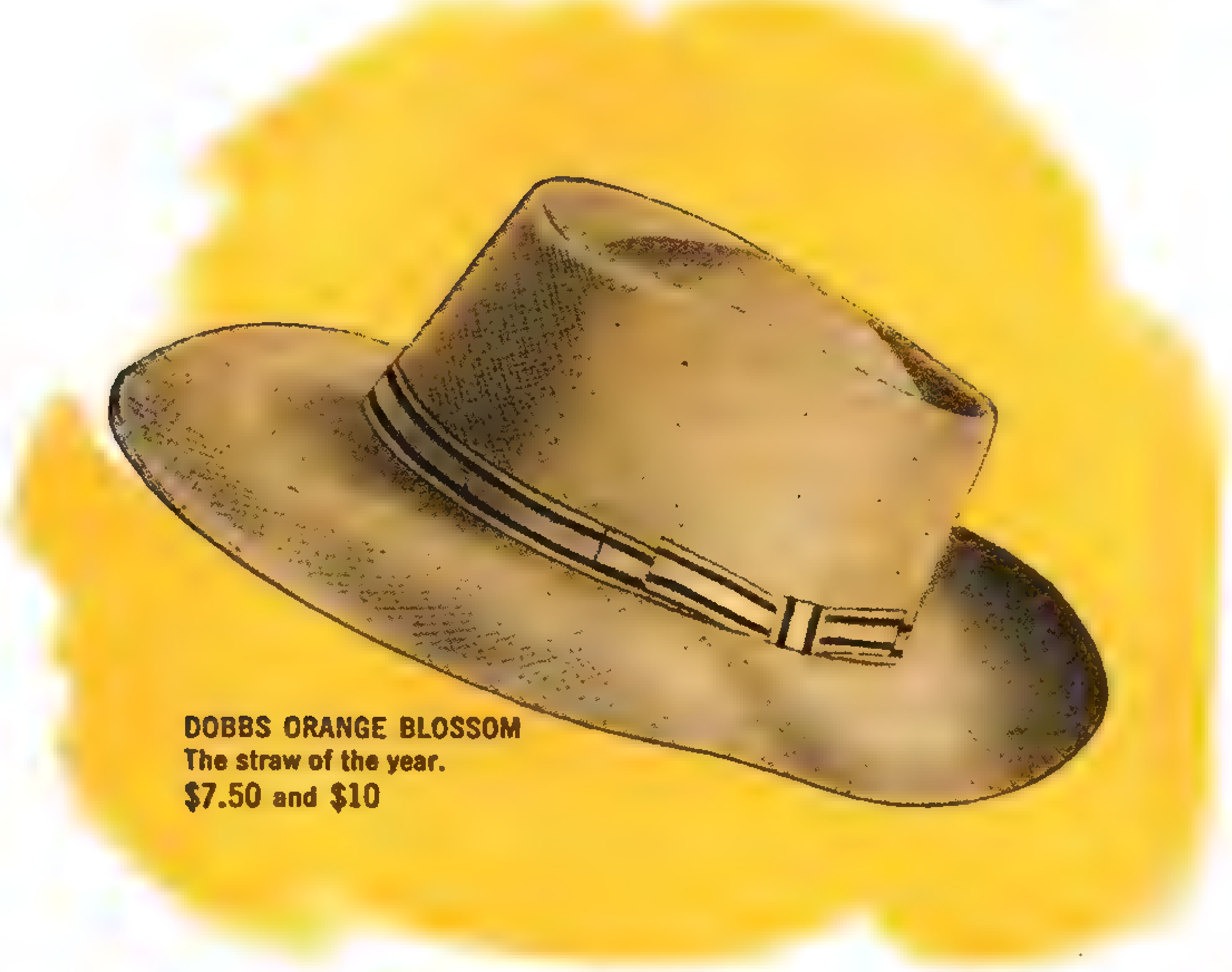

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 84

are calling, Mr. Fish," he said hurriedly. "It was a dreadful mistake." Then he launched into an elaborate explanation of how things like that sometimes could happen in the best-regulated newspaper offices. Dixon was extremely gracious, and accepted the apology.

At midnight Dixon was relieved by another bright young man named Dolan who also called up the *Tribune*. A brand new voice, equally suave and apologetic, had got halfway through the same involved explanation when the managing editor got back on the wire. "Mr. Fish," he asked, "didn't you call us about this mistake barely an hour ago?" "Oh, no," said Dolan haughtily. "That must have been Mr. Hamilton Fish. This is Mr. *Tropical* Fish!"

Of particular interest to booklovers is the story of the time when a prominent denizen of the Chicago underworld, Big Tim Murphy, just back from a stretch at Leavenworth, decided that Bob Casey was just the man to ghostwrite his autobiography. Big Tim had his own notions about publishing procedure. "We got to be reasonable about the price of this book," he said. "Ten bucks a bite is too much. Five is enough." Casey explained that the normal price for such a tome was two dollars, of which Tim would pull down ten per cent in royalties. "Nix," decided Tim. "We'll take the five bucks and give the publisher ten per cent. Don't forget there's five thousand garbage haulers alone in my control and every one of them guys is going to buy my book or else! Then there's the electricians and gas meter readers and street sweepers. I'll just go to their meetings and tell them where to kick in with their five bucks. The trouble with you longhaired fellows, is you don't pay quite enough attention to the business side of book writing."

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE:

Such Interesting People, by Robert Casey—(Bobbs Merrill)

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep, by Ludwig Bemelmans—(Viking Press)

The Columnists, by Charles Fisher—(Howell, Soskin)

How to Think About War and Peace, by Mortimer Adler (Simon & Schuster)

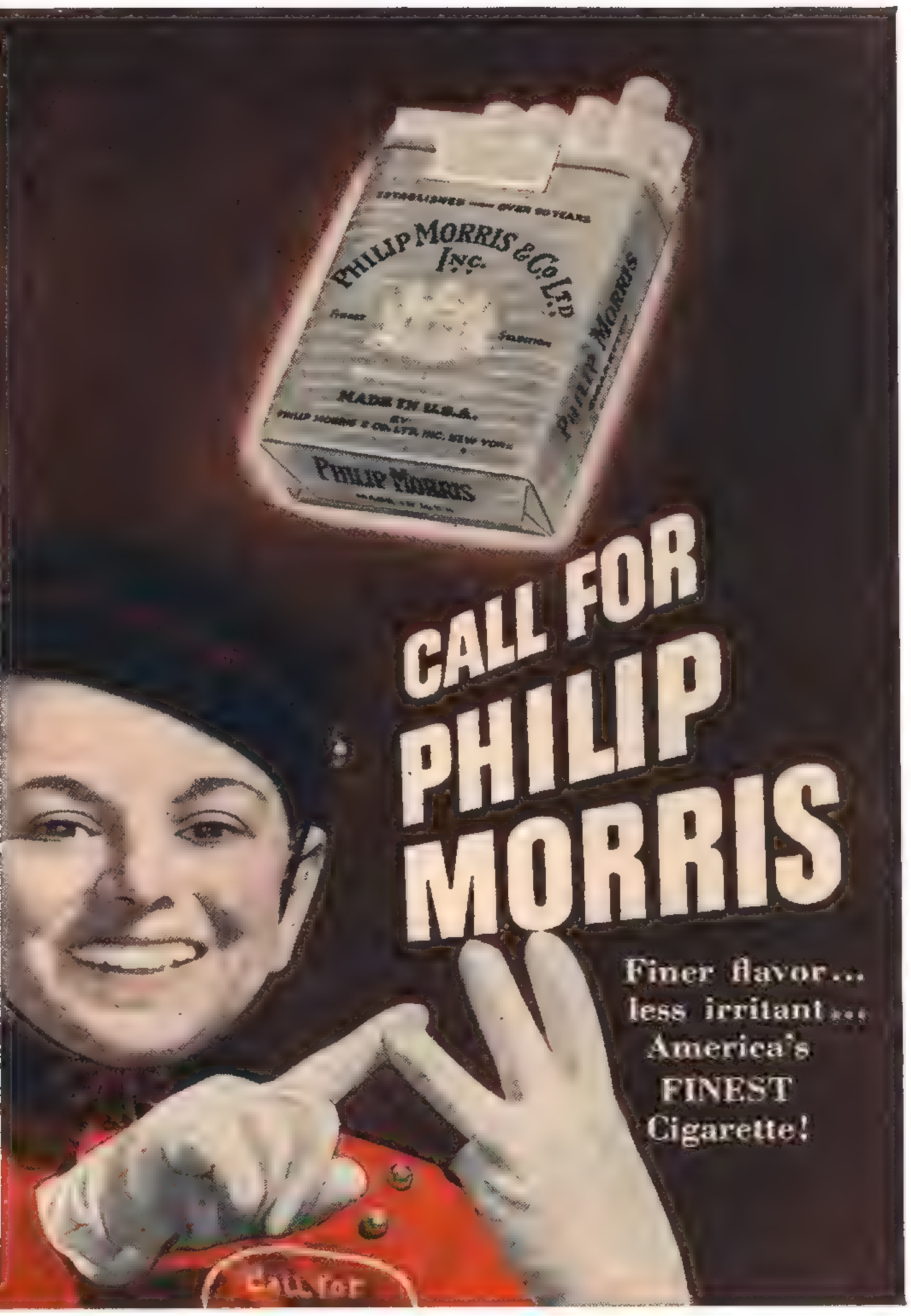
I have picked out only a few of Robert Casey's salty anecdotes to retell here. For an all-around picture of high-powered newspaper publishing in the days when rugged individualism still ran riot, you'll go a long way before you find anything better than *Such Interesting People*.

Calling Ludwig Bemelmans' *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* a novel is a bit of point-stretching by the publishers. It really is a collection of loosely strung episodes built around the formidable personality of General Leonidas Erosa, an Ecuadorian multimillionaire. The general is fond of posing for painters who make him look like Napoleon and lives in Biarritz in oriental splendor with a fantastic retinue of Bemelmaniacs. The Nazis descend upon Biarritz, and the general charters a yacht to take him to Ecuador, via the "Palace" Hotel (Plaza to you) in New York. He arrives at his birthplace just in time to be erased by an earthquake.

The mood and the personnel of *Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep* are strangely reminiscent of Norman Douglas' *South Wind*, with a dash of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. There is much talk of rare food and wines, introduced via a tyrannical French chef who fights with the general from one end of the book to the other. Bemelmans once was a waiter at the Ritz; then he opened a charming restaurant in New York called Hapsburg House. When he talks about food and liquor you detect immediately the voice of authority.

The story and the trimmings of this book, however, are purely incidental to the devastating and soul-satisfying job of mayhem that Mr. Bemelmans perpetrates on the wealthy, unbearable and ubiquitous refugees who scampered over here at the first hint of trouble in their homelands, steeped to the gills in gold, gems and marketable securities, and have lived here ever since in diamond-studded ivory towers where the agonized cries for help of their dying compatriots failed to penetrate.

These were the babies who saw the shadow of disaster creeping over Europe long before the rest of the world. They saw it because they were instrumental in creating it. Then when their Frankenstein first began getting out of hand they fled to our shores. Grateful for our sanctuary? Not they. They barged into the most expensive suites in our most expensive hotels and told us loudly how inferior everything in America was to the doomed citadels from which they had escaped. Some of them have not even bothered to learn English. They shout their orders in a foreign language. They sneer at



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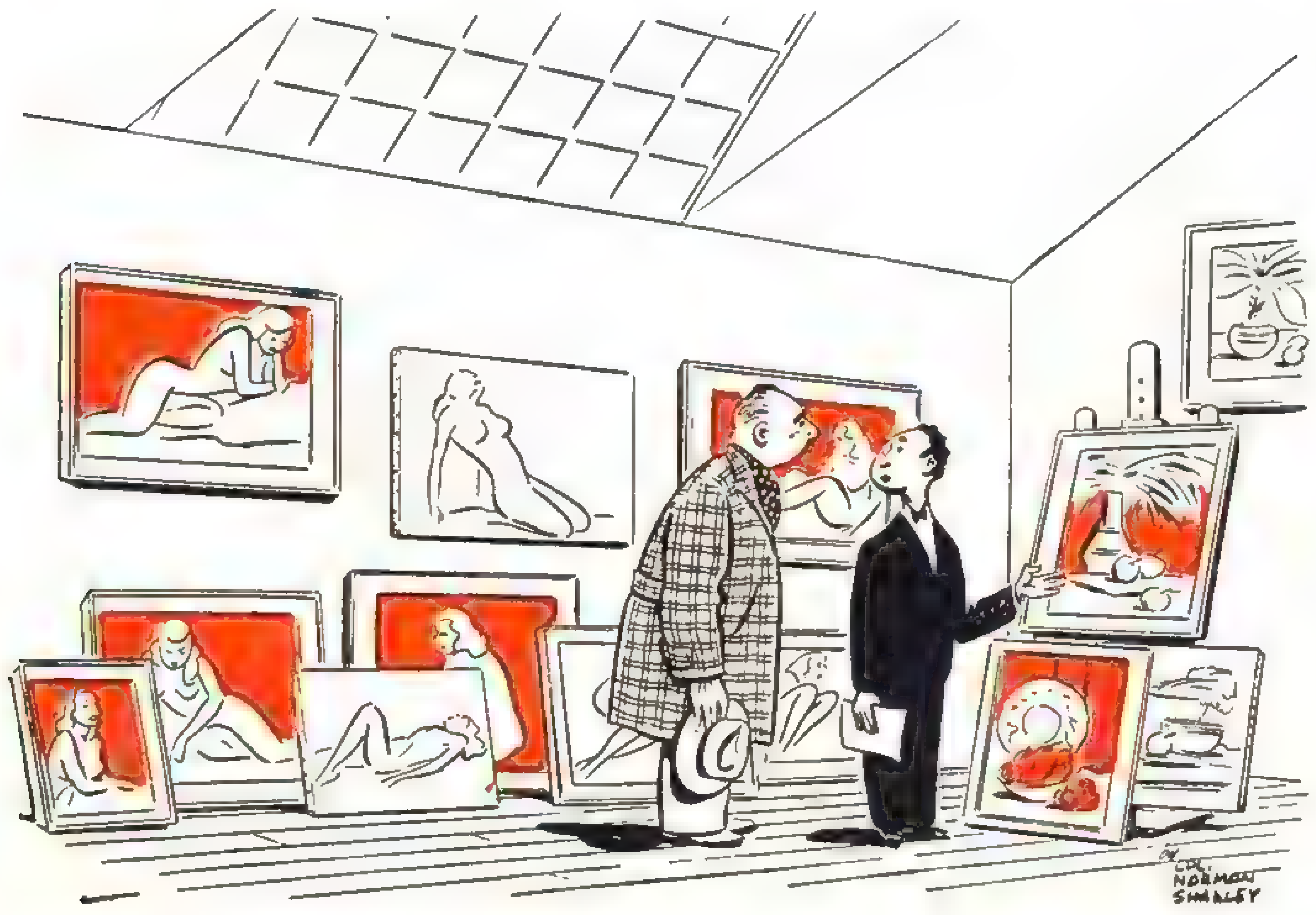
compatriots who escaped later than they did—doctors, writers, patriots who salvaged nothing but self-respect. They dream only of the day when they can get the hell out of here—a consummation devoutly to be prayed for. Bemelmans' murderous dissection of this clan—particularly a chapter about an "exclusive" New York clip joint called "The Kiss Royale"—ought to be reprinted in every language and dropped in pamphlet form by U. S. aviators flying over Europe, to assure the boys and girls a suitable reception when they set foot again on their native soil.

Bemelmans is not above borrowing an old story now and then. He tells, for instance, of the swank Fifth Avenue jeweler who grew weary of seeing nothing but millionaire refugees in his store and put a sign in the window: "English spoken here." He also uses an anecdote that I first heard about the composer Cole Porter. In the book it is the general who discovers that the chef has been pocketing a huge commission on every article purchased for the household. "Just so that I can keep accurate accounts," he proposes amiably, "I suggest that you bill all these purchases to me at actual cost. Then at the end of the month I'll add the rake-off you have been bilking me for to your regular salary." "Nothing doing," says the outraged chef. "You couldn't afford it!"

The Columnists, by Charles Fisher, is a spirited, caustic and consistently interesting study of a journalistic phenomenon referred to in the first paragraph of this piece. Mr. Fisher is overpowered by "the cosmic force," Dorothy Thompson (who isn't?), impressed by Winchell and Pearson and Allen, disappointed in Lippmann, irritated by Pegler and worn down by Grafton. His greatest admiration is reserved for two fine newspapermen now dead—Heywood Broun and Raymond Clapper—and he says some nice things about Ernie Pyle, too. The smaller fry on the Broadway beat are dismissed in an offhand manner. Louis Sobol and Ed Sullivan are ignored entirely. So are all the boys in Hollywood. Skolsky at least should have been included. What will Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper and Elsa Maxwell say when they find they are ignored?

Fisher polishes off such military experts as Major Eliot and Fletcher Pratt by cataloguing some of the more unfortunate predictions they have made. This technique has been used for years by the *New Yorker* in its Crystal Ball department, but it still has an uncanny fascination—particularly for people who think "military experts" ought to be kept off the radio and out of the columns by Constitutional amendment. The chapter outlining the growth of the columnar craze is a valuable contribution to journalistic history. It was nothing to speak of as recently as 1911—Eugene Field, Bert Leston Taylor, Franklin P. Adams were the pioneers, but nobody dreamed of syndicating them in those days. Herbert Swope's *Morning World* really got the movement under way. That *World* page opposite editorials included at one time Adams, Broun, Woollcott and Lippmann! Today the columnist has reached a point where in a single week one of them (Drew Pearson) was called a "chronic liar" by the President of the United States and his column "a vehicle for monstrous and diabolic falsehoods" by the Secretary of State! The columnist, in short, to quote Mr. Fisher, is "the autocrat of the most prodigious breakfast table ever known. He is the voice beside the cracker barrel amplified to transcontinental dimensions. He is the only nonpolitical figure who can clear his throat each morning and say, 'Now here's what I think,' with the assurance that countless millions of people will listen to him."

How to Think About War and Peace, by Mortimer Adler, is mentioned here only to suggest that the title be awarded a citation as the most pretentious and insufferable of the decade. Mr. Adler is the fellow who told us all about how to read a book, too. Maybe he himself ought to learn how to name one. ⧻



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These are grand and genuine folk songs—attested by Alan Lomax who knows, and sung simply, for the most part, by Burl Ives of the radio. From *Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair*, to *The Sow Took the Measles and Died in the Spring*. Once in a while the words aren't too clear; the surfaces aren't too clean. But what a change from the usual records, what a difference, what a fine work altogether! Note the name of the issuing company and see the following notes.

General Situation

Many small recording firms have naturally sprung into existence, since Victor and Columbia are still not playing with Petrillo. Among them, I am told, are "black market" pirates; they may be recording in Mexico, or picking stuff off the air and issuing it without the right names. Among legitimate producers, I have noted Capitol (from Hollywood) in the past. Here are some others, with typical albums:

Hit: An album of Polkas.
Keystone: New U.S.S.R. Anthem, sung by Paul Robeson.
Bost: *Nostalgia of Paris*, a group of songs Americans know, with Irene Hilda, whom I don't know.
Standard: Russian Master Singers.
Musette: *Spinach* and 'Leven Other Songs—Maria—Zuca
Musicraft: *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*, sung by Paul Brito with Paul Lavalle's Orchestra.

Two Song Albums

Songs of Free Men
(Columbia—Paul Robeson)
Welsh Traditional Songs
(Victor—Thos. L. Thomas)

The Robeson album is in many ways the most interesting collection in years; it has a song of Republican Spain, one from a German concentration camp, one by Marc Blitzstein, one Soviet Russian, etc. And nobly delivered. The Welsh group are by a magnificent baritone—and a stylist; you will not forget his *Ar Hyd y Nos*. (*All Through the Night* to barbarians like me.)

Two Other Groups

Four Famous Waltzes
(Columbia—Howard Barlow)
Smoke Rings
(Victor—8 Big Names)

The waltzes are exactly the ones you expect, sweetly done. The *Smoke Rings* are presumably favorite recordings of Goodman and Shaw and Miller and Ellington, among others.

Stokowski

Preludio—Bach—Stokowski
(Columbia—All-American Orch.)
Transcriptions—Bach—Stokowski
(Victor—Philadelphia Orch.)

Like most good conductors, Stokowski immerses himself in Bach—maybe as a discipline. He comes up fresh and clear, in all of these. The Victor album includes two of the great religious numbers.

Big Orchestral Stuff

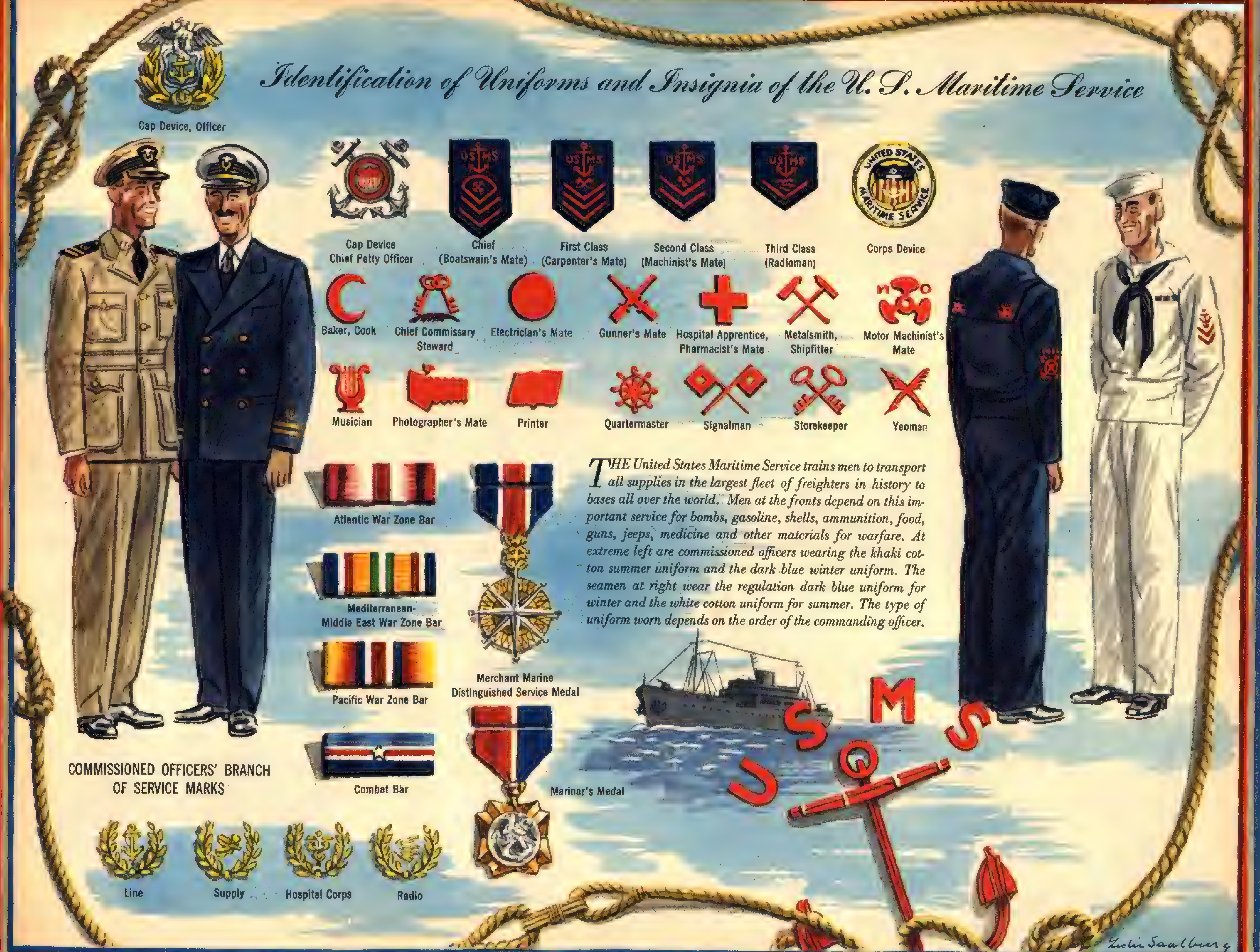
Ninth Symphony—Beethoven
(Columbia—Weingartner)

It appears that this is the first recording with the *Hymn to Joy* in the original. Weingartner was just short of a great symphonic conductor, but this is massive and the chorale, regardless of language, is tremendous. Victor's recording, by Stokowski, has been standard for some time.

Best Sellers

Probably for the reasons noted above, few good popular numbers have come my way in the past four weeks. Decca has made *The Merry Widow*, but the records are not available for criticism. Also some of Crosby's. But there's little of exciting interest to report—while space is valuable—and you'll hear more about good hot records elsewhere in this magazine—soon.

Identification of Uniforms and Insignia of the U. S. Maritime Service


Cap Device, Officer
Cap Device
Chief Petty Officer
Chief
(Boatswain's Mate)
First Class
(Carpenter's Mate)
Second Class
(Machinist's Mate)
Third Class
(Radioman)
Corps Device
Baker, Cook
Chief Commissary
Steward
Electrician's Mate
Gunner's Mate
Hospital Apprentice,
Pharmacist's Mate
Metalsmith,
Shipfitter
Motor Machinist's
Mate
Musician
Photographer's Mate
Printer
Quartermaster
Signalman
Storekeeper
Yeoman
Atlantic War Zone Bar
Mediterranean-
Middle East War Zone Bar
Pacific War Zone Bar
Combat Bar
Merchant Marine
Distinguished Service Medal
Mariner's Medal
COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' BRANCH
OF SERVICE MARKS
Line
Supply
Hospital Corps
Radio
USMS
Leslie Saalburg

THE United States Maritime Service trains men to transport all supplies in the largest fleet of freighters in history to bases all over the world. Men at the fronts depend on this important service for bombs, gasoline, shells, ammunition, food, guns, jeeps, medicine and other materials for warfare. At extreme left are commissioned officers wearing the khaki cotton summer uniform and the dark blue winter uniform. The seamen at right wear the regulation dark blue uniform for winter and the white cotton uniform for summer. The type of uniform worn depends on the order of the commanding officer.

FATHER'S DAY

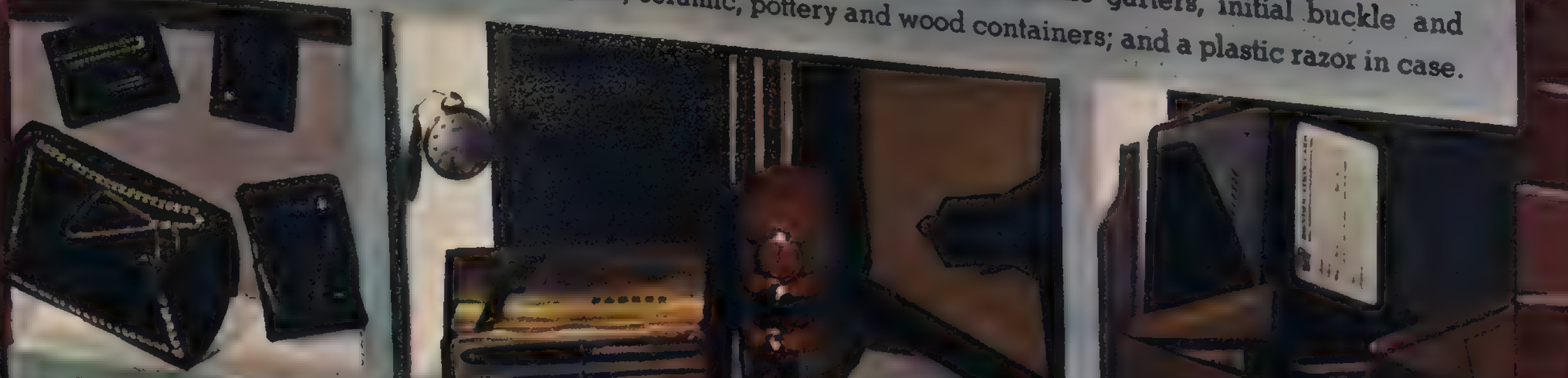
Window Shopping for Dad

Printed border linen handkerchief; walnut tobacco humidor with rack for well-made pipes; large or small figures in summer four-in-hand and bow ties.

Hotel Berlin

Etched martini mixer like a large brandy glass with stirrer; enamel top cigarette box showing sporting scene; pocket lighter; dog sculpture book end; new books selected by critics; tooled leather case for cigarettes and cigars.

Center group contains striped and hand painted suspenders with leather tabs, elastic garters, initial buckle and pigskin belts. On both sides are toiletry sets in glass, ceramic, pottery and wood containers; and a plastic razor in case.



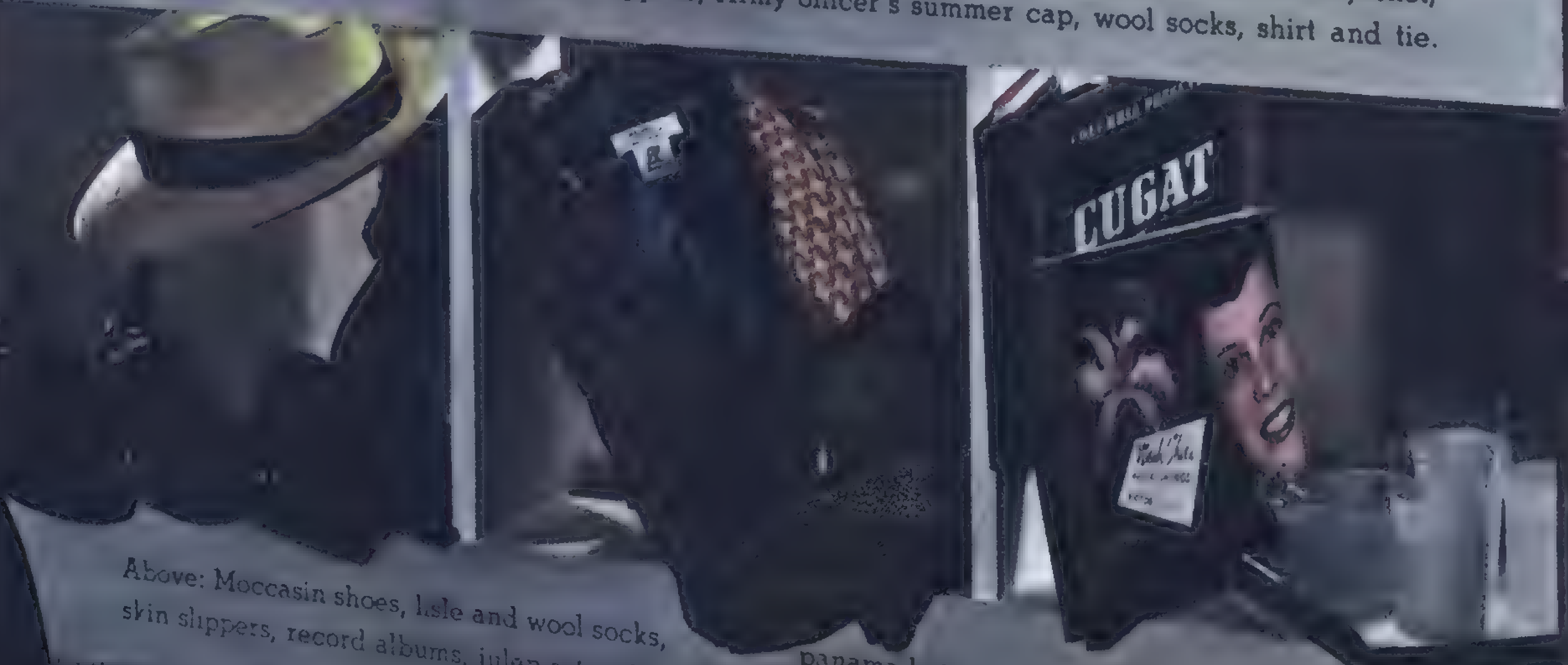
Tie holders and collar bars; bill clip and key chain with plate for initials; gold pocket watch; pen and pencil sets; three styles of wrist watches; leather traveling writing set; saddle tan, sealskin, ostrich and pigskin wallets.

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

REMEMBER the head of the family on the day set aside for him. Try to cater to his tastes. Here are two displays to guide you in your shopping. This year, be practical. Illustrated are articles in a variety of types for Father in the Home Forces and Father in the Armed Forces.

Dart board game, sun glasses, knitted cotton sport shirt, moccasin slippers, processed cotton swim shorts, carry-all duffle bag, leather toilet case, razor blades for easy mailing.

Navy blue sleeveless sweater, Naval officer's cotton shirt, tie and cap with insignia, processed cotton jacket, printed scarf, broadcloth shirt and striped repp tie, Army officer's summer cap, wool socks, shirt and tie.



Above: Moccasin shoes, lisle and wool socks, panama hat, printed robe, rayon pajamas, kidskin slippers, record albums, julep set with mint leaf pestle. At left: Gabardine raincoat on suitcase.

KODACHROMES BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

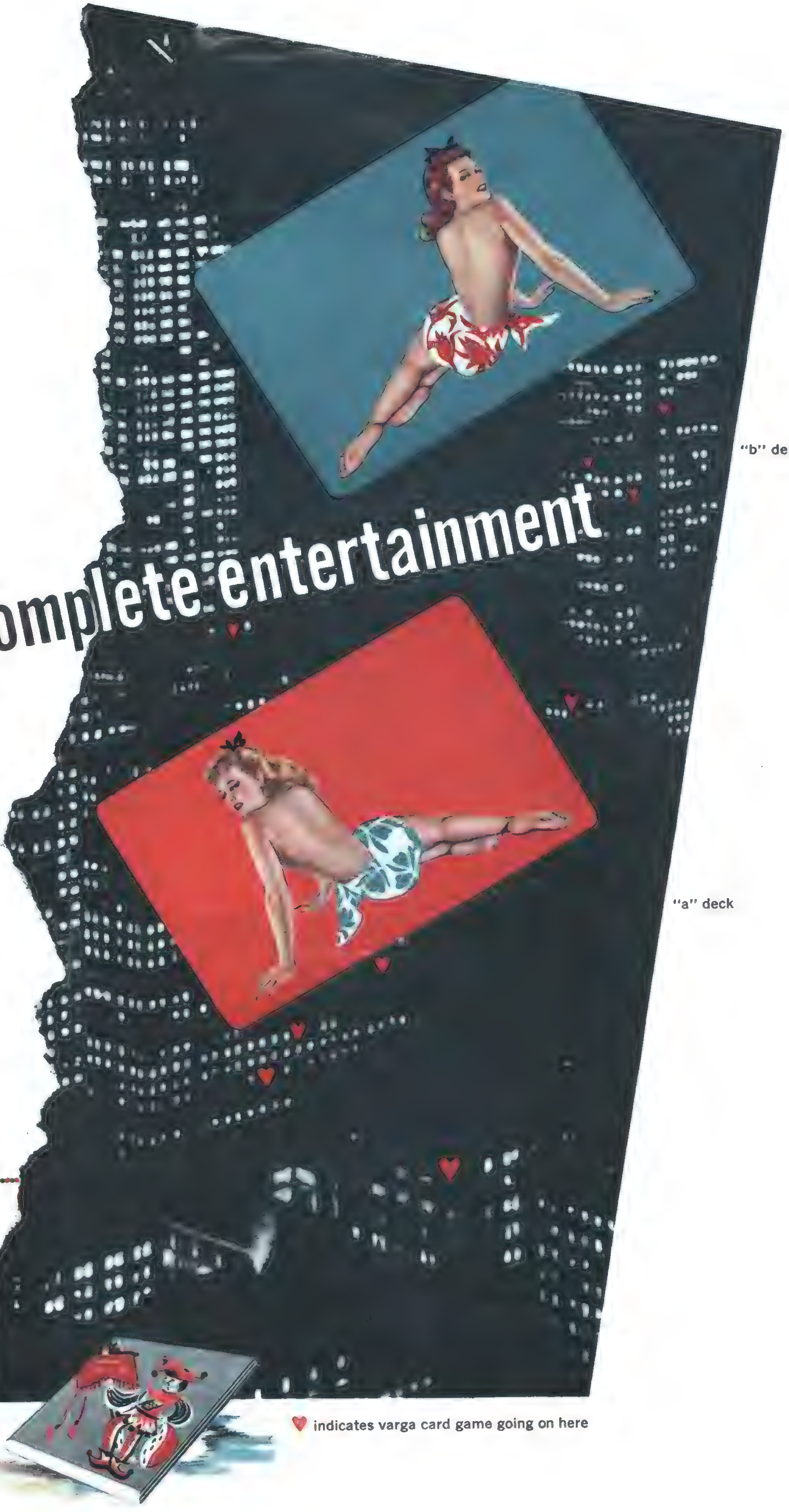
TWO QUEENS

AND A JOKER

NEW VARGA PLAYING CARDS
- printed on sturdy two-ply stock
- coated with crisp cellulose
- easily cleanable with a damp cloth

THE ESQUIRE JOKER BOOK
free with the double decks
- contains a 32-page scorepad,
- gin rummy rules, and
- 32 match, coin, & hankie tricks

. . . for your complete entertainment



♥ indicates varga card game going on here

here's an unbeatable combination for any an evening's fun: The two brand-new cks of Playing Cards featuring two knock-t new Varga Girls . . . and the amusing and useful Esquire Joker Book, which comes as a gift with every pair of decks. Enjoy these good looking, long wearing cards . . . amuse your friends with the easy-to-do Joker tricks—you won't find such an attractive entertainment trio anywhere! Packaged together in a gift box, the two decks with the Joker Book cost just $2 . . . or get the decks separately at $1 per deck.

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO 90, ILL.
please send me:
____pairs of Varga Girl Playing Cards at $2.00 per pair
____"A" decks of Varga Playing Cards at $1.00 a deck
____"B" decks of Varga Playing Cards at $1.00 a deck

I enclose $____, payment in full.
U. S. orders only.

name____________________ (please print)
address____________________
city__________ state__________

The Green Star Cluster

Continued from page 61]

halt. Steele turned in his turret to motion to his companions to stop. Suddenly there was a great gust of wind on his neck and the sound of the Reading freight overhead. Almost immediately there was the crackle of Sergeant Alcott's voice in his earphones.

"Steamer, Steamer, this is Foggy. That was 70-millimeter stuff. Out."

Baptised now into antitank fire, his reactions quickened. He spoke to his driver and feared that his voice showed indecision. The tank moved into a clump of trees. He looked about to direct the others to do likewise, but he saw that Sergeant Alcott had already done so. For a moment he closed his eyes, searching for a page in the field manual: *The commander should always make a thorough reconnaissance preferably on foot, before committing his command to action.* Then he clambered out.

The sound of distant rifle fire broke the silence of the winter morning, and now and again there was the eerie click of small arms ammunition crashing through light brush. By stealth Steele moved to a small knoll and knelt behind a great sycamore. His field glasses swept the ground to his front. The road led through a narrow defile. Obvious trap for tanks. A paragraph from the manual stood out in his mind: *Tanks are particularly vulnerable to enemy antitank fire when they pass through defiles.*

Suddenly, sitting atop the reticle, there appeared an antitank gun. Well off to the right flank. And soon beside it a squad of Jerries. Then another gun, sited near-by. Finally a machine gun, behind a clump of shrubs.

His gaze swept to the left flank. No sign of any enemy. Neither was there sign of defenses in the defile. Steele decided the enemy had planned for this. The defile, an obvious trap for tanks, would be lightly, if at all, defended. Jerry would wait on the right flank, since he figured tanks would advance there. Steele made up his mind to move through the cut.

He returned as he had come, carefully and by stealth.

"Call the tank commanders, Sergeant," he said softly.

Steele remembered the major's remarks during his candidate classes: *Orders must be given with great decision and force, but clearly and briefly.*

Sergeant Alcott returned shortly with the three other sergeants. They stood silently until Lieutenant Steele was ready to speak. "All right, men," he began. "As near as I can figure out there are two antitank guns, a machine

Continued on page 138

VICE PRESIDENT
AND
GENERAL MANAGER

"He didn't marry the Boss' daughter—he borrowed the Boss' Mum!"

THE road to a name-on-a-door office is often long and bumpy—but a small jar of Mum can do away with many a detour.

Men, successful in business, popular socially, know a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration. But a quick dab of Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*—protects all day or evening.

Mum won't harm your shirts—irritate your skin. Make Mum a daily habit! Get Mum at your druggist's today.

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM Helps a Man Make the Grade

Arlingcrest for Dad

Arlingcrest Quality is O.K. for Dad—tops in fact. Every item listed is of true Arlingcrest Quality-value and made from 100% *Wool Naphthalated*—fleeces gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve life, strength and resiliency of wool fibers.

Sweater?

Certainly! Always welcome—**SCOTTY KOTE** it should be, superbly knitted of Arlingcrest Wool Worsted yarns, snug-fitting. No Bunch, No Bind, No Sag. Blue Heather, Brown Heather, Oxford Heather. Buy Suit Size for correct fit . . . $6.95

Robe?

Sure! Dad needs one. Give him the Aristocrat among robes, styled by **RABHOR** from Arlingcrest Flannel. Navy and Wine . . . Small, Medium, Large . . . $15.00

Swim Suit?

Of course! Dad should be well groomed, wet or dry, in **WIKIES**, styled to California standards and knitted of soft, resilient Arlingcrest Wool Worsted Yarns . . . Navy, Maroon, Cruiser, $5.50

Hose?

Dad always can use more sox. **LASHERHOSE**, neat, 6x3 English Rib, of Arlingcrest Wool Worsted yarns, will delight and wear him well. Blue, Brown and Grey Heather . . . Per pair, $1.00

100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED
Arlingcrest

FRANKLIN SIMON, NEW YORK

and leading stores elsewhere. For name of nearest store write Arlingcrest Naphthalated Wool Service, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Arlington Mills
LAWRENCE, MASS.

TERRY

WALLETS

The Finest in
LEATHERWARE

Look for the Terry name and Terry price tag on every Terry Wallet.

No. 676—Double-duty. X-TRAFOLD means 2 wallets in one. Pockets for stamps, cards, identification cards, etc. Finest imported English Morocco, black or brown. Also in pigskin, $10.00.

(All prices plus Federal Tax)

No. 703—One-piece construction, with separate X-TRAFOLD and open face for identification cards. Imported goat skin, black or brown, $7.50. English Morocco, pigskin and dapper goat, $10.00.

(All prices plus Federal Tax)

TERRY maid

No. 714—A wallet designed for women of fashion, with change purse, 2 bill compartments and space for identification and other cards. In black, brown, blue, red, green and London tan.

Other Terry-maid Wallets—$5, $6, and $7.50. (All prices plus Federal Tax)

Terry Wallets are offered with pride by better stores everywhere.

KAYE-MEYERS CO.
NEW YORK CITY

The Green Star Cluster

Continued from pages 61-137

gun and at least a squad, or maybe two squads, of enemy on our right flank. Over there where I'm pointing. There is nothing that I see on the hill at our left, and nothing at all in the cut.

"We will attack by fire and maneuver to knock 'em out. First section move down the cut, circle to the right and shoot 'em down from behind. Second section stay here and pin 'em down by fire. When the first section is behind the enemy, shoot up a green star cluster. Don't forget it—a green star cluster! Then the second section will move in. I will stay with the second section."

The wonderment on their faces bewildered him. He could read in Sergeant Alcott's eyes that same paragraph in the field manual: *Tanks are particularly vulnerable to enemy antitank fire when they pass through defiles.* And on Sergeant Forrest's face there was written one word: suicide.

Sergeant Alcott led the first section carefully into the defile. Corporal Turner, Steele's gunner, was blazing away at the enemy positions. The other tanks of the section opened up with a blistering concentration of fire. Steele was unable to tear his gaze away from the small bush atop the right hill, over which would soar, if ever, the green star cluster. There was the sharp tic-tic of enemy machine-gun bullets bouncing against his tank, but he was oblivious to all personal danger. In his ears pounded the unspoken voices of the nineteen men whose lives were now imperiled because he had decided to attack.

Yet another phrase turned over in his mind: *Follow these established principles of war, adapt them to fit your situation, carry out your decision with great force and initiative, and your operation stands ninety-nine chances in a hundred to succeed.* He could see the beribboned veteran campaigner on the teaching podium.

During this travail his gaze never left the small shrub atop the right hill. He felt he could count every leaf, although they were at least six hundred yards off and he was observing with the naked eye. He quivered in fear.

Suddenly, in a majestic arc that descended in the trees far to the right, there rose a green flare which burst into eleven small stars. Eleven small stars. He counted them, and there was a fullness in his heart that told him that now he belonged. And from around the nose of the right hill there appeared two tanks. In the lead vehicle stood Sergeant Alcott, his hand raised magnificently in salute. ⧺

When the Barometer drops-

Your ALLIGATOR'S Tops!

RAIN
FAIR
CHANGE
30
UNSETTLED

An Alligator is truly dependable protection against wind and rain. Ideal, too, when the sun shines, for superb smartness, impeccable tailoring, traditional taste and skill. Called by millions, "the best buy in rainwear"! See your dealer's selection in a wide range of popular prices, today! The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles

ALLIGATOR Rainwear

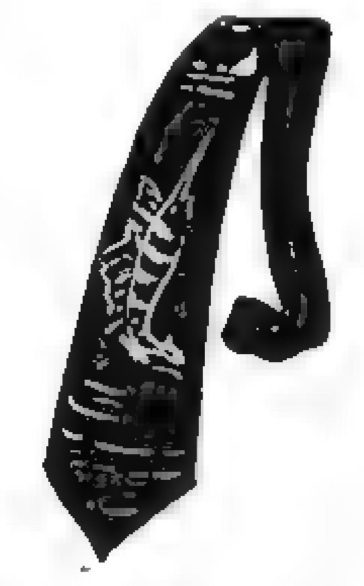
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

The Immortal Jim Jeffries

Continued from page 56

screwballs with cameras and weird ideas about making pictures that moved, lifelike, settled down in Los Angeles, chiefly because of the sunlight and the scenery. By the year 1910, motion pictures had become a pretentious industry. Los Angeles began to hustle and bustle a bit; the cost of living rose. People were buying newfangled horseless carriages. What had seemed like a fortune to Jeffries now dwindled into an insignificant sum.



Sailfish and sea make up the pattern of this hand-painted tie.

Just about that time, there arose a hue and cry for the great Jeffries to come out of retirement and chastise the upstart, gold-toothed Negro from Galveston, Jack Johnson, who laid claim to the title in 1908 after knocking out Tommy Burns in Australia.

Promoters from all parts of the country began to bid for the match.

It remained for a thin-lipped, hard-bitten gambler from Reno named Tex Rickard to make the offer which lured Jeffries out of his peaceful retirement.

Rickard put up a purse of 101,000 dollars in gold for the fight, to be split sixty-forty—sixty per cent to the winner, forty per cent to the loser, as was the custom in those days.

In addition, one of the crazy, newfangled moving-picture companies had offered 200,000 dollars for the motion-picture rights—and Jeff was to get one-third of that.

Admission was fifty dollars ringside; the cheapest seats were ten. And on that hot day in July, 1910, Reno grew from a city of 15,000 to one of 30,000 overnight.

More than 270,000 dollars in admissions were taken in by promoter Rickard for this greatest of all fistic spectacles—the first Battle of the Century. Blue-bloods, gamblers, statesmen, panders, businessmen and aristocrats rubbed shoulders in that crowd. The press was represented by men from England, France, Germany—even Australia.

"I'll never forget Rickard," chortled Jeff, as he relived the scene. "He made a pile of money out of that fight—but you'd have

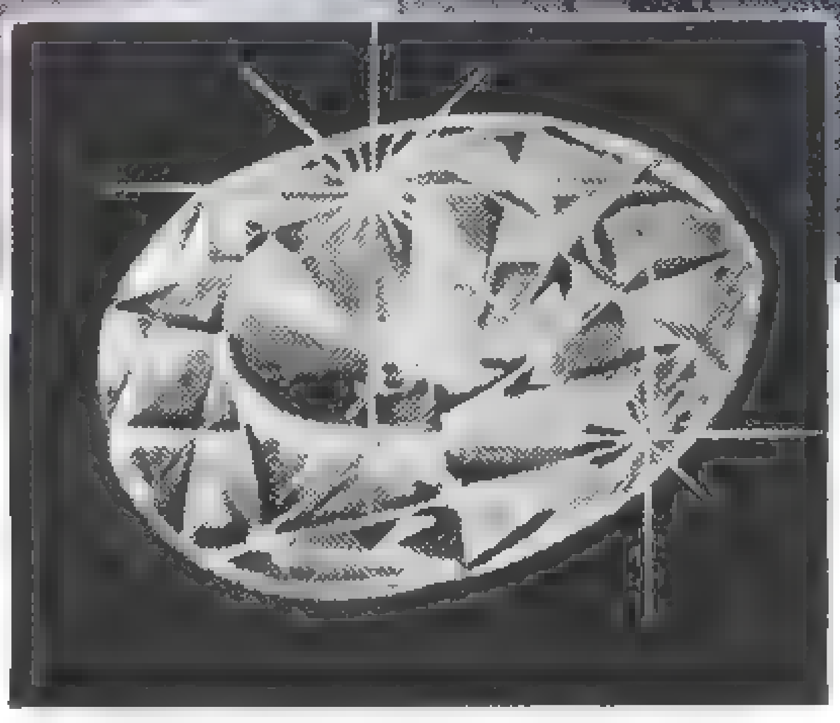
Continued on page 140

AN AMERICAN PRIVILEGE

DUTCH MASTERS
THE MASTER CIGAR

In these strenuous days relaxation is a rare privilege. Right in this city thousands of men make the most of this privilege by relaxing with a Dutch Masters Cigar while they dream and plan a brighter tomorrow.

DUTCH MASTERS



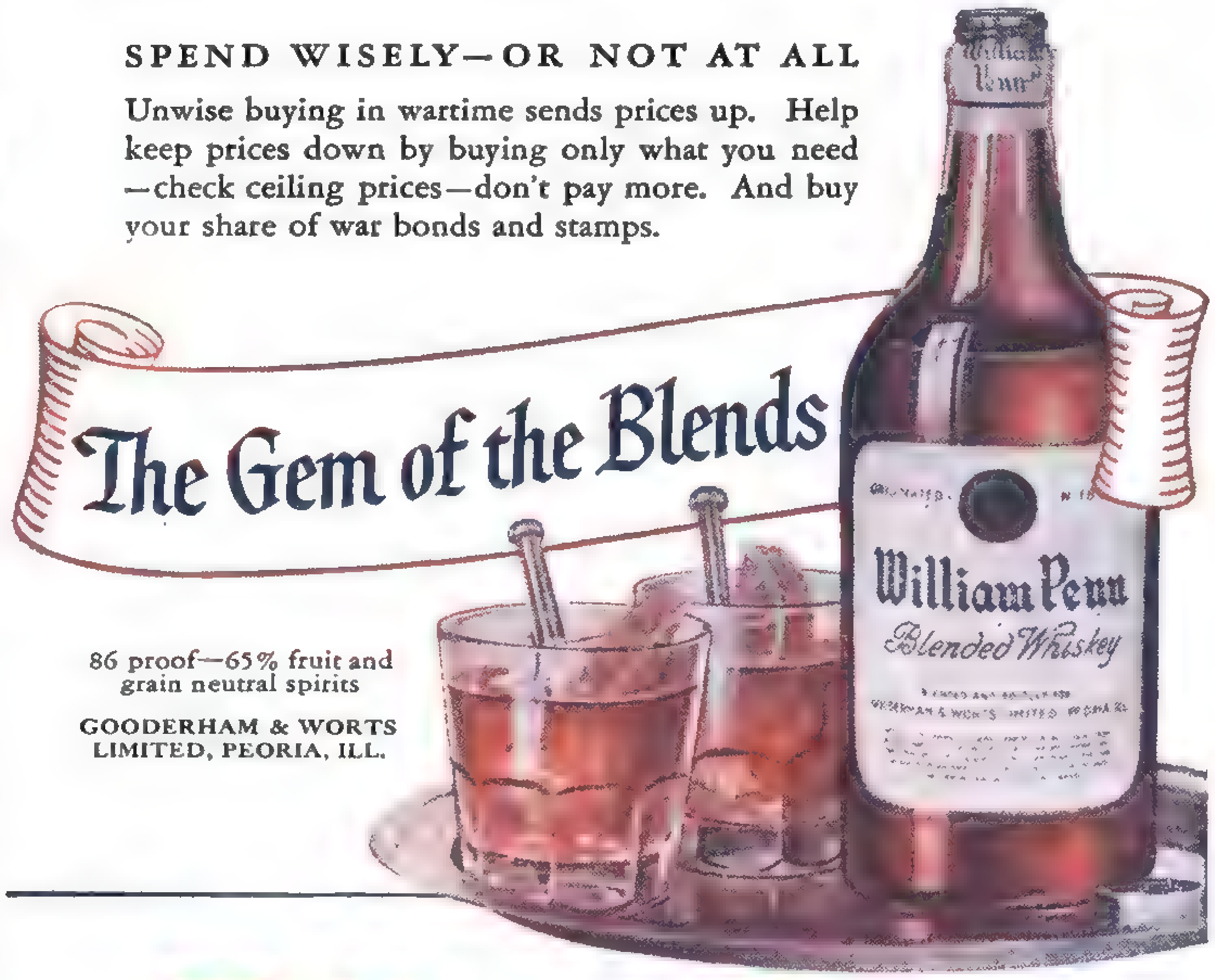
THE SANCY DIAMOND has been the treasured possession of kings of England, France and Spain. Since 1898, William Penn has been the treasured blend of American connoisseurs.

He guarded this gem with his life...

THE Lord of Sancy brought this gem from Turkey in the year 1570. Once he had entrusted it to a faithful follower who was set upon by bandits and mortally wounded. Before dying, the servant managed to swallow the 53 carat diamond—which was later recovered by his master... Like the great Sancy diamond, William Penn Blended Whiskey became famous because of its superior quality. Called the "gem of the blends" because it *outshines* others in flavor, bouquet and mellowness, William Penn is a premium whiskey in everything but price. After your first taste, you'll immediately understand why *millions say when with William Penn.*

SPEND WISELY—OR NOT AT ALL

Unwise buying in wartime sends prices up. Help keep prices down by buying only what you need—check ceiling prices—don't pay more. And buy your share of war bonds and stamps.



86 proof—65% fruit and grain neutral spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS
LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL.

William Penn
Blended Whiskey

For color picture of Spunray girl write Dan River Mills.

"YOU'VE GOT IT COMING TO YOU, PRIVATE JONES"

Your dream will be coming true one of these days — your dream of those BIG little things . . . ice cream cones and hamburgers . . . a date with The Girl and Broadway's bright lights . . . weekend vacations and clothes to relax in — like Spunray* shirts, cool, trim and colorful — for lounging, for golf, for fishing — for holding hands!

*Spunray is a two-ply, 50% rayon and 50% cotton comfort fabric for leisure shirts, dress shirts and ensembles.

VAT-DYED FOR COLOR FASTNESS
SANFORIZED† AGAINST SHRINKAGE
TEBILIZED FOR CREASE RESISTANCE

Spunray is made by DAN RIVER MILLS, Danville, Va.
New York Office: 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
†Shrinkage less than 1%

SPUNRAY
COMFORT SHIRTING
WASHABLE WITHOUT SPECIAL CARE

The Immortal Jim Jeffries

Continued from pages 56-139

thought he lost his shirt—all because a couple of thousand Reno people jumped over the rickety fence and saw the fight free. Tex never did get over that."

Johnson won in the 15th round by a knockout. Jeff got the loser's end of that 101,000-dollar purse—40,400 dollars, plus 66,666 dollars for his one-third interest in the movie rights.

Well, the money went—as money will. Investments didn't pan out. People borrowed money and didn't repay. Jeff sold some of his land.

Meanwhile, the screwball industry had developed into a business Titan and billions were invested therein. Southern California became the Mecca of sightseers; Los Angeles grew and grew and the Jeffries farm finally landed within the city limits.

Professional boxing was booming in Southern California; Los Angeles and Hollywood, a stone's throw away, were cashing in heavily on the business of fisticuffs.

Then one day Mrs. Jim Jeffries suggested that her husband start an amateur boxing club in the big, roomy wooden barn just across the street from their residence. Jim wasn't enamored of the notion at first. Amateurs? Might be okay for Joe Louis or Gene Tunney or one of those young snips who had come up into the fistic world that way.

But as the little woman stuck to her guns, Jim weakened.

"What'll we call it?" he asked.

"Well everyone in Burbank knows where the Jeffries barn is located," said Mrs. Jeffries. "Why change the name?"

That was twelve years ago. Today Jeffries Barn is a fixture; everyone knows about it. It isn't big, for a fight club, seats only about 1,500 when jammed—and jammed it generally is. You'll find Bud Abbott and Lou Costello there; Hugh Herbert, of "woo, woo" fame; Bing Crosby, Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe Velez, Roy Rogers, Ruby Keeler and scores of lesser lights.

It is Jim Jeffries' sole means of support today—but it happens to be a good one. He confessed with a chuckle that he had to pay a big tax on last year's income.

"Didn't mind it a bit," he said. "Time to start worrying is when you ain't got no tax to pay! I'm 69," he went on. "Too old to tote a gun; wish I was a mite younger, so's I could take on a few of them little yellow devils. But I'm buyin' Bonds, and I reckon that I've helped develop a good many youngsters into doggone good fighting men in my club."

Jim proudly recounted the tales of half a dozen of "his boys" who

Evans
THE SPITFIRE
SERVICE MODEL
AN Evans LIGHTER
MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY
FOR THE ARMED FORCES

had distinguished themselves on various battlefields.

He has an old man's pride in one thing: from the time he started his ring career until he retired in 1905 he was never knocked off his feet. Which is more than any other heavyweight champion in ring history can boast. Jeff was knocked down in the Johnson fight at Reno—but he was thirty-five and had come out of retirement after five years of idleness.

Jim has one cauliflower ear—but he didn't get it fighting. He got it—of all things!—wrestling, while training for one of his title matches.

Jeffries' friends insist that he was the first American heavyweight to hold a crystal-clear claim to the world championship. John L. Sullivan refused to fight Peter Jackson, who was the Australian champ; Jackson had boxed Corbett a 61-round draw, at Benecia. Jeff knocked out Jackson in three rounds in '98.

He apologizes for that, says that Jackson was an old man then and admits he doesn't know how he would have fared with the mighty black man had he faced him in his prime.

Jeff defended his title five times—Sharkey, Corbett (twice), Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack Monroe. Until the advent of Joe Louis, only one other heavyweight champion—Jack Dempsey—could boast as many successful title defenses. Louis has defended his crown more than twenty times.

Today, at sixty-nine, the 250-pound Jeffries looks a lot fitter than many men half his age. He has all his "marbles." His only physical defect is a minor deafness in one ear—and that comes in handy when you ask him a question he doesn't want to answer.

Champions may come, and champions may go—but there will always be room in the old record book for the mighty boilermaker, James J. Jeffries, the ring king who never had an amateur fight. ⧺

"'Jerry,' she says, 'I'm going to give you a Father's Day gift that's different,' and then she lets me have it"

COUNT ON

Catalina

for swimwear that gives you that slimmer, trimmer look—California styling and color to assure you the ease, the ready-to-go freedom of active outdoor living!

Celanese Hawkskin trunk: natural, tan, cadet blue, brown, ivory; full inner support, $4.

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

Featured by fine men's shops and department stores . . . For name of your nearest store, write . . .

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Looking for real prewar quality? ...then be sure you get a

Rolfs "DIRECTOR" Billfold

KEEP ON BACKING THE ATTACK . . . BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

Rolfs "DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD

See it at better stores everywhere. Prewar quality in every inch! Gives you the famed eight exclusive features, including TWO sliding card holders, secret currency pocket, spare key carriers.

$3.50 up, plus tax

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330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

"Proud legacy of an unchanging tradition -a Quality tradition born 104 years ago"

The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

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100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T FOUNDED 1840
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PARK & TILFORD RESERVE
WHISKEY A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Gremlins in Washington

Continued from page 47

tire industry, his assistant and a secretary. That organization, with its superiors, is going to guide the destinies, not alone of your 20,000,000-dollar corporation, but of the 150,000,000-dollar industry as well. You are going to help—sure—in an advisory capacity; but, Mister, I have seen some of the help industry gives government, and in too many cases, it's spelled H-E-L-L.

You complain of your troubles in running your company. How would you like to have the troubles of the entire industry heaped upon your head and have the whole grandstand throwing pop bottles at you because every decision you make is "no" to somebody.

I believe the W.P.B. now has around 14,000 or 15,000 employees. Do you think you could whip an organization like that out of nothing in eighteen months?

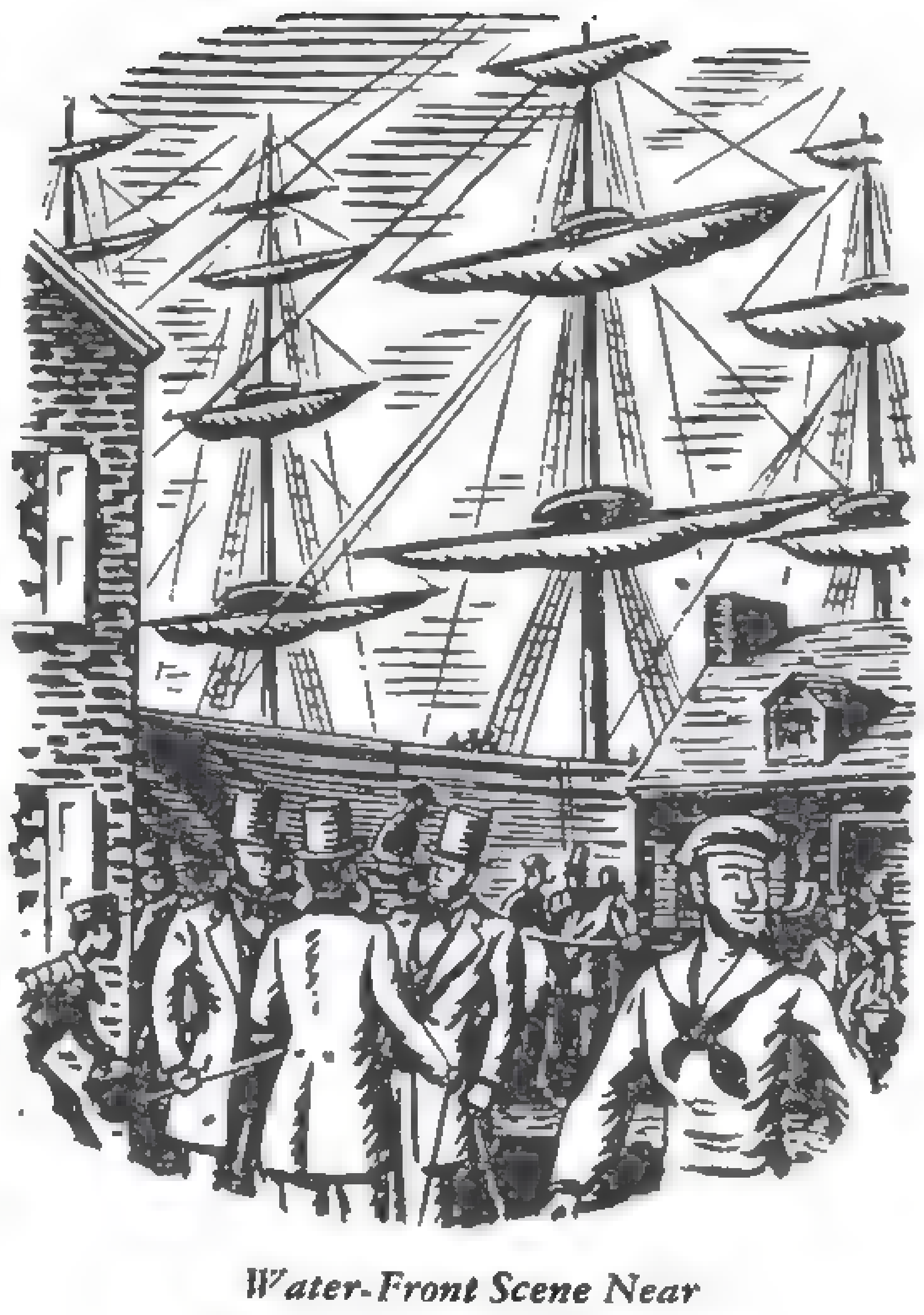
When I went to Washington, I was going to show them. Hadn't I had twenty-three years' experience in my field? After struggling for several weeks with one of our worst problems, I finally came up with a plan. What was it? We just couldn't find an answer, in my estimation, unless we first sent out a questionnaire to all manufacturers. Go on—laugh, but in your organization do you make decisions without consulting the records?

When the war is over and the government worker is asked, "Grandpa, what did you do in the war?" he will be able to say, "Sonny, I was with W.P.B. Again and again, frightfully outnumbered, I had to stand fearlessly and say 'no' to American Industry."

It is quite understandable that an individual manufacturer might believe that the world would be better off if, in his exceptional case, he were permitted to manufacture in excess of his allotments, based on the all-time high year of 1941. But, for the Lord's sake, couldn't he have come up with some original reasons why?

It was so bad for a time that the head of our unit, a man I will call Vinegar and Spice, used to greet the manufacturers who came to see him with the remark, "And what terrible catastrophe befell your organization in 1941?" knowing that his story was going to be based on a slowdown in 1941 production which made his case exceptional. One original fellow shoved out on the table as his blue chip the fact that his partner, who was in charge of production, had asthma that year.

A certain large piece of equipment was ordered for the Army. The manufacturing company met with government agencies to give it the final okay before production began. Of course, you wonder why these ten or twelve Government Gremlins should have been in at all. Why not give the manufacturer the contract and



Water-Front Scene Near Original John Middleton Store

In the Days of Sail

Square-riggers poked their bowsprits into the port of Philadelphia, and their skippers headed for the little Middleton tobacco-shop near by to replenish their stocks of Walnut . . . John Middleton's master-blend of the world's seven most favored tobaccos.

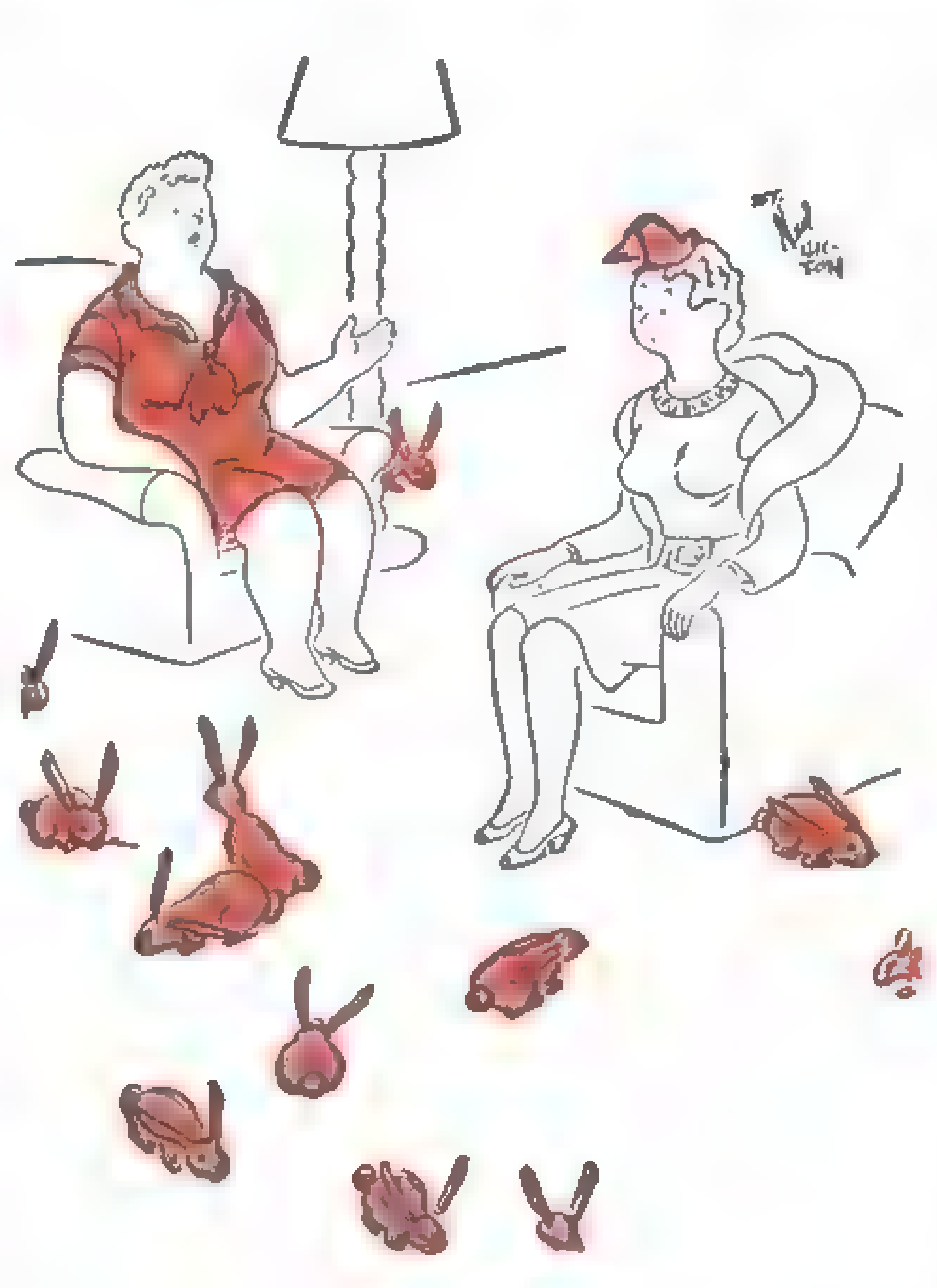
On return voyages went Walnut to every point on the compass, for the name and fame of this mild, fragrant, friendly, *naturally* aromatic pipe-blend had spread among the world's leading citizens of that day. Each year since then has seen an increase in the popularity of this bland blend.

The better stores everywhere have Walnut at $2.25 the pound, and in pocket-packs at 30c. You might like to read "The Choice of Experience," which we shall be glad to send you, with an ample sample of Walnut. Just write John Middleton, 1227 Walnut (Tobacco) St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

John Middleton's
WALNUT
CUSTOM-MADE for the CARRIAGE-TRADE

Since *1856*

say, "Go ahead. Get it out." But there were several important component parts; and various departments of W.P.B. specializing in those parts were there to see that all co-operated in the speedy production of the complete unit. There were a couple of Army colonels, one to see that the equipment was produced satisfactorily to the Army and the other from the metals conservation division. You would have been proud of both these Army men but I'd like to pin a special medal on the latter.



"Oh, yes, our meat problem is solved—now we have a hard time getting enough carrots"

Right away he spotted 165,000 pounds of an extremely critical metal in the list of materials needed. Vinegar and Spice was the W.P.B. specialist on the part using that metal. So the colonel said, "This metal is more critical than men or money. You figure out how to eliminate it and still meet the specifications." A large order, you say, because the manufacturer already was set and ready to go. Another medal please—this one for Vinegar and Spice, because he figured it out right there in front of everybody.

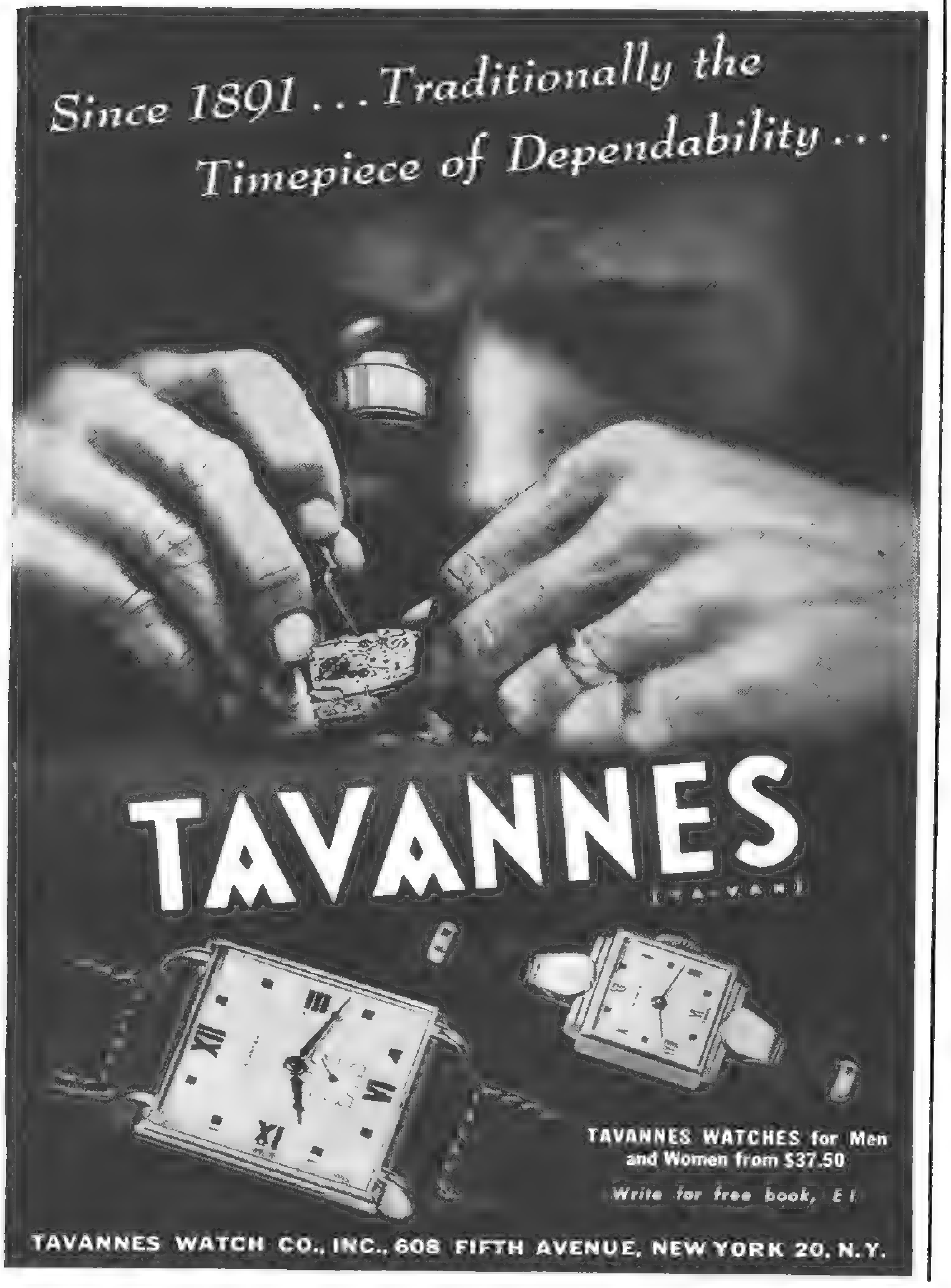
Was everybody happy? Not quite. The manufacturer's representatives advanced more reasons why the plan wouldn't work than did your star salesman in the old days when he failed to land that new customer. He finally had to admit, however, under the constant hammering of the colonel and Vinegar and Spice, that it might work. He was to check and report in a week.

At the next meeting the manufacturer had used the week to provide the finest presentation of why a job couldn't be done that I have ever heard.

The colonel and Vinegar and Spice had figured this might happen and when the apparently triumphant arguer had exhausted his whole bag of tricks, they threw in a new plan to accomplish the same saving of metal. And they had proof that it would work.

Did the manufacturer give in

Continued on page 144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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
NO-GAP, Y-FRONT CONSTRUCTION

THE SOURCE OF SUPPORT

Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Because of wartime shortages, you've probably accepted substitutes for many of your favorite products and have not complained about it. But man, what a *big* difference you'd find between Jockey and other brands of support underwear! You'd miss Jockey's smooth, seamless support pouch . . . the design that keeps needless bulk out of the crotch area . . . the convenience of the angled, no-gap opening . . . the patented Y-Front and the comfortable, cross-stretch seat construction which together provide firm, unfailing support. You'll be smart to wait, if your dealer's supply of Jockey Underwear is temporarily sold out.

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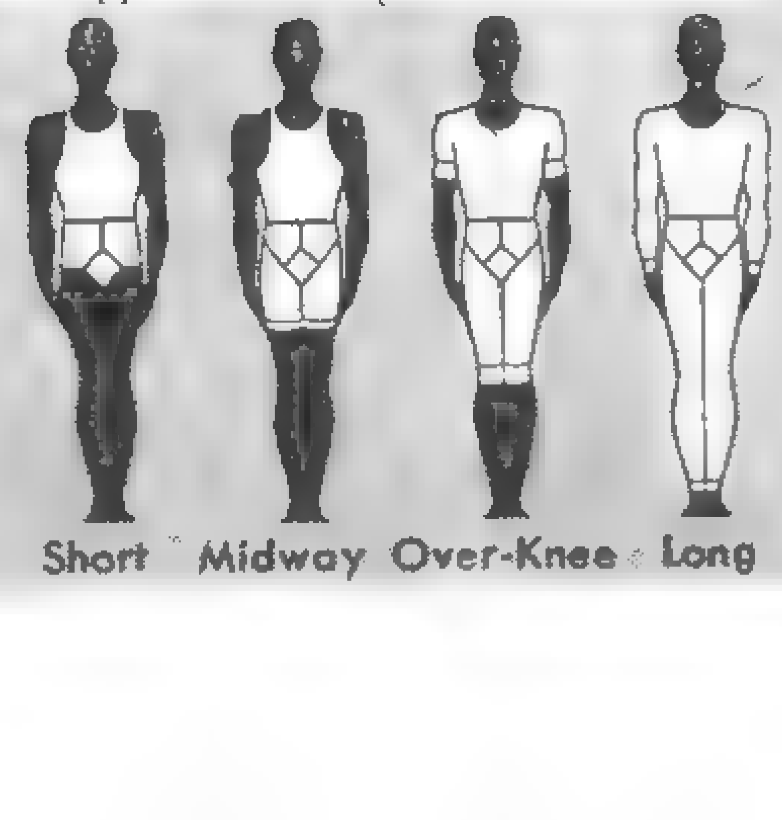


The Gremlins in Washington

Continued from pages 47-143

gracefully, glad of the saving of this vital war metal? Gentlemen of Industry, that day as I sat in that meeting I hoped that I looked like a Government Gremlin; I hoped that no one would remember that I ordinarily played on the Industry team.

The manufacturer quickly and desperately tried to counter this new attack; but his objections, like those of the first meeting, obviously expressed unwillingness to consider any plan but his own.

I had admired the colonel from the first because he was so direct in speech and yet he was fair and considerate and never spoke until there was need for it. Now he arose and said what all of us would like to have said. "This whole group of some fourteen or fifteen essential men have been tied up in two meetings and have delayed the program for one week to help you solve this problem. This saving of a critical material is vital to the war effort. Mr. Manufacturer, you have devoted all your efforts to show why this thing cannot be done. If your engineers were in a foxhole with the Germans shooting at them, and they couldn't get out without solving this problem, they probably would arrive at the correct solution in fifteen minutes. Now come back in one more week with how it can be done."

I wish I could capture the entire speech with all its fire, and that of Vinegar and Spice, too.

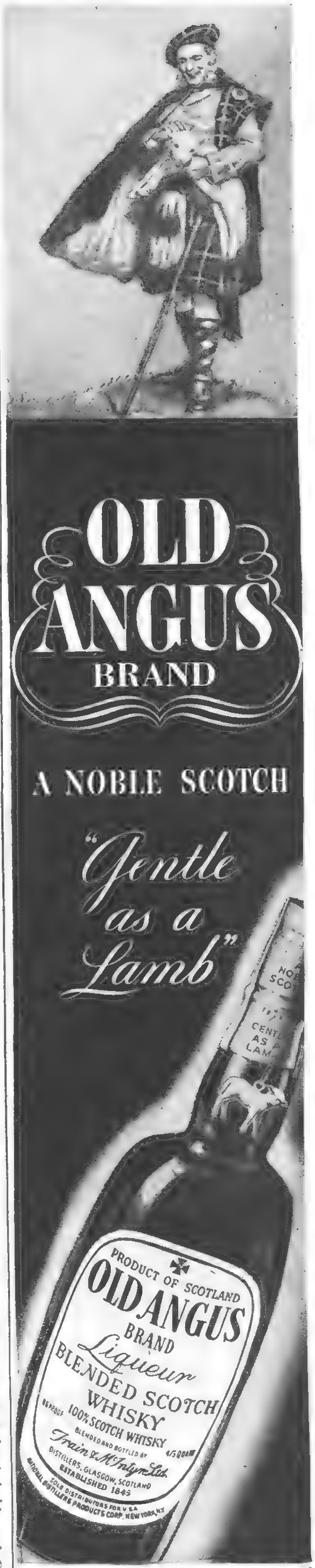
I don't intend to say that all industry is like that because hundreds of manufacturers are entitled to the very prettiest medals we can design. Do you suppose that these Government Gremlins are the same as the manufacturers—you know—mostly good, but some bad? Could be.

It has taken me a long time to say so; but, gentlemen, the war, and the civilian economy as well, would be in a hell of a mess right now if it weren't for those government agencies you swear so much about.

Oh, sure, you sit up there in the grandstand and say you want to throw away all the rule books and fire the referee, the judges, the timekeeper and the linesmen—but would you?

For you really rabid grandstand quarterbacks, let me give you a warning. Some day somebody may tap you on the shoulder and say, "Hey, Buddy—you with the purple face and the leather lungs—you're to come down on the field and take over the quarterback job." And you would be surprised at how different things look from the playing field.

Oh! Oh! Sorry—must go now. I just got another one of those mile-long questionnaires some of those blankety blanks in Washington thought up, and it must be in next week. #

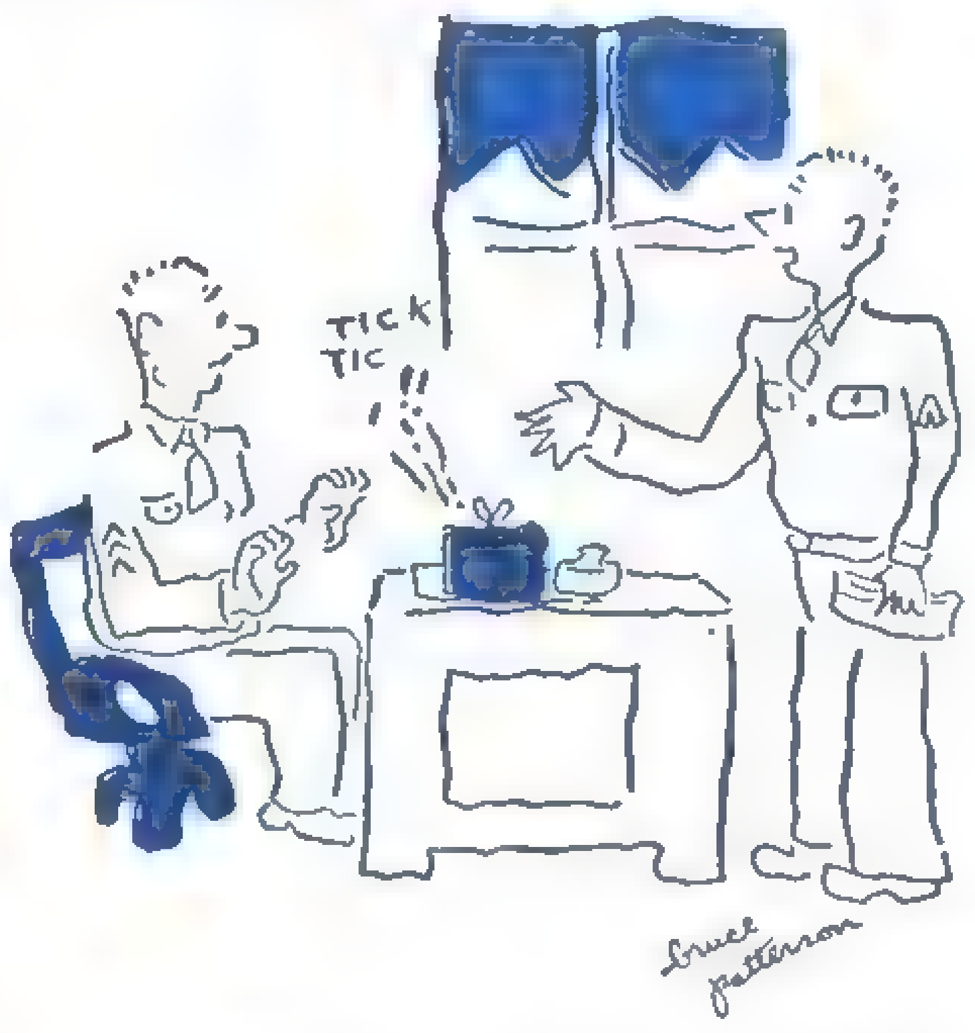


Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

Take Off the Rose-Colored Glasses

Continued from page 31

advance for a civilian who was coming from out of town to see the World Series. I did not pay much attention to this stipulation as I was tired and dirty and my immediate interest was in a hot bath and a good night's sleep on a comfortable bed. At sea I always sleep with my clothes on and if any of us can take a shower once every four days we are doing well.



"Sergeant, we men in the barracks went together and bought you a Father's Day gift"

When the two and one half days were up the manager informed me that I had to move out, which I did. I could not get a room any place else. The result was that I had to sleep at the Armed Guard Center in Brooklyn on a bunk for the remainder of my stay in New York. To the manager of that hotel the World Series business meant more than the war. By way of contrast, while in Glasgow, Scotland, three United States Naval officers and I were checked into the Central Station Hotel and the manager moved out three British civilians to give us the rooms.

In January of 1944, just prior to leaving for overseas from Boston, I was in an automobile with two other Naval officers. At 1:00 a.m. we got a flat tire and, as we thought, luckily, just in front of a large garage. We asked the attendant to change the tire for us which he refused to do. We then asked him to lend us a jack which he refused to do. The three of us in the bitter cold worked on the tire for four hours with an inoperative jack. The garage attendant and his colleagues merely looked on. Finally we stopped a police car and the officers went to another garage, got a jack, helped us and were courteous and co-operative. They admitted the garage attendant was a so-and-so. For that act of kindness, the Boston police department will always have a warm spot in my heart.

Preparatory to leaving for overseas on one of my trips, the ship, due to heavy weather damage, required a lot of repairs. The Army was making every effort to complete the work so we could sail in

Continued on page 146

Mido WINDS AS YOU GO*
Mido
MULTIFORT—
SUPER
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*When swimming, wear your Mido . . . your arm's natural motion will keep it fully wound. It's the 100% waterproof watch that winds itself. Shock-resistant... anti-magnetic ... 17-jewels, it is sold and serviced in 65 countries. Supply limited.

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Write for illustrated booklet, A-74, Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc., 665 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y. . . In Canada, 410 St. Peter St., Montreal.

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Making Life Easier for Men who Must Travel

Traveling conditions are different. .but Val-a-Pak convenience is still the same. Though limited in supply, these remarkable wardrobes are winning the praise of essential travelers and officers of the armed forces to whom goes the major part of Val-a-Pak production. Needs no unpacking...open it, hang it up and live out of it. Suntan artificial leather...also brown, olive drab or navy duck with contrasting leather trim.

BUY A GENUINE
VAL-A-PAK

BUY WAR BONDS

ATLANTIC PRODUCTS CORPORATION, TRENTON 5, N. J.

Take Off the Rose-Colored Glasses

Continued from pages 31-145

the next convoy. Workmen were being asked to work overtime. One day, while in my cabin, I overheard the following conversation, "I tell ya, Charlie, it don't pay to work overtime for the dough involved. I'm making enough dough. Why should I lose out on fun and sleep?" The listener agreed.

On another occasion I heard one employee bawling out another for working too fast and producing too much. This was reflecting upon other employees. This factory was producing material vital to the war.

While on leave in Chicago in October of 1943 I was at a friend's home. They had a visitor who had traveled from the coast to see some relatives. This person remarked to me, "The servicemen simply clutter up railroad stations. It makes travel difficult."

I have heard story after story of enlisted men under my command who have been abused, mistreated and overreached by civilians. One boy who came from a small town and who was trusting and honest was told by a New York barber that he "had salt in his hair" and needed a shampoo and a massage. The haircut cost him three dollars. This boy makes fifty-four dollars a month.

Now, needless to say, there are a great number of good, sincere and patriotic Americans who treat servicemen wonderfully and who have regard and respect for the seriousness of the war. But when President Roosevelt popularized the use of the word "chiselers" he had justification therefor.

After my return to the United States as a survivor, the Treasury Department and the Navy Public Relations Department called upon me to make some talks for the purpose of selling War Bonds and to inspire the war worker. It was difficult for me to understand that any red-blooded American needed urging to do that which was his mere duty to do. It amazed me that the service must not only fight the war but must inspire and incite the civilian. In Russia, England and China the civilian knows what war is. Japan and Germany have not bombed the United States although they could and still can. They realize that to do so would infuriate the civilian and thereby create millions of extra man hours of labor, which are now being wasted. They saw that happen in England and China.

Instead we are lulled by optimism. Every time I am in New York I read the newspapers and listen avidly to the radio. I see any minor Allied success spread across the front pages while setbacks, defeats and casualties are tucked away in the back pages. Radio commentators have the war won already, and they are so dramatic and convincing that they put the brains to sleep. A friend in Chicago, a shrewd lawyer, bet me

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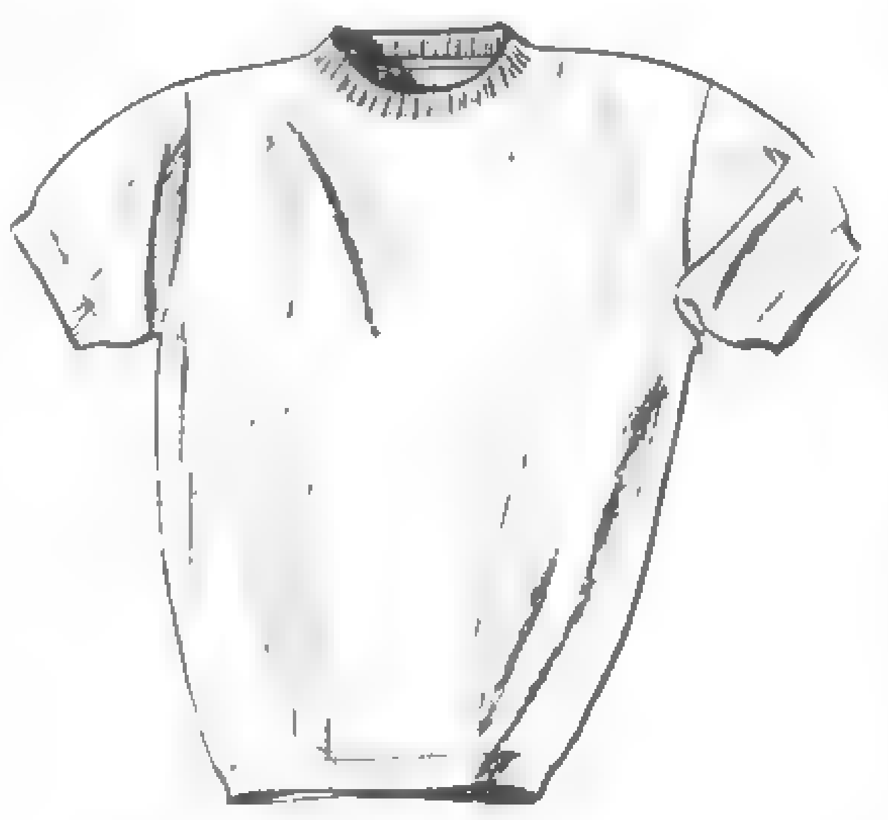
fifty dollars against a hundred, after the Italian surrender, that Germany would be defeated by January 1, 1944.

When Italy surrendered, September 8, 1943, we were in the middle of the North Atlantic. We were fighting the elements and the enemy. We heard by wireless that New York was celebrating furiously as was the entire nation. We had been part of the invasion force which captured Sicily yet we did not celebrate. Millions of man hours of labor were wasted when Italy surrendered.



Knitted lisle shirt of pale tan is an all-around sports addition.

For those of us who have seen the enemy operate, felt their torpedoes, felt and heard their machine guns and artillery, this balderdash optimism is downright disgusting. Those of us in uniform will not be able to celebrate until Germany and Japan are crushed completely. We know that until then our skins are insecure. We can be killed in the last two minutes.

What the civilian needs is to be indoctrinated along the lines that the longer the war lasts the more men will be killed; that when he relaxes and fails to perform his duties he is committing murder.

What is the bearing on this of my comparatively trivial disagreeable experiences at home between voyages? The bearing is that they were in high points in America and were symptomatic of cold-blooded indifferentism. In that way they were not so trivial.

The enemies are anxious that a condition of complacency, profiteering, chiselling and ignorant optimism should continue in the United States. The enemies have geared themselves to fight a long war. Their hope and expectation are that we in America quarrel among ourselves and shuffle along until we are wearied out.

A Navy man needing a rest pushed out of a hotel room because a crowd was coming to see a ball game. A sailor boy chiselled out of three dollars for a haircut. War plant workers needing a disaster survivor to come and beg them to work a little harder. Do they fit into the picture?

It doesn't seem trivial to me. #

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PILSENER BEER

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AMERICA'S
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Good advice for
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and Women
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Barrymore
daughter of the
great John
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"I am glad that people today realize that it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste, or any other article of personal hygiene. I am enthusiastically pleased with Arrid and recommend it highly. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection. Men as well as women should use Arrid."

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Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 39c, 59c a jar.

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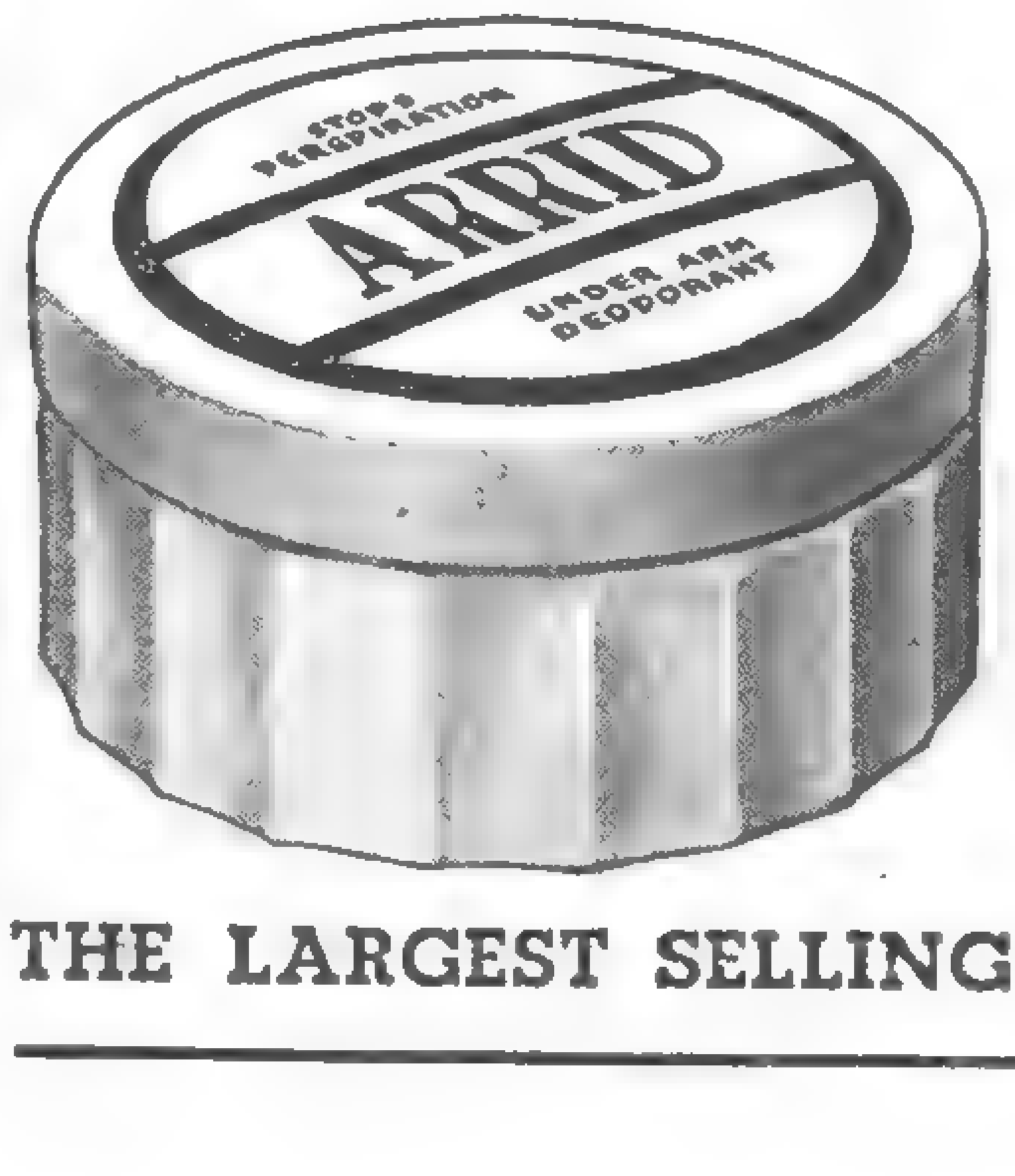

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Kay Whitney Frocks • Universal Pajamas
No-Tare Shorts

The Loud and Vehement Prayer

Continued from page 49

school they tell us the Lord is everywhere. He hears our prayers even when they are not spoken."

He slapped his hands down on his knees and made an expression of contempt.

"Bah! Everywhere people are praying. No? Each one has perhaps as good a claim as you to attention. In the scheme of things you are one of the least . . ."

"He sees the sparrow fall," I protested.

"But He does not prevent it," my grandfather said with an expression of finality. "No, the trouble is apparent. Your prayer has not been answered. Why? Not because you are a bad boy; not because you steal my candy; not because of any reason but one. *You do not pray loud enough!*"

"You mean I should shout?"

"Exactly. Tonight, when it is time for you to pray, pray as if the Lord were downstairs . . . or perhaps as if He were in your mother's bedroom. Pray loudly and clearly, enunciating each word with care. Pray with feeling in your voice. Pray, in short, as if you meant it. You may go now."

I must say this idea struck me as ridiculous. I was inclined to credit the cognac for Grandpa's theory. If God were everywhere, in the mountains, in the sea, in the forests, in the homes . . . why must I shout to be heard?

Still, when it was time to go to bed, I knelt nervously down and began in a voice I seldom used except at a baseball or hockey game:

"Dear God, make my mother take me to the Exhibition and make us get a seat in the very front where for once I can see something and not be prevented by people's hats and iron posts, especially the fireworks and . . ."

I went on bellowing like this for some time. I warmed to my subject and my voice, as with most orators, took on new timbre and vibrance as I went along.

Suddenly, when I was almost finished I heard someone call. In truth I was really finished with the Exhibition part and I was going through blessing my "good, dear, patient, beautiful mother" when she called up in an odd voice:

"Not so loud, Richard! My goodness, everyone in the block can hear you."

I quieted down and climbed into bed.

I was half asleep when Grandpa went past the door. "Well done," he said, "but next time, not *quite* so loud."

Would you believe it that Grandpa was absolutely right? The following day, without a word being said, I was taken to the Exhibition; I sat in the front row and saw everything; and I rode excitedly on the Ferris wheel.

Since then, consequently, I have always prayed at the top of my voice, and with considerable success. ⌗

YOAKUM YARNS

by "RAWHIDE TANNER"

"BUST-EVEN MAYHEW"

They wasn't a man in Texas relished poker like Clem Mayhew did. He never missed a game, but at the end of a year he'd always wind up just bustin' even.

So the boys called him "Bust-Even" Mayhew. But he'd just say, "Some day I'll win big, *then* you can't call me Bust-Even." Right then he begun losin', 'til finally he didn't have the price of a plate of frijoles. So he sunk to cuttin' timber off Jason Pottses' ranch to make charcoal out of on shares. Clem was desperate.

He'd cut his wood and stacked it in a gully, when Jason and two of his hands rode up. "Bust-Even," says Jason, "How about joinin' me and the boys in a round of draw?"

"Dagnab it, Jason," answers Clem, "I couldn't even ante in a penny ante game."

"I know," says Jason, "but you can stake your share of the charcoal you're gonna make." So Bust-Even does. And he won from the first hand. He cleaned out them cow-pokes, and he had old man Potts scratchin' gravel. Bust-Even's winnin' streak had come. Then it happens. Clem opens and stands pat. Jason draws one. Clem bets, Jason raises. Clem raises. And they keep it up. Finally Jason says, "I've outdrawed you, Bust-Even, but I'm out of cash. I'm bettin' my whole layout except the land, which is leased, and we'll show down."

"It's a bet," yelps Bust-Even, and slaps down a royal flush," shoutin', "I busted that Bust-Even jinx at last!" Just then one of the hands hollers, "Prairie fire! Dive for the water hole!" And they dove, just in time. The whole shebang was blazin'. When the fire had passed they crawled out. That ranch was burnt bare—corrals, stock, everything. Clem Mayhew was mighty sick lookin'. All his winnin's was gone up in smoke. "Well, anyhow," he gits out, "anyhow, you can't call me Bust-Even no more."

"Hold your hosses," Jason says. "look at your wood pile. The bank's caved in on it and the wood's a-smolderin' under the dirt. It'll make charcoal by tomorrow night. Your startin' stake was charcoal . . and danged if you ain't windin' up with the same." What new name ought we to call you now, Clem?"

"Don't bother your brains," Clem answers, "just call me Bust-Even."

You do a lot more than "bust even" when you find a dealer with a stock of TEXAS RANGER and SADDLE CRAFT Belts and Billfolds and get yourself one of these authentic examples of Western leather craftsmanship. They are made in Yoakum, Texas by folks who live with leather, and love it.

Some items are scarce, because war needs get a lot of our leather and our time. But keep looking; it's worth your while.

SADDLE CRAFT
TEXAS RANGER

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TexTan OF YOAKUM, TEXAS

Reno's Two-Way Street

Continued from page 72

which the conservatives had outlawed back in 1910.

The six-week divorce law was just what the doctor ordered for wives who had long since looked upon their husbands with disdain. The ladies, who have always outnumbered male divorce seekers in Nevada nine to one, fresheted into Reno by train, plane, automobile, truck, horseback and thumb.

Many of the city's divorce lawyers who had been charging at least a thousand dollars a case, sharply cut their fees. The idea was that even with lowered fees they could make more money because of volume business.

A gentleman's agreement among the solicitors to maintain a minimum fee of 250 dollars had long since been shot to pieces by some of the smaller merchants of freedom, and it was now possible to get a divorce for 150 dollars, plus 45 dollars for court costs, or even less.

The legal business itself started to become so attractive that outside barristers established themselves in Nevada. Competition got so bitter, even with volume business that totalled almost five thousand divorces in a period of seven months, that eventually the Nevada Bar Association made its practice requirements almost impossible to meet. There is one school of thought that holds to the belief that the bar association didn't act quickly enough, for today, in a city with only 22,000 population, there are around 150 practicing attorneys.

For a time after passage of the six-week law, divorce judges stood on the dignity of the court and, despite mass production methods by lawyers, the jurists conducted the hearings, which were by this time secret, in leisure. But soon the court calendars became so clogged that the judges had to speed the hearings lest a woman seeking a divorce be forced to hang around Reno for

Continued on page 150

MAKES the BEST RUM COLLINS* you ever TASTED!

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

"Planters' Punch" Brand—97 Proof

***Easy to make:** Fill tall glass with Ice. Add juice of Lemon—teaspoon Sugar—jigger of Myers's Jamaica Rum. Fill with carbonated Water. Decorate with Maraschino Cherry and thin slice of Lemon. Serve with straws. Remember, for the most delicious flavour,

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100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
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these suits understand human nature!

Active men know this: if you can manage to look cool and unruffled through the heat, you feel a lot cooler, accomplish much more. Well . . . Timely Sunfoil Suits are about as cool as you can get; but equally important, they keep their immaculate good looks, thanks to TIMELY *BALANCED TAILORING. This modern needlework technique combines the flexibility of hand-tailoring with the sturdiness of machine sewing. As a result, your suit seems to spring back into shape, even through high-powered action and summer heat. Timely Sunfoil Suits are about $35 to $45 at better men's stores everywhere, or write TIMELY CLOTHES, INC. • ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.

James J. W.—Thanks to Timely *Balanced Tailoring the collar of his suit will always fit snugly, the lapels will always roll softly, and the whole garment will keep its original smart appearance as long as he wears it.

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Then from this priceless briar, devoted craftsmen created these masterpieces in the custom tradition.

For symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly imported briar—here is true perfection.

Your Emperor will grow in value as the years pass by. America knows no finer pipe.

$3.50 . . . $5.00 . . . $7.50

EMPEROR PIPES

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.,
Eighty York St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reno's Two-Way Street

Continued from pages 72-149

several weeks after her residence requirement was fulfilled. The average hearing now consumed no more than from seven to ten minutes, and one decree was handed down in just 180 seconds.

The new divorce law that permitted a sentence-server to wander over the 110,000 square miles of mountains, deserts, rivers and ranch lands helped Nevada in general. But the same statute has kicked back somewhat on Reno. Las Vegas, for example, has sprung up as a formidable rival.

Many of the Reno lawyers were, in 1941, mourning the fact that only a minority of the women who came for divorces were wealthy; the six-week law had brought in a poorer class. But then the war came along and somehow brought to a head the bickerings of years among the wealthy and the marriage-weary, and the percentage of wealthy arrivals increased sharply.

Today things are not, however, as they used to be. In the lush days the average woman who checked into the exclusive Riverside Hotel or rented a fashionable apartment or home for her residence stay, had money to toss around with abandon in the gambling clubs and she went into the exclusive shops on Virginia Street and purchased Worth, Molyneux and Germaine Monteil creations without asking the price.

While many of the wealthier class still favor Reno, a large percentage of them actually spend their residence time at one or another of the five dude ranches that belt the city in a twenty-mile radius. The show-place houses have been turned into guest houses or apartments for the less affluent type of visitor. The nonsocialite stranger often makes expenses by taking a job while in Reno.

Even if the worst should begin to happen as a result of the tendency of some judges in other states to question the validity of certain Nevada divorces, it is doubtful if the conservative element of Reno will weigh in with the outsiders. They feel morally damned with Reno as it is, but would be financially damned if things changed.

Moreover, the years have brought about a certain tolerance to divorce in quarters where such tolerance didn't exist a decade or so ago. There was a time when no self-respecting Reno male would be seen in the company of a woman who had come to town for a divorce. But, as the years went on, some of the less conservative male members of the community were not only seen in company with divorcees but actually married them and remained in Reno.

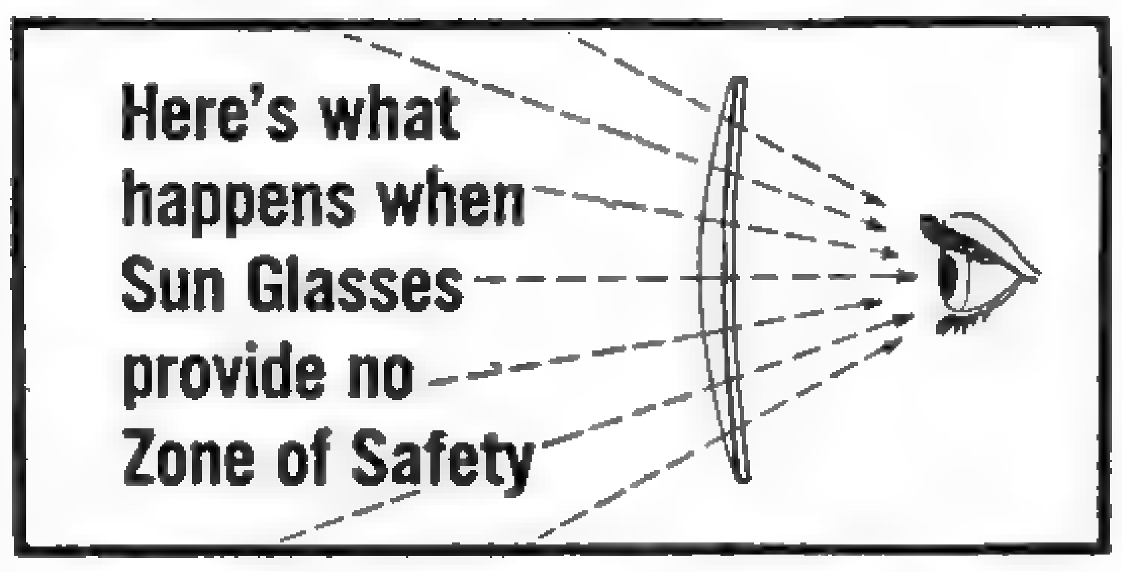
The result is that the majority of Reno families have been touched by divorce, either directly or through relatives. Some of the Reno old-timers themselves get divorced. A family quarrel is a

Keep Your Eyes in the

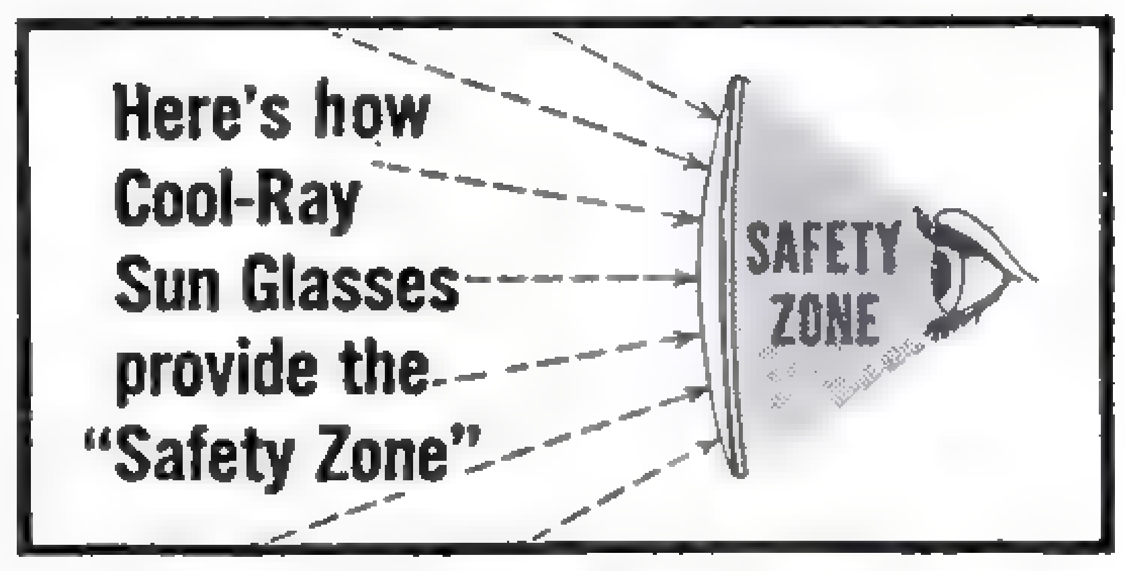
SAFETY
ZONE

with

COOL-RAY
SUN GLASSES



GUARD AGAINST brilliant sunlight. It's hard on your eyes. Ultra-violet "sunburn" rays and infra-red (heat) rays are both annoying and harmful. These rays pass right through some sun glasses, as shown above.



COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES, made by American Optical Company*, provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." These AO sun glasses have lenses made from scientifically-compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet and infra-red rays, and excessive light. Your eyes feel comfortable within the "Safety Zone."

"SEEING RAYS"—plenty of them that let you see clearly and comfortably—are admitted by Cool-Ray Sun Glasses. That's why you'll like them.

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses have been supplied in great quantity to the armed forces, so the civilian supply is limited. Price, $1.95 and up.

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SUN GLASSES

Provide "The Safety Zone"

American AO Optical
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*World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Products

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

serious thing in Nevada. Both participants already have the residence requirement behind them when the first loud word is spoken and it's not too unusual for a man or a woman, still in the heat of anger, to pop into court and get a divorce within forty-eight hours after a household argument.

In Reno today there are couples who have been divorced and remarried two and three times. But often divorced persons don't remarry each other. You see items such as this in the local papers:

> Mr. and Mrs. John Brown announce the engagement of Miss Bernice Grey, daughter of Mrs. Brown, to James Blue, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green.

"My wife writes that I'll have reason to celebrate Father's Day next year"

Whatever the future holds for Reno, it can be comforted to some extent by precedent. The storms it has weathered have come from both without and within. Even in 1932, when the westbound repercussion of the Wall Street crash of 1929 reached Reno, the city survived.

Gambling and the divorce business kept cash in circulation, even when the local banks folded. Then, too, additional revenue was brought into the city by love-happy couples from adjacent California who came to Reno and got married on five minutes' notice rather than stall around for three days after taking out marriage licenses in California as required under "gin marriage" law.

In 1939, the Sacramento legislature passed another law stipulating mandatory medical examinations for persons desiring to get married. Many California lovers became either indignant or impatient about the medical business, which wasn't required in Nevada, and started streaking across the state line. Last year, when there were 7,500 divorces in Reno, which was almost three-quarters of the state's total, there were also more than 26,000 marriages. That meant that a thousand newlyweds a week were dropping dough in the city.

Yes, if the lightning strikes, Reno stands ready to defy it. ⧺

World's Most Beautiful Cordial
RED HORSE
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS LIQUEUR
PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY D. J. BIELZOFF PRODUCTS CO. CHICAGO ILL.

RED HORSE ✲TWIG peppermint SCHNAPPS LIQUEUR

invitation to Romance

For the epicure and bon vivant, this pleasant mildly-mannered peppermint liqueur, snow-white in appearance, and quite exciting to the taste. It enhances its service to your guests by the optic loveliness of the sugar crystals, permanently spreading branch-wise within the liqueur. Simple to serve "neat" in a liqueur glass, or with ice cubes and sparkling water in a highball glass.

✲ *Twig is a registered and copyrighted brand. D. J. Bielzoff Products Co., Chicago, U. S. A. 60 Proof.*

ELASTI-GLASS*

Yielding Comfort

100% ELASTIC ALL-STRETCH

in new smart SPORT TONES

Your dealer has or can quickly obtain limited quantities of these accessories of the future. They offer 100% elastic stretching comfort, smart styling and the latest popular sport tones. ELASTI-GLASS is durable, highly resistant to perspiration, water, oils and acids.

ELASTI-GLASS Belts—Ultra-smart, ribbed design to match braces. Colors, Brown and Tan. The "STRATTON" with patented, Giant Grip slide buckle in hammered effect design. The "CORDOVA" with metal tongue buckle........................**$1**

ELASTI-GLASS Braces—Attractive ribbed design in newest solid sport shades: Navy Blue, Light Blue, Brown, Green, Grey, Maroon. Clip or button ends......................**$1**

ELASTI-GLASS Wrist Watch Bands—New, double-lustre, light, comfortable and long-wearing. Highly resistant to water and perspiration. Attractive buckle. In Blue or Brown—for civilians or servicemen...........**$1**

*Elasti-Glass is an ORGANIC GLASS and although of almost living elasticity contains no silica or rubber (Trade Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Made from Vinylite† Brand Resins. †Trade Mark Reg. C. & C. C. C.) Covered by U. S. Pat. No. 2,288,313.

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888 • CHICAGO 16

Dealers Note: Limited Stocks on hand at our New York, Chicago and Los Angeles Offices.

Fashions have changed

What a golfer went around in, back in 1820

BUT he's still Tops in taste!

Still par for the 19th hole, or whenever the occasion calls for a distinctively smooth and mellow scotch whisky. That's Johnnie Walker.

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere at once these days. If he's 'out' when you call . . . call again.

Johnnie Walker
Red Label
HIGHEST AWARDS

BORN 1820
Still going strong

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL — *Both 86.8 Proof* — BLACK LABEL

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The British Waive the Rules

Continued from page 53

Plaster Rock, New Brunswick, found himself in one of the tightest spots of the war. Before he could regain control, the plane spiraled steeply to the right, struck full into a tree. The spinner flattened out against the propeller; the propeller bent; a wing buckled—and the tree cut half through the tail plane. Davidson saw that the Mustang was still flying: it crossed the French coast, the English Channel and "pancaked" to a landing which caused no further damage.

At least twice since the war began big armored warships have made port under sail—because of engine breakdowns. In another instance, the crew of a blazing torpedoed merchant ship abandoned the vessel as lost, then days later sighted it again, went aboard, put out the still smolding fires—and took the ship into port to collect a fortune in salvage. Then there was the case of the *H. M. S. Nasturtium.* She bumped another ship at St. Johns, Newfoundland, while adjusting compass. By the force of the blow, the bumped ship reared from the water, rammed into an automobile in the street. It was one of the few cases of a collision between a ship and a car.

Over a lake in Quebec, Harry Griffith, an R.A.F. ferry pilot, fell from a Boston bomber. As he dropped, Griffith caught the hatch edge and hung there. He couldn't get back. Circling over the snow, the Boston's pilot saw a drift and dropped low. Griffith let go, fell—and became one of the few persons in history to fall out of a plane in the air and live.

A British-manned warship on its way to North Africa in the Allied landings of November, 1942, rescued a crazed soldier who had jumped into the Mediterranean from a troopship. The boy was locked into one small space in the bridge sick bay; and the ship went on, broke into Oran harbor with a sister vessel and rode full into the fire of destroyers, submarines, shore batteries and a cruiser. The invading ships were riddled with shells, their ammunition blew up, depth charges exploded, the sick bays were ripped by explosions and caught fire. Everywhere men died; only one out of ten, the majority wounded, reached shore. But one of them was the boy who had been *locked* in the sick bay. He was still crazed; there wasn't a scratch on him.

Under the tension of battle men have done peculiar things: I know. One was aboard a warship which was being shelled and sunk in Oran harbor. The ship jumped under the crash of shells; smoke, fumes were thick; the ship was afire. The man, able to see nothing, picked up an automatic, calmly target-practiced at a splintered boat. I shudder. I was the man. #

Give DAD this ideal knock-about!

Inspired by a famous British General's Battle Dress. Forerunner of a new trend. Ideal for general knock-about wear . . . for gardening, fishing and all active sports!

Made of fine mercerized combed cotton gabardine. Impregnoled, water-repellant. Washable. Sanforized for non-shrinkage. Vat-dyed, color-fast. Two-way collar, button-up or lay-down. Slant-trouser pockets. In smart tan or airway blue. Small, medium, large. $10

At your favorite retailer or write to

Lion SPORTSWEAR

M. NIRENBERG SONS, INC.
1140 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Half a League Onward

Continued from page 91

by Frick on his left who had sat quietly with four aces. The Babe refused to talk to his ghost for two days, during which time the ghosted articles were not actually Ruth's thoughts at all.

Traveling with the Yankees, Frick was always numbered among the "peasants," a term coined by Waite Hoyt to express his contempt for erstwhile farm boys who never recovered from the habit of rising early.

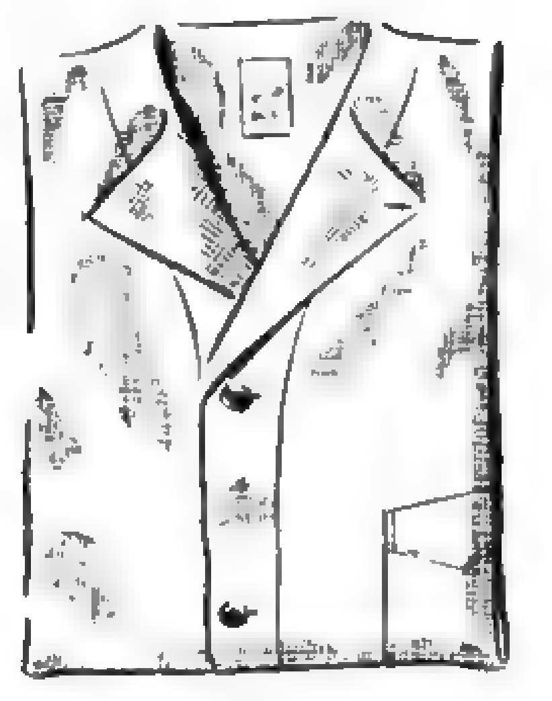
But the early rising enabled Frick to finish an amazing amount of writing before others breakfasted near noon on the road. He would work on his regular *Journal* story, usually a feature, with notes on the day's game to follow. Then he cleaned up the ghosted Babe Ruth story and followed it with toil on a manuscript of fact or fiction for a magazine.

In this way a writer becomes prolific as well as moneyed. He also develops skill, but apparently not to all magazines. After Frick had gained the National League presidency, *Cosmopolitan* asked for an article about himself to be run under his by-line. Frick promised the piece at an early date. The next day a ghost writer was put on his trail and there remained, ghosting for the ex-ghost. All of Frick's protestations went unheeded. His claim of experience and a modicum of ability to express himself went for naught. The article was ghosted.

Early rising during games at home also enabled him to make a trip to the *Journal* office before going to the ball park. Somehow the rest of the staff failed to share his attitude or copy his annoying practice and invariably he could be found alone in the *Journal* sports department, poking around the news machines or getting out pages of the assignments he never seemed to be without. He was thus occupied one morning in 1930 when Brisbane happened to wander into the sports department.

"Young man," he said, "have

Continued on page 154



Summer pajamas with no collar are of lightweight oxford, a cool porous fabric.

Weejuns...WIN IN A WALK

Thousands of ardent fans say Bass WEEJUNS are tops in good looks and sound footing. The secret, of course, is foot-cradling true Indian moccasin construction. If you want to be sure of the winning combination of dashing style and delightful foot ease, put your money on Bass WEEJUNS. You'll cheer!

If you already own WEEJUNS, take good care of them! War conditions have seriously limited their manufacture, and dealers' stocks are at low ebb. Make your WEEJUNS last for the Duration. And if you are not a present lucky possessor, you'll find it worth while to look for them. Take this tip—Bass WEEJUNS are a sure thing!

Free Booklet of famous Bass Outdoor Footwear models you'll want to know about even though supplies are limited for the Duration. Write G. H. Bass & Co., 57 Main Street, Wilton, Maine.

Bass ORIGINATORS OF *Weejuns*

Make FATHER'S DAY Memorable!

Give him RAZOR BLADES! *Give him* THE FINEST!

Give him **PERSONNA**

All over the earth, at home and in the armed forces, men are expressing admiration and gratitude for PERSONNA . . . The blade of cleaner, closer, smoother, faster, kinder shaves . . . For PERSONNA is something more than something to shave with . . . It is a jewel blade of such exquisite temper and workmanship that every stroke is a sigh of satisfaction to the owner . . . If you think enough of him to give him the best, give him PERSONNA.

Fine as a Rare Jewel

PERSONNA

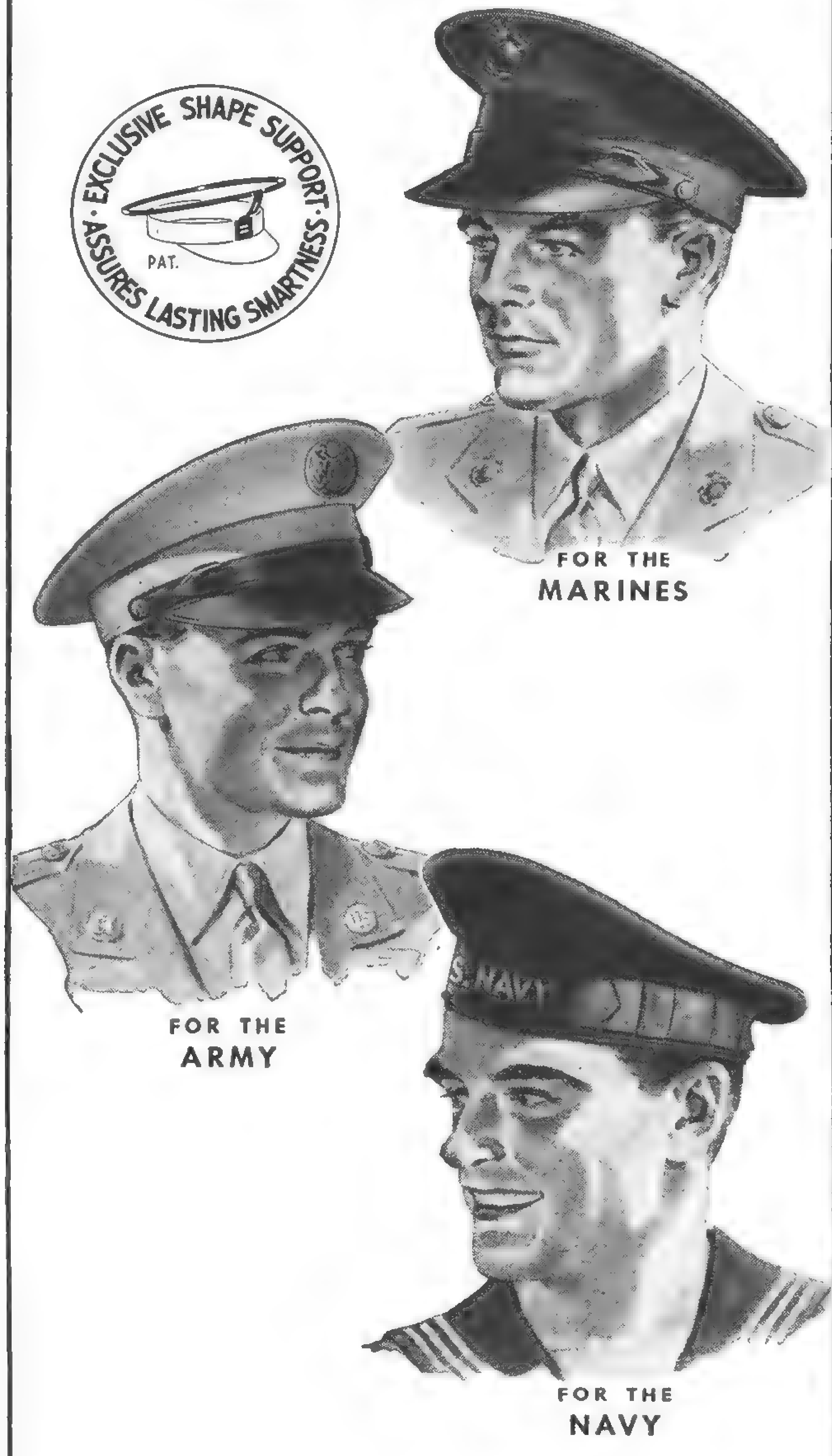
Precision Double Edge Blades

10 BLADES $1
Each a precision masterpiece

GIFT PACKAGE $5
OF 50 BLADES
A year-round supply.

PERSONNA BLADE MAIL $1
for service men

An ingenious folder containing Ten Blades, with ample space for a letter. Mails for 6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PAT.
FOR THE MARINES
FOR THE ARMY
FOR THE NAVY

MC *Caps...choice of Enlisted Men in all services*

Military men have been quick to detect the superiority of M C caps. The skilled craftsmanship and styling! The outstanding quality of materials! The exclusive features such as our patented "Shape-Support"* which gives MC caps a trim distinction all their own. MC caps today are first choice with enlisted men in *all* services.

**Shape-Support can be removed in a few seconds to collapse the crown so that you can easily pack your cap in your barracks bag. Ask for it.*

Mid City
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2330 W. Cermak Road, Chicago 8, Ill.
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF QUALITY CAPS FOR OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

Half a League Onward

Continued from pages 91-153

you ever been on the radio?"

"No, Sir," said Frick.

"Well, you're going on," Brisbane announced. "Somebody did not show up and, since you're going on in about fifteen minutes, I think you ought to have some copy to read."

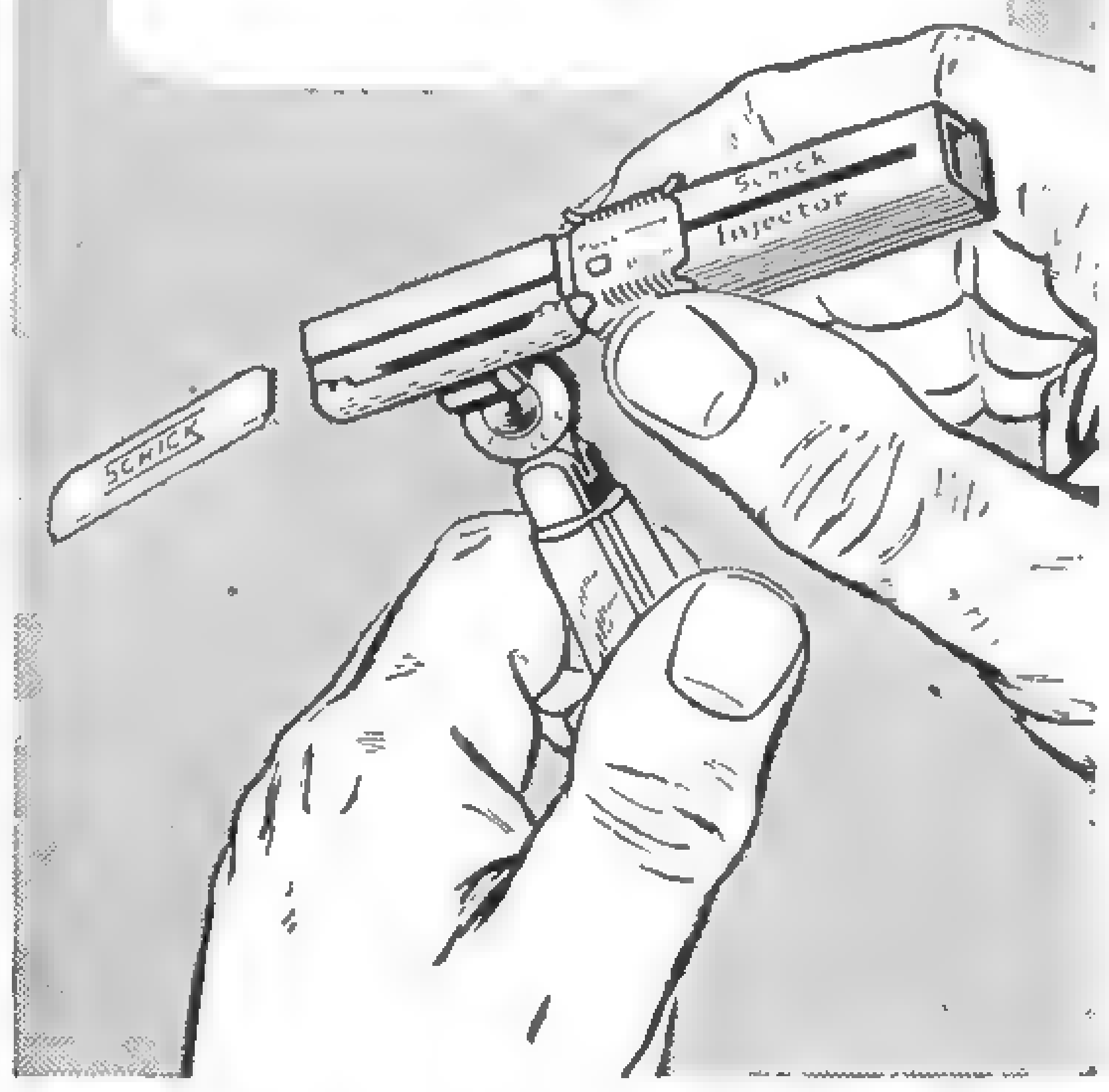
Frick went to the microphone with a news broadcast and remained on the radio for five years. One of his early feats brought an interview with law-breaking rum-runners off Sandy Hook, but outside the twelve-mile limit. Standing on the deck of a sloop that was loaded to the plimsoll with Prohibition liquor, Frick brought listeners a running account of races with the United States Coast Guard from the lips of the unethical captain.

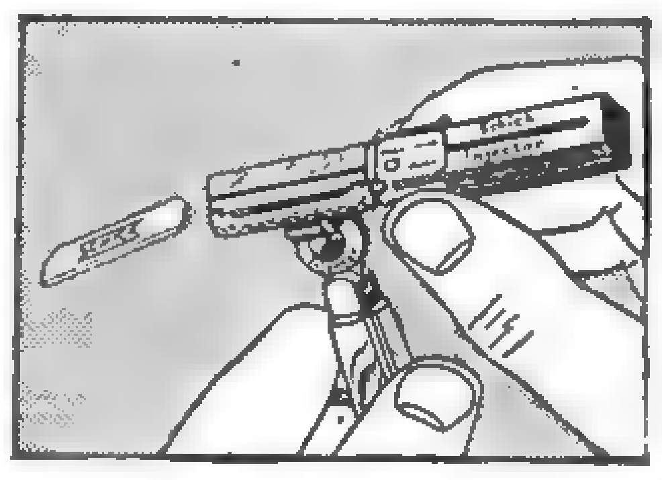
To the general news broadcasting he added a steady sports outlet that quickly developed a heavy following. Commercials came quickly and he was forced to remain in New York at all times. Thus, he abandoned his favorite team, the Yankees, and Babe Ruth took on another ghost writer. Presently Frick, though he continued his sports writing, was better known as a radio personality. The program he launched in 1930 continues to this day with Stan Lomax, another *Journal* alumnus, as the voice.

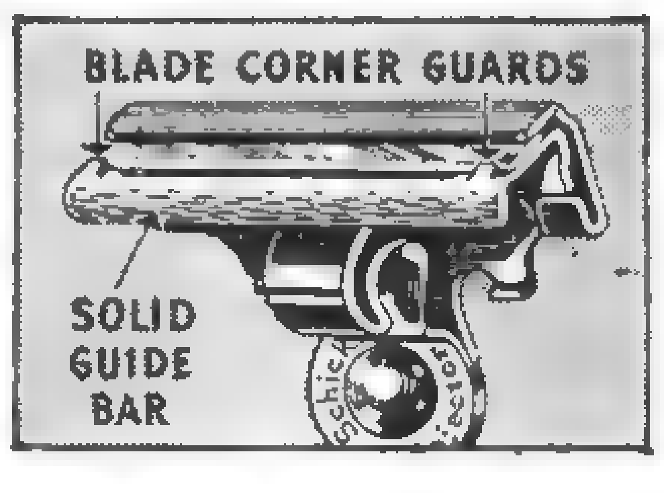
Late in 1933 he was fanning with the National League president, John Heydler, and wishing aloud for more baseball features as broadcast material. Heydler countered with a proposition to take over the League's Service Bureau. Frick guessed that a job could be done, but only with freedom to work out his ideas. Heydler told him to go ahead. Frick resigned from the *Journal*, but retained his radio programs. He plunged into the task of setting up a flow of National League publicity and didn't see Heydler until months later when, for the first time, they talked about money. Somehow neither had discussed salary.

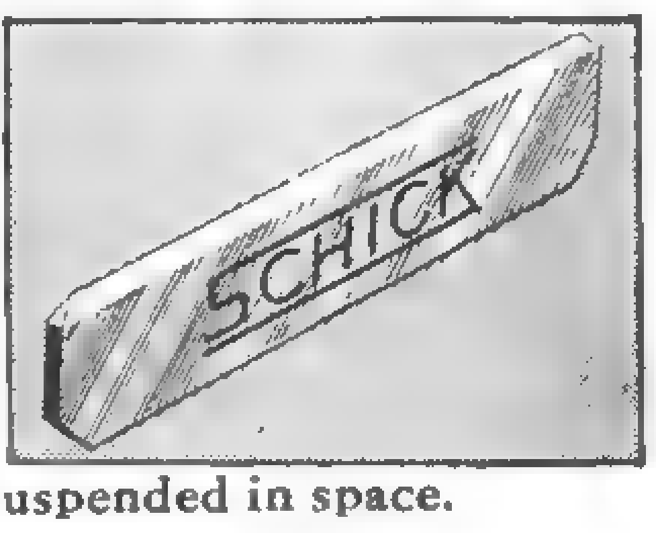
Through the year 1934, Frick reached a financial peak, for his 10,000-dollar salary as manager of the Service Bureau was only a minor portion of his income for the year. He was scaling the radio heights fast and was going at a 50,000 dollar a year clip when John Heydler's spirit broke under the pressure of the odious Boston Braves situation. The problem had to be solved and it needed younger and more callous hands than his for heaving out misguided souls and heels.

And so Heydler confided his scheme to Frick—the presidency of the National League. It was their secret, and late in the year Heydler went out and sold his protégé to the rest of the club owners. The old League was sorely in need of young blood, and it got precisely that. They might have









DID YOU KNOW
You Can Do This Again?

Schick Blades Are Back

How long since you've enjoyed the ease and comfort of a Schick Injector shave?

Stop figuring right now. Your Schick Blades are back . . . back in force at your dealer's. We're now able to meet all demands . . . civilian as well as military . . . for these smooth-shaving, keen-edged blades.

So put your Schick Injector Razor back to work tomorrow morning. Enjoy again the revolutionary Schick Injector features that make shaving a pleasure instead of a chore!

Here are the only basic safety razor improvements in over 40 years.

Each is a revolutionary Schick Injector improvement . . . designed to take the pull, discomfort and inconvenience out of shaving. Yours to enjoy once more . . .

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature that shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or paper wrappers.

SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
Bridgeport 1, Conn.

obtained a bigger, more boisterous figure, but few could have operated as quietly and as shrewdly as Frick has worked in lining up new stockholders, a half million dollars of fresh capital for first one distressed club and then another.

Despite what you read in the newspapers, the least of his worries are Frank Frisch and Leo Durocher, whom he fines with monotonous regularity for harassing his umpires. They are two of his oldest and best friends.

He takes their money with no questions asked, and he doesn't care if the club pays the fine for the player, which is the custom. He readily admits that ball games would be pretty dull without these squabbles and his umpires are instructed not to put out the fire too quickly. He doesn't tolerate physical contact.

Frick's major concern, of course, is his League, and shepherding it through the duration with no floundering. Ten years ago the League barely survived the Depression. Today, it is prepared to survive a long war, or suspend entirely, if circumstances demand it. Another concern, and a prideful one, is his son, Frederick, Now twenty-six, the boy is with the Office of War Information in England. He was with the Department of Psychological Warfare, also in England, during the African Campaign but was transferred to the o.w.i. when that group was organized. Something of a child prodigy with an A.B. from De Pauw and a Masters at Cambridge, Frederick was a few months from his Doctorate in Psychology at Columbia when he went into service—on the day after Pearl Harbor.

"Here comes der Fuehrer"

But Frederick, like Ford, will do all right. This fact was disclosed on the day of his father's election to the League presidency. Frederick was matriculating at De Pauw and fashioned a touching telegram of congratulations, tenderness and filial devotion. Then, with all the care and caution that has carried his father to the top, he dispatched it collect. ‡

A MASTERCRAFT PIPE
—pal of creative men

$2.50 to $7.50

● Smoking along with you as you work—fresh, cool and mellow—MASTERCRAFT is in every sense a pal. You'll admire its selected pore-processed briar, its mouth-easy comfort, its perfect balance. That's why so many men prize their MASTERCRAFTS so highly! At good stores everywhere.

Mastercraft Pipes

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The island of Puerto Rico was discovered in 1493, but not until recently did we find this superb "mountain rum"

Perhaps nowhere else in the world are climatic conditions more perfect for rum distilling than in the little town of Adjuntas, high in the Puerto Rican hills where we discovered Ron Merito. From that little mountain valley's pure air, clear water, rich soil and tropic sunshine, this rum derives a "mountain flavor" all its own. Try Ron Merito today. Discover for yourself this simple way to make better-tasting rum drinks.

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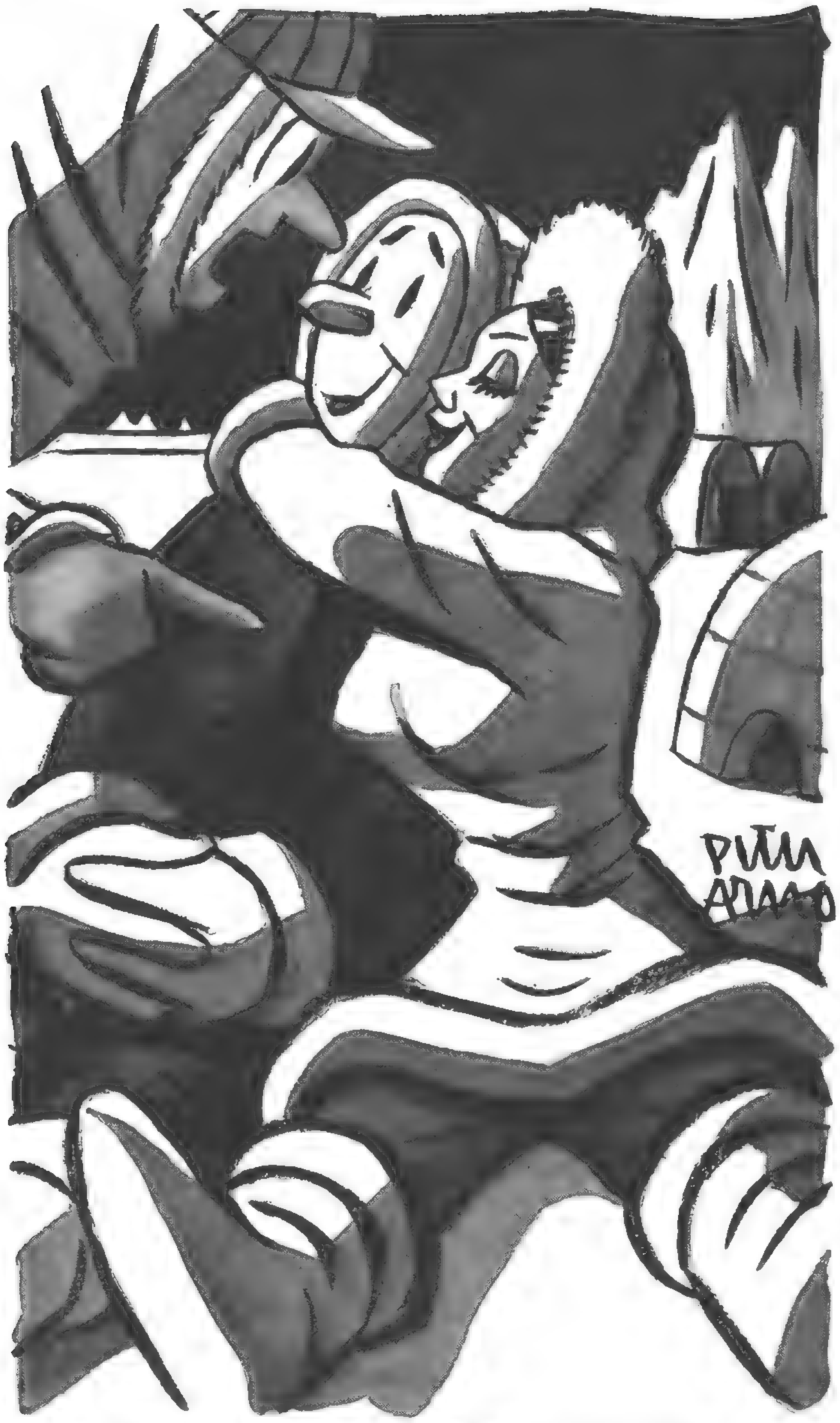
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Available Gold Label and White Label. 86 proof. Write for recipe booklet.
National Distillers Products Corp., Dept. E10, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y.

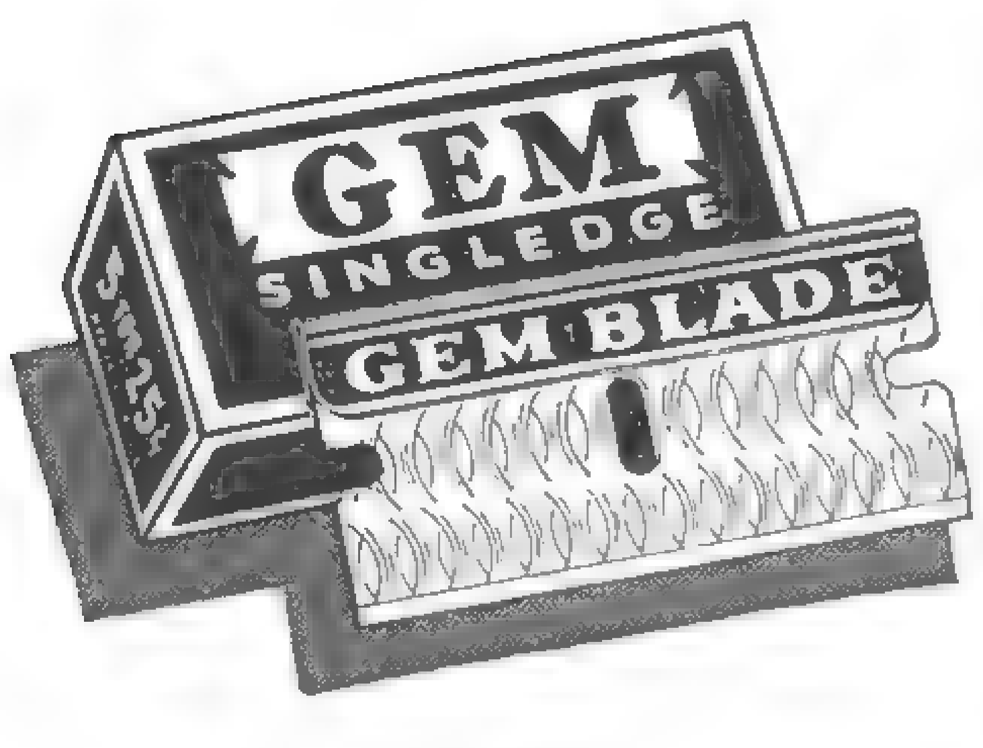


"She says she likes you 'cause you don't have '5 o'clock Shadow'."

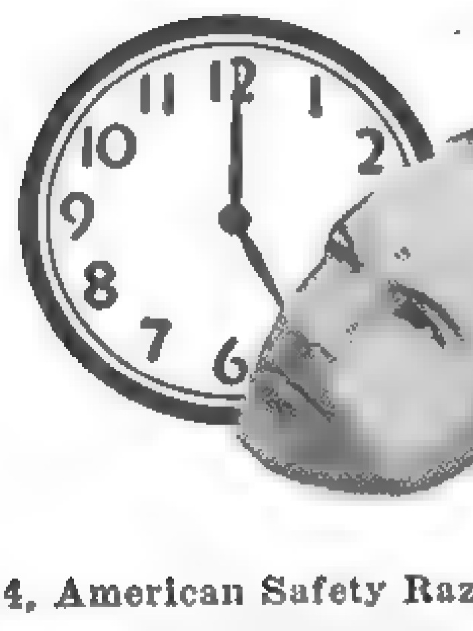
"Gee, I guess underneath it all she's just like the girls back home, huh?"

Indubitably! Whether it's Igloo Land, the lush Tropics or along Main Street, U. S. A., women like men who keep cheek-smooth.

So avoid "5 o'clock Shadow" by shaving with genuine Gem Singledge Blades. They shave closer with *comfort*—keep you face-neat longer!



AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH



GEM

RAZORS and BLADES

© 1944, American Safety Razor Corp.

My Neck Out on Swing

Continued from page 69

quality of the parts is determined by the framework and figure in which they are put together; the whole is not only greater than, it is different from the sum of its parts; and the same parts, in other combinations, would have different qualities and effects.

During the past few months I have been hearing Eddie Condon's shifting band whenever I got a chance, Raymond Scott's sweet music on the air, and loads of reprint-recordings and a few new hot records. Scott is deliberately leaving his old self behind; he is playing familiar music, Hit Parade tunes, with his special grace. Condon's shows are variable. But when the solos flow, one into the other, when the background is alive though unheard, when the whole piece of music counts, you have in the apparently loose structure of hot jazz a tremendous organization of power.

A lot of early jazz was based on a monotonous beat, usually in the bass; composers needed this, it seems, to emphasize their syncopation, their departure from strict time. In a lot of boogie-woogie you still get this beat in the piano, and it is only interesting when it has a rhythm of its own—not merely a time beat for contrast. Too often, monotony rises from below. The player becomes enamored of a figure which is intricate, but not otherwise interesting. The pedant can carry it back to the beat of the jungle drum; the listener wants it carried forward—as it is in the *Sacre du Printemps.*

Having mentioned this noble name, I would like to make a suggestion to all the enthusiasts of hot jazz. It is that they listen to one of the great recordings of the *Sacre* (Stravinsky's own and Stokowski's will do) and then go back and listen to some of the relative complexities of swing. I say nothing about the significance of the music, suggest no comparison of what is being conveyed by the music—only the technical means, the mastery of the instrument. The *Sacre* is a generation old and isn't the last word; but it's a good work to listen to. I have heard more exciting rhythms in hot jazz, but never have I felt them go anywhere, progress and develop and go! Maybe that's what bothers me about the whole business: the jazz addicts are willing to be sent; the music does it for them; but it is so busy sending that it doesn't get anywhere itself.

Incidentally, I think that the jazz of today is a notable natural development of the strongest elements in the jazz of yesterday, which wasn't the big polite band; and although you mightn't know it, I enjoy listening to hot music. I gather from certain sources that to enjoy this music and not be utterly liquidated by it is treachery. ⌗

Strong enough to stand on

Samsonite
Streamlite Luggage

» Its many exclusive features make it America's most popular luggage, for him—for her. At better stores everywhere, when shipments are possible without interrupting our vital war work

Denver • SHWAYDER BROS., INC. • Detroit

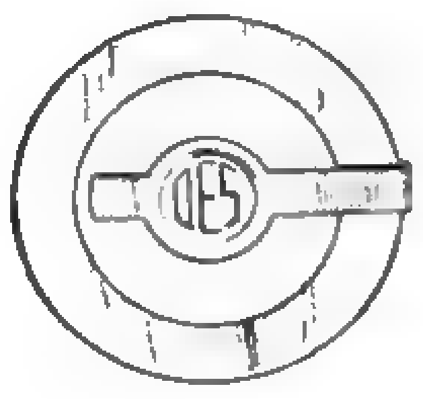
Buy More War Bonds

Never Argue with Brass Hats

Continued from page 55

Naylor into a standing position. Then he swallowed and whispered, "Osborne, the Opportunist!"

Bart clambered toward the oval door wishing there were rungs in the catwalk so he could use it as a ladder. The door seemed that high now. He clambered over and climbed across to the port blister guns: "Betty was right. If you're at the right place at the right time . . . the skipper always turns away to port."


Bill clip has center plate for initials.

He swung the hatch open and wrenched the twin guns outside. He could see the long submarine now. A big devil with a stepped conning tower. Payne was going down at her, fighting to get the flying boat into attack position. Osborne could see the men in grey sweaters and dungarees hunched around the gun.

Blankenship came through and plunged for the tail compartment door. His arms were full of seamarkers. Bright yellow things like a hand of bananas. He hung on to the latch and yelled back, "You'd better get out of there, Bart! That's Naylor's side!"

Osborne heard but he tried to blot it from his mind. He tried to listen to the scream of slip stream and the grunt of the shells. He braced himself against the belt of the gun mounting, glanced quickly at the loading handle position and knew they were ready. He'd wipe that crew off the deck!

Then he remembered what Blankenship had said. He had to get out of there and maybe go over to the starboard side when Payne banked her around to port. You're just looking up at the sky over on that side. Naylor and his damned camera. But Naylor was a flying officer and you can't argue with the braid.

But you do have to be at the right place at the right time.

Another cruel whiplash of anti-aircraft ripped through the compartment and hacked holes in the bulkhead. Naylor came stumbling through and stood wide-legged on the catwalk. He was still loaded down with the camera. His thin, peaked face was putty-white and he was shouting.

"Come on! Come on, Osborne,

Continued on page 158

Seven Seas
SLACKS

for Sunday . . . Monday . . .

. . . and every day! . . . to work . . . for sports . . . for dress. Well-groomed men build their entire spring and summer wardrobes around versatile Seven Seas slacks! Wear them for dates with a casual coat . . . with shirt ensemble for golf . . . with sports jacket to work . . . with sweaters for fun! Seven Seas are practical, durable, moderately priced—and the best-looking, best-fitting, best-tailored trousers you ever pulled over your shanks!

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SLIMLINES
for the Ladies
Wovenstripe Washables

AT BETTER STORES

Moyer MFG. CO. • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1894

fresh tobacco . . . what a joy!

Model No. 213—$3.00
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ROGERS AIR-TITE
tobacco pouch

U. S Pat No. 1,801,193
Can. Pat. No. 374,157

"seals as it closes"

The last pipeful of tobacco is as fresh as the first . . . thanks to the patented way the Rogers Air-Tite inner Pouch SEALS itself. The secret is in the construction. When you close the zipper, the inner lips are tightly pressed together, automatically sealing in the freshness and the aroma of the tobacco. Rogers Air-Tite Pouches are beautifully made in the finest leathers, in standard and in combination models to hold pipes as well. At better shops everywhere.

A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut.

The largest selling tobacco pouch in the U. S. A.

ROGERS "BIG FELLOW" POUCH
Custom made in fine leathers. This favorite model Rogers pouch opens up big enough to get your pipe and whole hand into it, yet snaps flat like a wallet when shut. Very comfortable to carry in any pocket.

Model No. 634 — $6.00

Rogers Imports, Inc., Mfrs. & Importers, 419 4th Ave. N. Y. C.
U. S. Agents for Peterson's Pipes, Dublin. © 1944, R. I. Inc., N. Y. C.

Remember this One?

KID: "Hey, Mom — Pop's at it again — S.O.S.!"

POP: "Not S.O.S.—*B.V.D.! Where'd she put 'em now?"

*B.V.D. AND *RUGGERS ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE B. V. D. CORPORATION

Bring dad up to date on *B.V.D.!

Today B.V.D. makes a whole line of style-setting apparel to solve your Father's Day gift problems! Give him something smart, but comfortable — something with the familiar B.V.D. label. Then you and Dad *both* will know he's getting the best. Look for *Ruggers Shirts by B.V.D. (illustrated below) — for smartly tailored pajamas . . . for sleek swim trunks . . . all with the B.V.D. label.

THIS YEAR

You'll be glad you gave B.V.D. to Dad

ON FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 18th

He'll like the Miramar *Ruggers Shirt by B. V. D.

. . . because it can be worn with the collar open for relaxation, or buttoned for wear with a tie. A *cool* rayon Green Light fabric that stays neat. Tested and guaranteed washable by the American Institute of Laundering.

Long sleeves $4.50
Short sleeves 4.00
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MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING
TESTED AND APPROVED

"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best"

UNDERWEAR • PAJAMAS • SPORTSWEAR • SWIM TRUNKS

Never Argue with Brass Hats

Continued from pages 55-157

take the starboard blister. Payne . . . I've got to get pictures!"

"But they're firing at us, Sir! They're still surfaced!" Osborne pleaded. "You can get pictures after I knock those gunners off."

"You know the drill, Osborne!" Naylor bellowed. "Get the hell out of here!"

"Yes, Sir," agreed Osborne.

Bart backed away after locking the guns and dithered across the catwalk grumbling: "I suppose we do have to have pictures."

While Flight Lieutenant Payne swung the big Catalina around wide to lose height, he talked to Sydney and explained that Summers had been hit. Sydney would be flashing the news and their position back to the base. Osborne, hugging the guns, could picture what it would be like back there in the Intelligence office. The other crews would be pounding up the stairs from the wide hangar below, demanding to know what luck Payne was having. Squadron Leader MacKechnie would be plotting the attack position on the wall map and saying: "That guy has all the luck! I was within fifteen miles of that point doing a convoy sweep this morning. Now he gets one served up . . . surfaced and everything!"

Osborne thought of all this as he huddled there staring out at the two black depth charges that hung under the wing. He knew what could happen if a shell nicked that thin casing.

"I only hope Mr. Naylor gets pictures *this* time," breathed Osborne as he felt the flying boat jerk with the release of the long black cannisters. "They'll all want pictures of this when we get back. No one will ever believe this—without pictures."

He looked out and tried to see what was going on. Only the naked bomb gear offered any evidence that they were in a war. It grinned at him, showing open-tusked teeth that had held the metal loop of the casing. Then the Catalina whipped up and came around sharp and the wicked oaths of the sub's deck-gun rattled off the lower side of the wing. Osborne tried to look down at the U-boat but the kite was tilted up on her port wing tip.

Bang!

Something flashed through the turret compartment and Bart Osborne knew something was wrong. Below, the depth charges were hammering the hull of the submarine with all the power of a million uppercuts. Osborne twisted and tried to look across and down through Naylor's turret.

"S'truth!" he gasped and leaped across the catwalk. There were only a few inches of leg and thick leather boot to grab at—but Bart Osborne grabbed. Red hot bayonets stabbed through his shoulder, but he hung on. Jets of

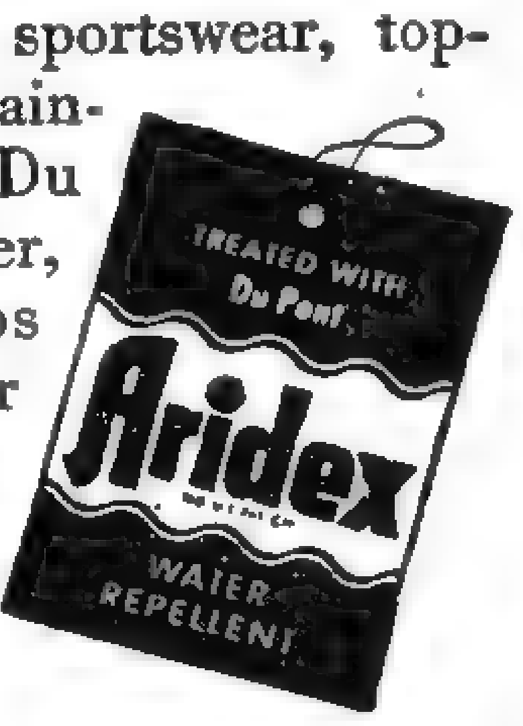
Getting Wet? NOT Chet!

He buys clothes treated with "ARIDEX"

He asks his cleaner or laundry to RENEW IT!

. . . So he's set to keep DRY when it's wet!

Keep your weather eye out for the "Aridex" label—on sportswear, topcoats, jackets and rainwear. This invisible Du Pont finish sheds water, resists stains, keeps clothes looking better *longer*. It can be applied to *all* fabrics—renewed by laundry or cleaner.



Du Pont ARIDEX
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Renewable Water Repellent

DU PONT
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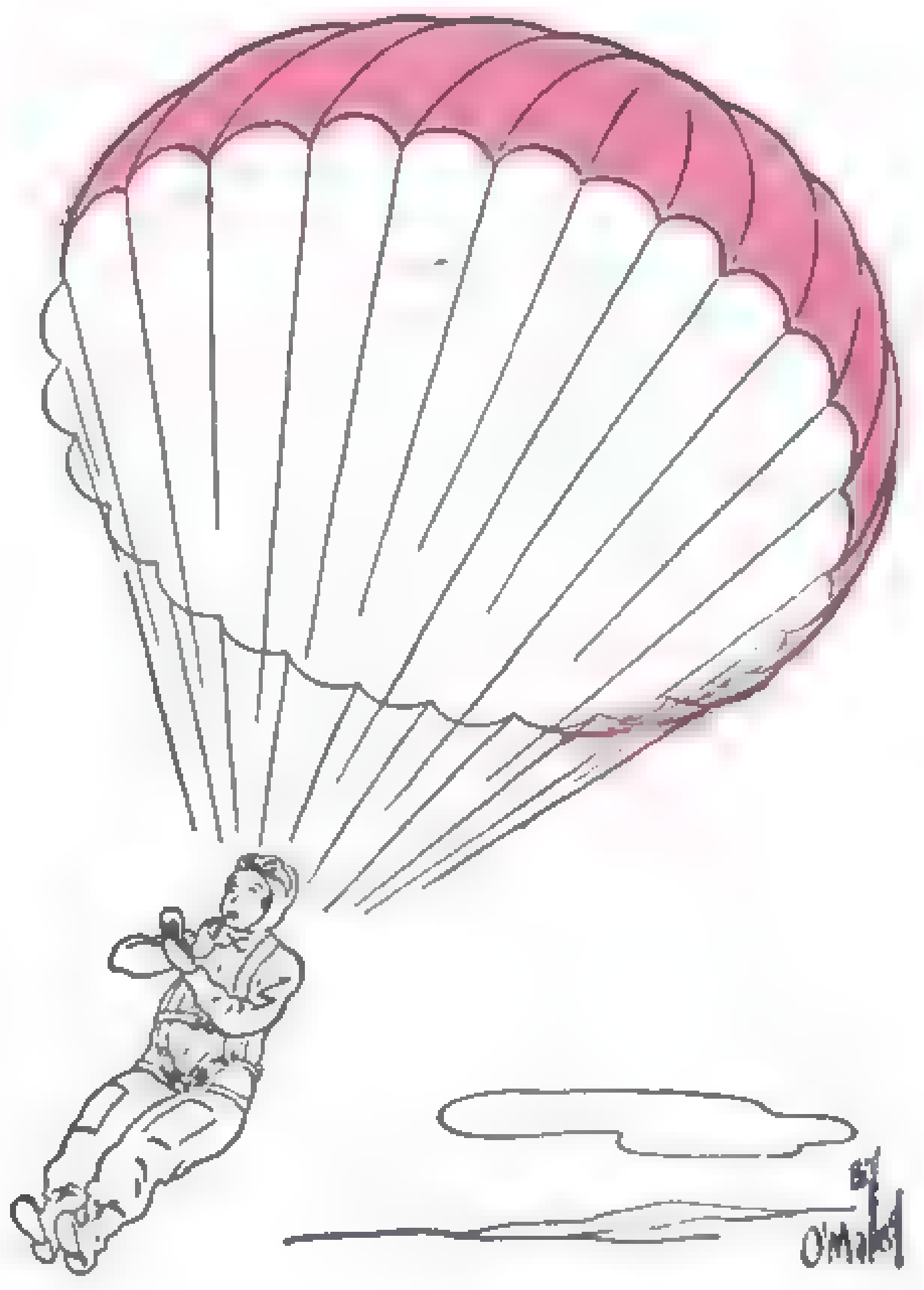
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

molten metal punched across his chest, but he muttered something about being in the right place—and hauled Mr. Naylor back.

"Did you get pictures, Sir? Do you still have that camera?" Naylor crawled up the lip of the turret again and clicked off three more, but Bart held on to his legs.



Blankenship crawled back and found Flying Officer Naylor kneeling over Sergeant Osborne. The engineer guy was flat on his back, his heels drumming madly at the metal companionway.

"Take it easy! Take it easy, Osborne! Blankenship yelled. "You got a pip! Good for a couple of months in dock any time."

"But he was over there!" Naylor began to sniff. "I don't know how he got back and grabbed me, *but he did!*"

"You got pictures, didn't you?" demanded the wireless-air gunner, squatting back on his heels.

"Sure! I got at least half a dozen from the time the depth charges went in, but I'm telling you, I nearly went out—camera and all. But Osborne grabbed me . . . one hand! He only had one arm to work with. I don't know how he did it."

"You got pictures, eh?" said Blankenship, looking out while Payne circled the doomed sub. "That's all that matters."

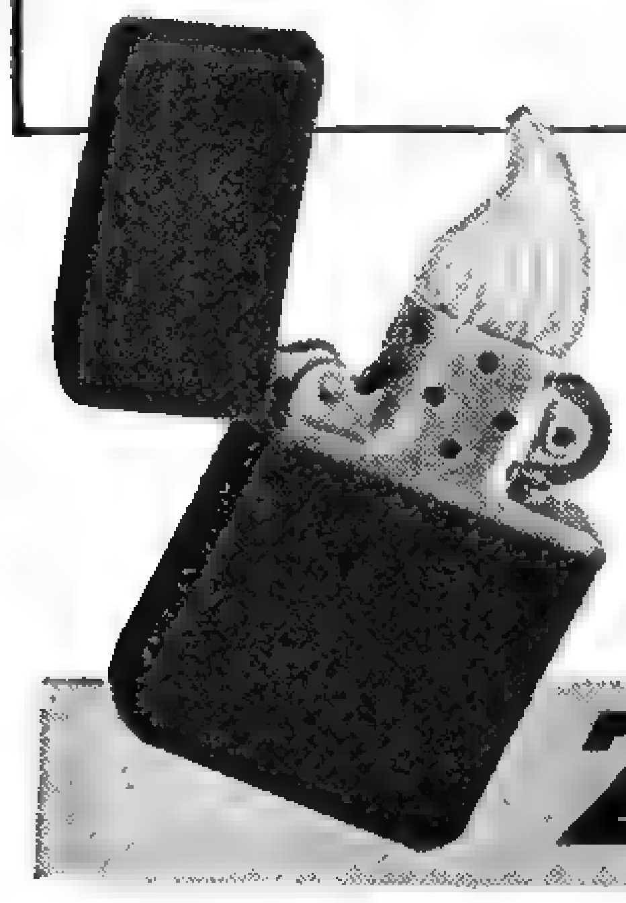
"But I was *out*, I tell you! Osborne yanked me back—one hand!" His voice grew louder.

"So what? He got a beaut. I'll give him ten bucks for that puncture any time," Blankenship grumbled as he dragged Osborne to his feet. "You can always rely on this guy Osborne. The trick is to be at the right place at the right time. Now he'll go in dock for a few weeks, get a few weeks leave and then they'll make an air gunner of him. That'll fix him. He'll stay put then."

"But I mean to say," pleaded Naylor, "he saved the pictures!"

But no one took any notice of Naylor. Blankenship got out the first-aid kit and Sergeant Osborne scotched on the bunk, hugged his game wing to his chest and laughed out loud. ##

IF IT'S A ZIPPO IT'S WINDPROOF



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Straight Cuban
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New York, N. Y.

"Believe it, sir,

That clothes do much upon the wit, as weather
Does on the brain; and thence, sir, comes your proverb,
The tailor makes the man." BEN JONSON

IT almost always follows that men of well-tailored bearing are the better equipped for leadership. Such men know that a Skinner label in a lining is indication of fine quality in a suit. When that name is present, it follows that everything about the garment is better executed. William Skinner & Sons, New York 3. Est. 1848.

WHEN NOTHING BUT THE BEST WILL DO

Skinner's QUALITY RAYONS

My Father Is an Educated Man

Continued from page 39

of oxen to the edge of the Big Sandy and waited for the spring rains when, with spiked boots and with long poles with spikes in the end, they took their log rafts down the Big Sandy and the Ohio River to the little town of Cincinnati.

My father, son of these figures of the earth, with the blood of these men flowing through his veins, was an educated man. He was educated the same as they were educated . . . but maybe his education didn't fit the time he was living in. He couldn't sit behind a desk. He couldn't live in a world of figures and words. They would be playthings on the wind to him. All he'd say, even if his mind were trained to do these things is, "To hell with this."

Though he is a small man with a wind-parched face the color of the autumn earth, my father has the toughness in his muscles of the hickory sprout. He has a backbone like a saw log. In his make-up fear was left out. I never heard him say that he was afraid.

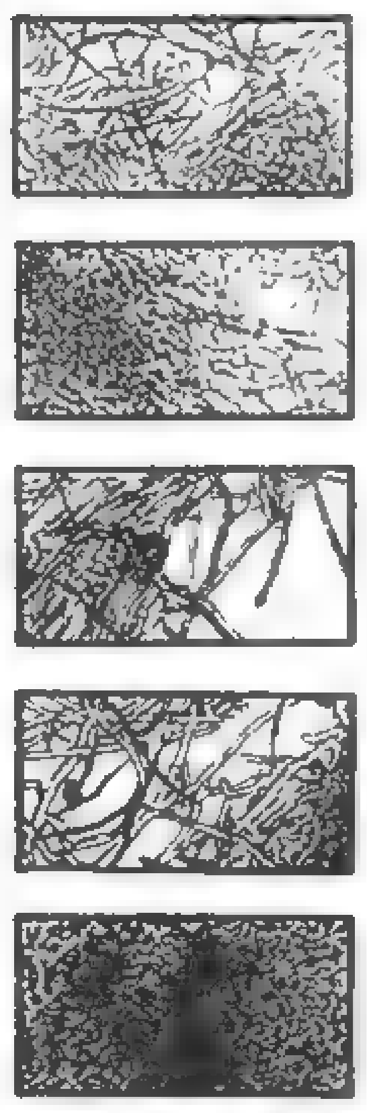
My father can take a handful of new ground dirt in his hand, smell of it, then sift it between his fingers and tell whether to plant the land in corn, tobacco, cane or potatoes. He has an intuition that I cannot explain. Maybe Pert Maldin with all his education could explain it. And my father knows when to plant, how to plant and cultivate and the right time to reap. He knows the right trees to cut from his timber for wood to burn and the trees to leave for timber. He knows the names of all the trees, flowers and plants that grow on his rugged acres. My father is able to live from sterile, rugged mountain soil. He has raised enough food for his family to eat, and his family has eaten about all he has raised. Money does not mean food to him as it does to many in America today. Money is some sort of a luxury to him. It is something he pays his taxes with. Money is something for him to buy land with. And the land and everything thereon is more than a bank account would be to him; land is something his eyes can see and his hands can feel. It is not the secondhand substance he would find in a book if he could read.

I could tell anybody in America that if my father isn't an educated man, we don't have educated men in America. If his education isn't as important as the kind of education where a man has a pencil behind his ear and works in a world of figures, words, dollars and cents, when to buy, how to sell, then I am not writing these words, and the rain is not falling today in Kentucky.

And as I think of my father's autumn-colored face, of this small hickory-tough figure of the earth, I think of the many men in America still like him. And I say they are educated men. ⌗

WHEN YOU FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT

FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED



Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone—or all of them.

Fungi are hardy, persistent, hard to reach.

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol ***—not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.***

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Soretone helps promote healing of broken tissues.
McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

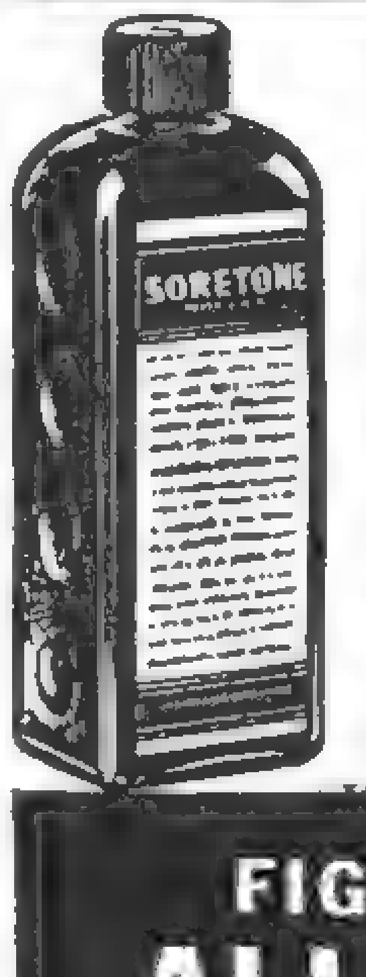
MONEY BACK —if Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

POWERFUL HELP —TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.
Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.
McKesson gives a big bottle for $1—so use liberally. (Also 50¢ size.)
If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI



William Thon and the Wild Waves

Continued from page 77

that way. When Bill was eight, about 1914, the family moved to Cypress Hills in Brooklyn.

Young Thon didn't travel in intellectual or aesthetic circles, but he early felt he ought to put into some form his feeling for the sea, when he wasn't sailing on it or swimming through it. He did not know about such things as artists or paintings. "I was very dumb about art." The only pictures he knew about were color prints of battleships and planes. Canvas was what you made sails out of. When he was sixteen years old he tacked a piece of sail canvas to the bottom of a wooden box. He bought himself a tube each of black, white, green and yellow paints, and two brushes, a wide and narrow one, and he painted a moonlight marine.

In the way of making a living, Thon started by being a bricklayer's assistant, then took jobs filling in the lettering on posters roughed out by others, painted signs, swept floors and went in for the designing and construction of window displays, in which he showed great promise. He has been earning his way, more or less, ever since the age of sixteen. He was about twenty when a friend told him about the Art Students' League, where he studied for about a month, trying to copy a plaster cast and because it didn't seem that a plaster cast was worth all that trouble, he left the League, and that was all the formal instruction he has ever received.

He kept on painting by himself. Someone told him that you don't paint right on the canvas, but first prime it with a ground, and he did what he was told. He painted on week ends and nights, mostly boats and shore views, trees and vegetation, the way things remained in his mind after he had left the places. He soon realized that he would stay with the small commonplace things because he saw beauty in them. The Rocky Mountains and the Grand Canyon would not impress him. He wasn't in any hurry to make a name for himself, because his salary was paying the bills and his needs were modest, even though he had become a married man in his middle twenties.

When he came back from Cocos Island he felt much more like painting, and better pictures seemed to be coming up out of that unusual experience.

There was a shop near his home in Brooklyn which specialized in books and pictures of the sea, and one day Thon showed Mr. Williamson, a kindred spirit if ever there was one, a pencil sketch of

Continued on page 162

Fathers' Day, June 18

"I hope SOMEBODY gives me a MEEKER Billfold!"

Dads young and old will welcome this clever, new MEEKER Billfold with Removable Pass Case. Thin, sleek, trim, compact — yet has a place for everything! . . . Expertly fashioned in a selection of fine leathers . . . Pass Case may be carried as part of Billfold, or separately. Holds 8 passes, cards, snapshots, etc.

Pass Case removed from billfold

MEEKER-MADE Billfolds are noted for fine quality, smart styling, expert workmanship. Various prices. At dealers everywhere.

For HER

This lovely MEEKER-MAID Billfold has bill compartment, coin purse, and space for cards.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

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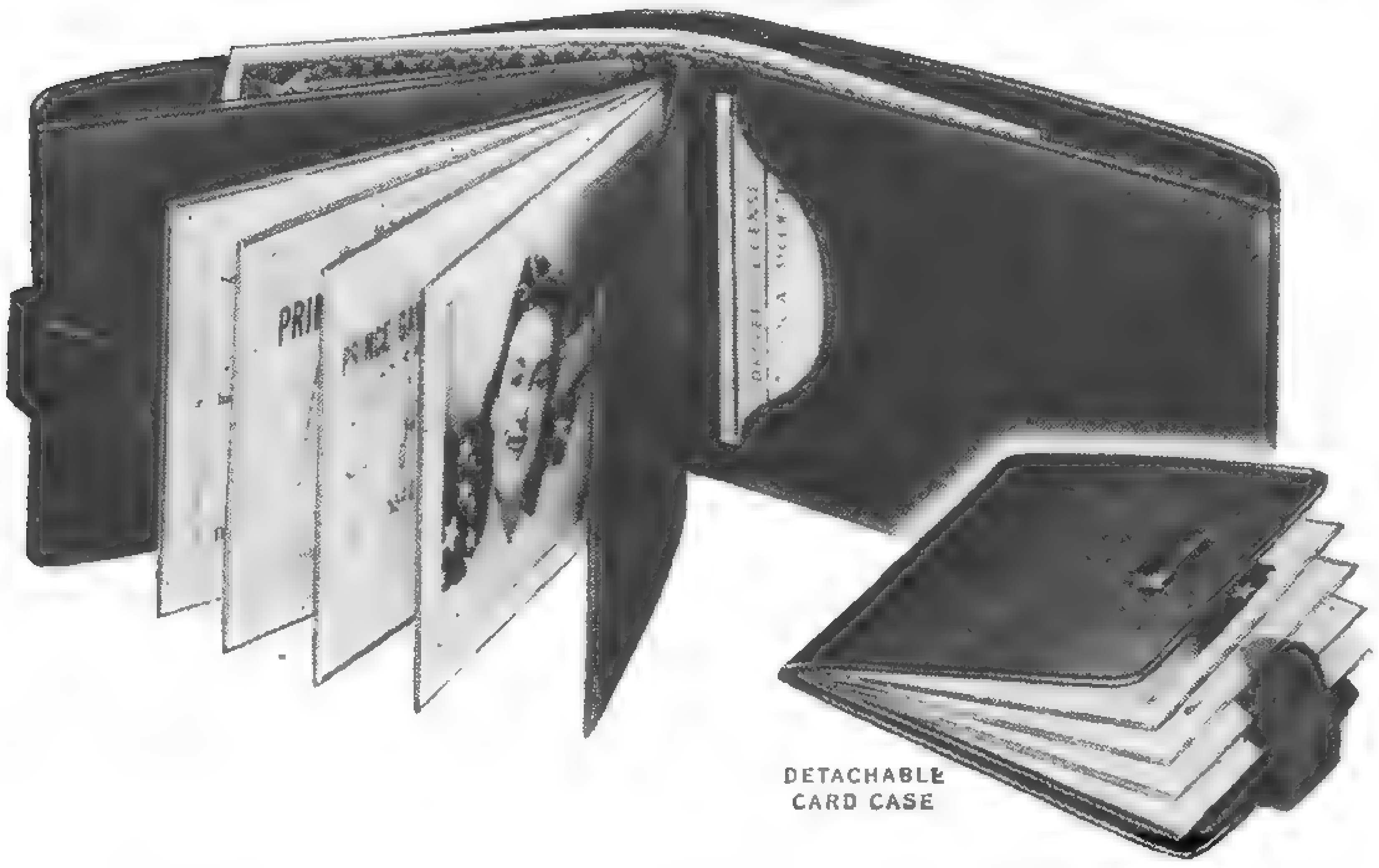
OUTSTANDING...
because it's made that way

DON Q RUM

86 PROOF

From under friendly skies and watchful eyes comes this incomparable Puerto Rican Rum. One sip will convince you of its quality.

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.
SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



Destined for Dad on JUNE 18

Whether you present it in person or he receives it via mail, a Prince Gardner Registrar is an important gesture on Father's Day. It is your way of showing, that despite the cares of the times, you haven't forgotten his day. Wherever he is...whatever he does ...he'll find new convenience in this billfold *that's more than a billfold.* Windows for his credentials and snapshots ...ample room for currency...secret pockets and a hidden compartment for large bills. "Invisibly stitched" to eliminate outside threads where they may wear and ravel. Hand Boarded India Goatskin, Black, Brown or Gahna Mission Brown, $5. Others to $20. Plus tax.

Prince Gardner, St. Louis 10, Missouri.
Made also in Canada at 468 King St., W., Toronto 2

PRINCE GARDNER

PRINCE GARDNER
"Invisible Stitch" REGISTRAR

Unprecedented demand plus war shortages may cause your dealer to be temporarily out of Prince Gardner Registrars. If so, keep asking . . . it's worth the wait.

EVERY WEEK TAKE 10% FROM YOUR BILLFOLD AND INVEST IN STAMPS AND WAR BONDS

Fine Personal Leathergoods
BY THE CREATORS OF THE "INVISIBLE STITCH" BILLFOLD

William Thon and the Wild Waves

Continued from pages 77-161

a schooner. Mr. Williamson suggested Thon paint some marines, and he did and they were shown in the shop window and on the walls of the Fair Winds Book Shop early in 1934.

Things happened after that, not too fast, but with a regular beat. The Neighborhood Club of Brooklyn gave him a show. As early as 1934 the local press began to single out for praise Thon's entries in the group shows of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers and the Brooklyn Painters and Sculptors, Inc. He was in the Salmagundi Club shows and even the National Academy of Design accepted one of his paintings for exhibition. He won small prizes here and there—a ten-dollar check, a fifty-dollar and a hundred-dollar government bond—and as early as 1934 began selling small views of boats and docks.

By the end of 1939 one less weatherwise than Bill Thon could see that the wind was becoming distinctly favorable. In that year he sent a painting, *The Creek,* to Washington to the Corcoran Biennial, and it was praised. The Toledo Museum asked to hang it and afterwards it was shown at the Pennsylvania Academy. The following year the Eggleston Gallery in New York gave him his first one-man show and in 1941 the Brooklyn Museum gave him a prize for his *Winter and Old Timber.*

In 1942 his best-known single painting thus far, *East Wind,* was hung in the Artists for Victory show at the Metropolitan Museum, where his present dealer first saw his work and asked him if he had any other paintings around the house. For the record, be it known that Thon has already shown at the Virginia Museum at Richmond, at the Chicago Art Institute and at the Carnegie International and that *East Wind* is in the possession of the Swope Gallery at Terre Haute.

Today Thon is at that comparatively early stage of a career which will be marked, let us say six years hence, by the leading distinctions within the gift of America's museums. This is not too risky a prophecy, for, setting aside for the moment the degree of talent which Thon may or may not possess, the chief quality which makes him eligible for these honors is the union of a personal choice of subject matter with a distinctive method of emphasis.

William Thon loves the sea, but it is the sea of winter storm that he prefers. It is upon Arctic waters that his mind dwells. No South Seas for him, though, because if ever he sailed among those islands, too soon would he become restless for the sight of an oak tree and a cold water stream. For him, the midnight watch in the crow's nest of a whaler in the Arctic would be the ultimate, and what a cargo of

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84 PROOF
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PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
No Finer Brandy in all the World

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84 PROOF

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PAL BLADE End view many times magnified to show hollow grinding
ORDINARY BLADE End view note sharp, thing like a jackknife

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
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Here's the difference
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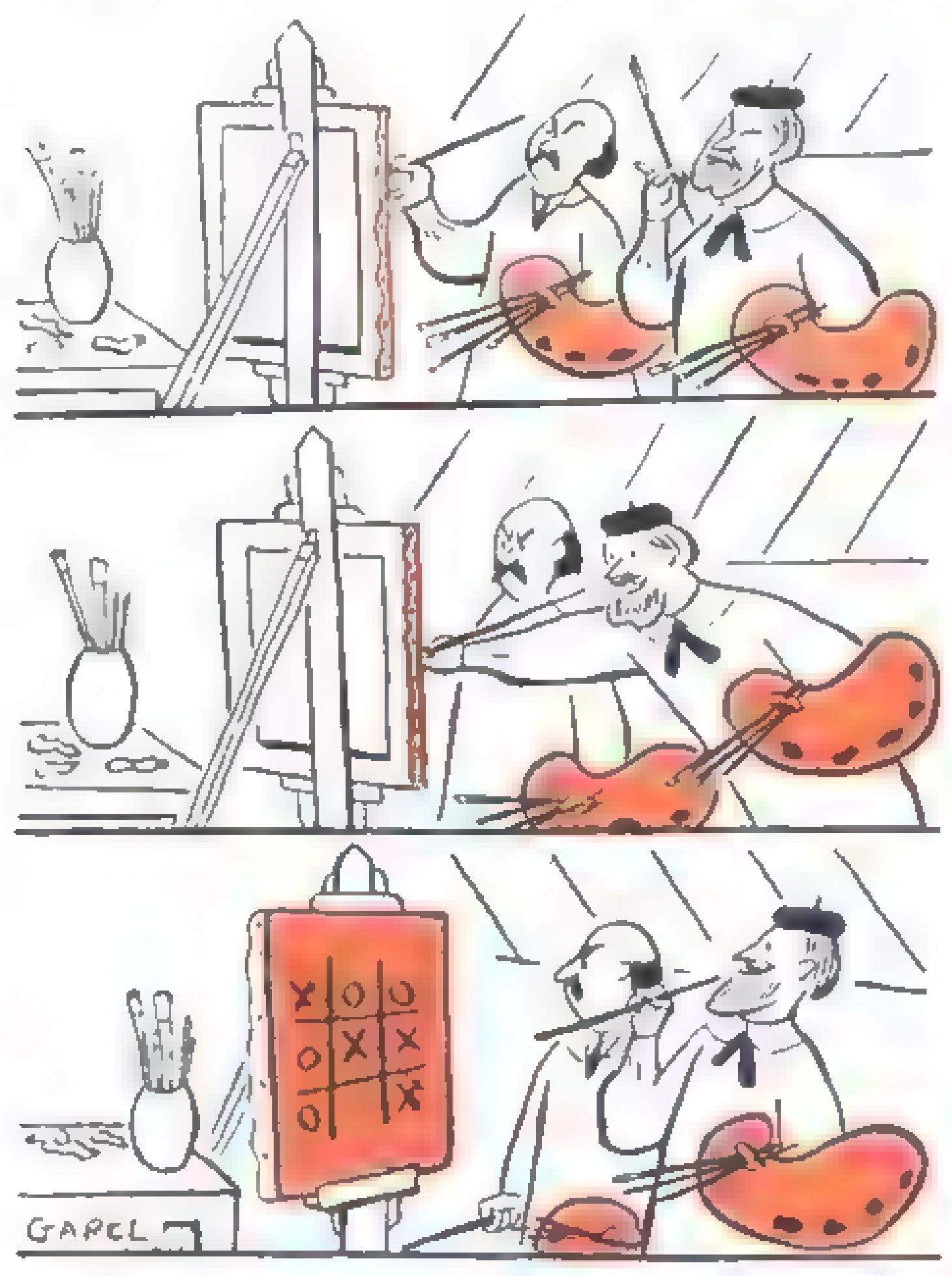
See the Difference!

HOLLOW GRINDING is a delicate, costly process, but what a difference it makes because the blade is flexible in the razor and shaves effortlessly, with just a "Feather Touch" stroke. Pal Blades last longer because you never "bear down". Try them and FEEL the difference!

PAL *hollow-ground* RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

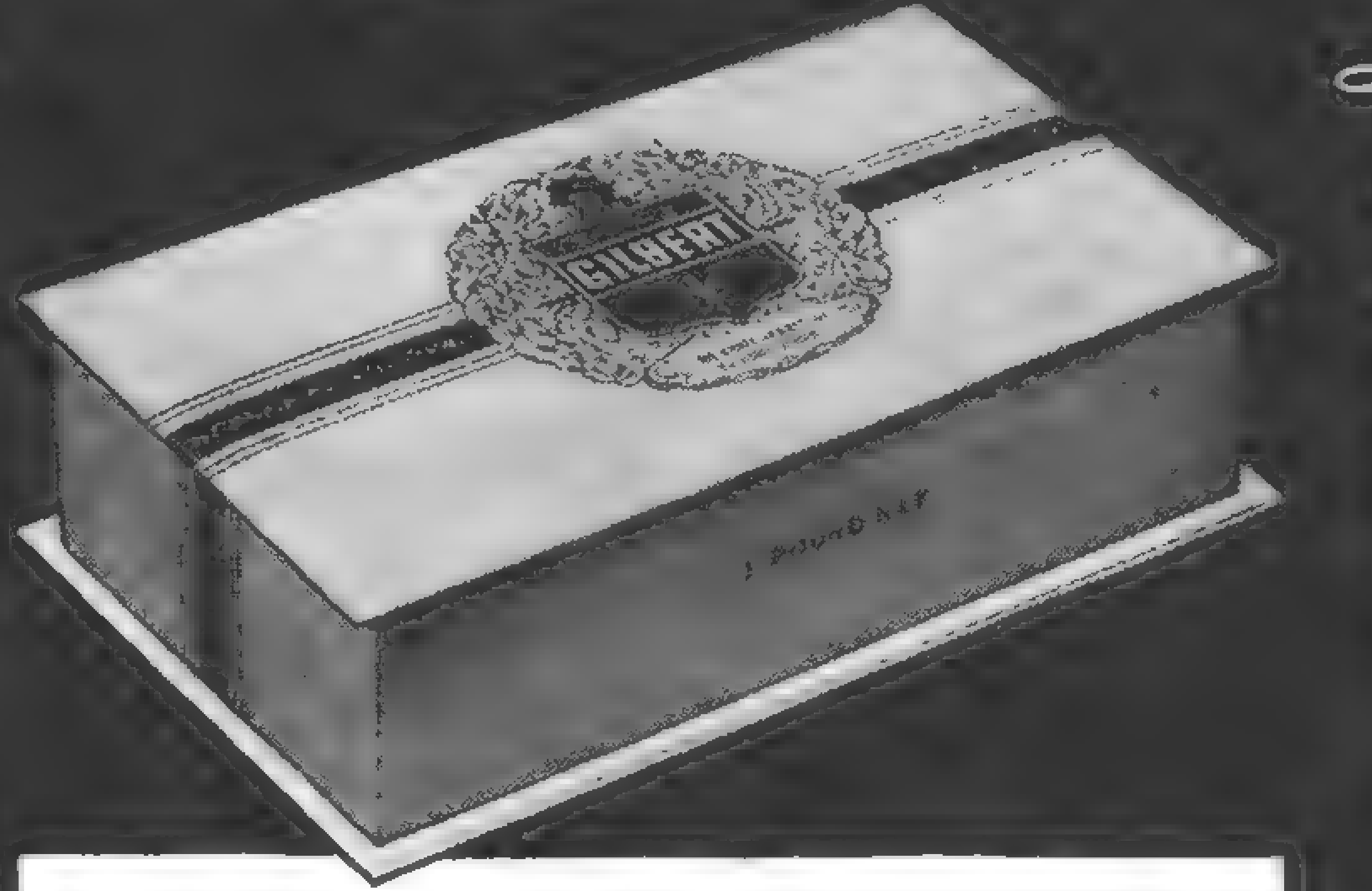
Fit all regular razors perfectly

ideas for paintings he would bring back. Things like *Winter and Old Timber*, *Sea Gulls*, the rocky ledges he calls *Brothers*, and *January*. The sea is most expressive for Thon when it is lashed into fury and when it threatens.



North versus South, the sea versus the land, storm versus peace, rocky coast versus sandy beach, solitude versus crowds—these are the choices of William Thon. One summer the artist and his wife drove up along the Massachusetts coast and struck the art colonies of Rockport and Gloucester and rapidly left them behind. They kept going north into Maine until they hit the little fishing village of Port Clyde, across Monhegan Island. There Thon staked his claim, paying a deposit on a four-acre lot with a 200-foot stretch on the ocean and the wind cutting through spruce and fir on the landside. Working from the ground up, Thon built a summer cottage, with windows and fireplace and similar elementary comforts. The Thons started a vegetable garden and for sport went fishing and lobstering. With this place as headquarters, he hopes to sail in near-by waters, and when the war is over, he will strengthen the cottage for year-round living. Even as it is, the Thons have spent winter week ends in it.

William Thon is incredibly all of one piece. One of his hobbies is to build sailing ship models, either very large or very small, specializing in brigs, schooners, War of 1812 privateers. He likes to work with tools and even to make them, as he fashioned a set of chisels out of automobile springs. He is himself a sharp instrument of the senses, for when he enlisted in the Navy, right after Pearl Harbor, his hearing was found to be so acute that he was sent to the submarine base at New London to study sound detection and then spent eight months on patrol as soundman on a submarine chaser. Since then he has been on shore duty in connection with visual training. His eyes also are extraordinary. He is the most nearly perfect born sailor painting in America today. ⌗



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THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS

FOR
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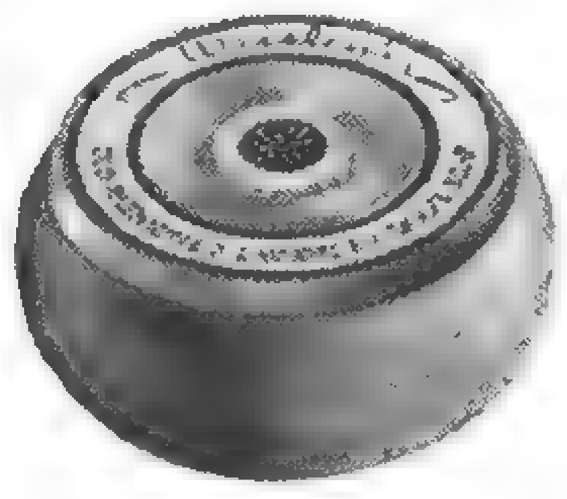
June 18th

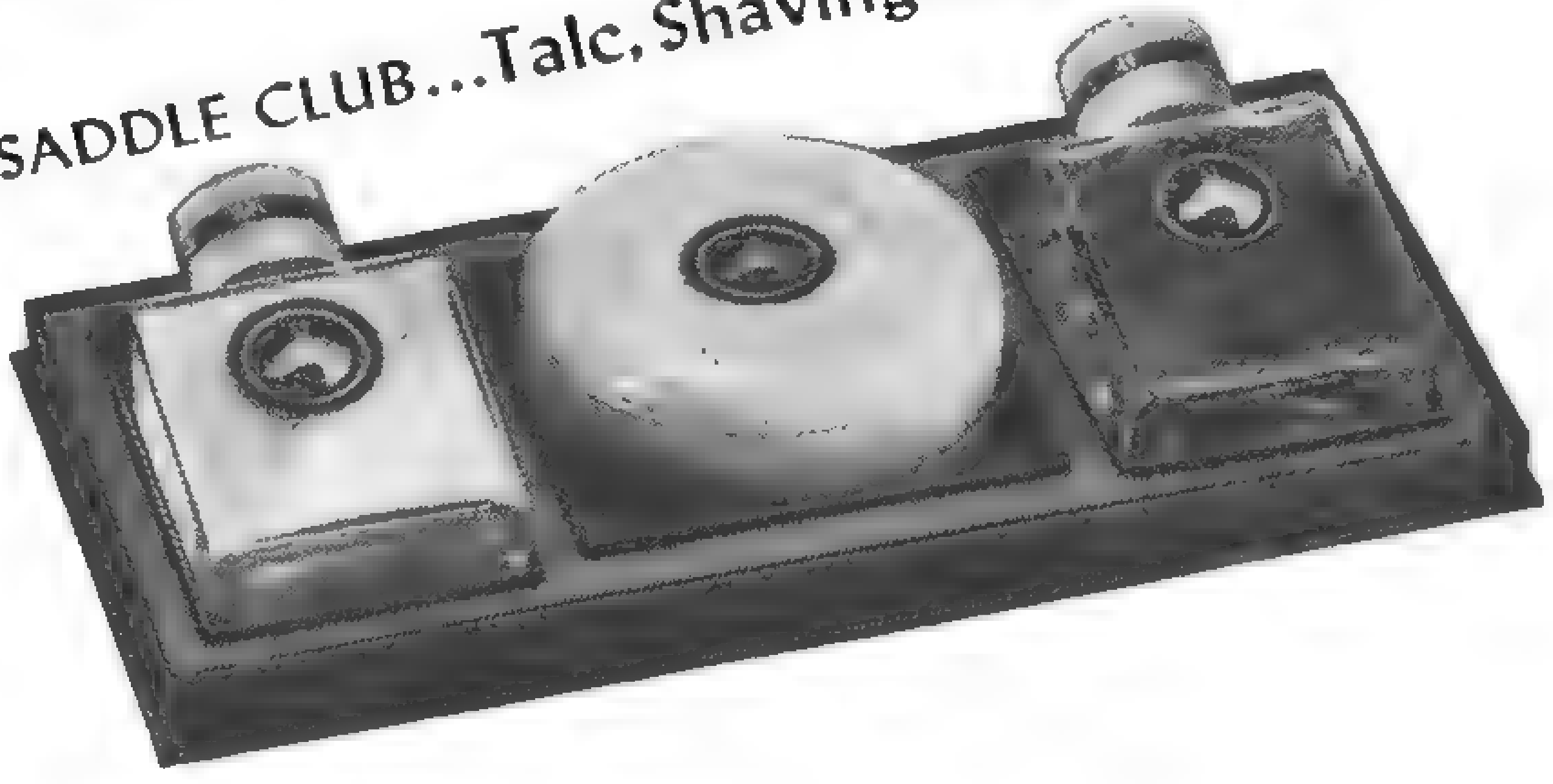
Wrisley's SPRUCE . . . Shaving Soap, Lotion, Talc . . . 2.95

Wrisley's LAVENDER . . . Lotion, Shaving Soap, Talc . . . 1.50



Wrisley's LAVENDER
Shaving Bowl 50

Wrisley's SADDLE CLUB . . . Talc, Shaving Soap, Lotion . . . 2.50



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SHERRY *and* PORT WINES

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Something the Heart Must Cherish

Continued from page 41

—the teacher—she kept me after school."

"Yes, yes. I know that. Why?"

"Because, because I—because she said I was bad."

"What did you do?"

"I—I brought a dog into the school."

"Well—"

"The teacher wanted me to take it out."

"Why did you bring the dog in?"

"Because—because—the dog was hurt."

"What happened to the dog?"

"The other boys—they threw stones at the dog and hit his leg so he couldn't walk. I took him into the room. I only wanted to keep him so I could bring him home and fix his leg—but the teacher took him away."

"Well, she has a right."

"But it was a nice dog. I just wanted to keep him next to me—but she sent me to the principal—and when I cried—she said—she don't want me in school anymore—that I am a dirty boy—that I don't have no head to make sense—that I—"

Otto began to swallow hard. This was a long speech for him to make and the effort to tell it had been painful. His shoulders shook and tears rolled down his pale cheeks. Suddenly he flung himself hysterically upon his father. Awkwardly Anton patted his son's shoulder and tried to soothe his wild sobbing, but Otto clung to him with frantic, clutching fingers. Anton held the big body of his son tightly and talked quietly to him until gradually he grew calmer. "All right, all right, Otto," he said finally. "Don't worry. Don't worry. I go see that teacher."

Anton stood on the street corner waiting for the bus to come that would take him and Otto to the school. Otto had been home for a week now. The principal had written to Anton that he should see the teacher at the next meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association. So here they were. Anton hadn't had time to put on his only white shirt or his good pair of trousers. He still wore his blue work shirt and his dirt-stained work trousers. But he made sure that Otto was presentable. Otto wore the Christmas sweater that was whole in the elbows and not shrunk. His face and hands were clean and he had a handkerchief to wipe his nose.

The bus drew up and the two got on. It was crowded and they had to stand near the front, holding onto the metal rail. Anton looked at Otto occasionally to see if he might be dreading the visit. The boy was staring with his strange, almost fixed gaze at the large colored advertisements above the windows of the bus. Under his knitted stocking cap,

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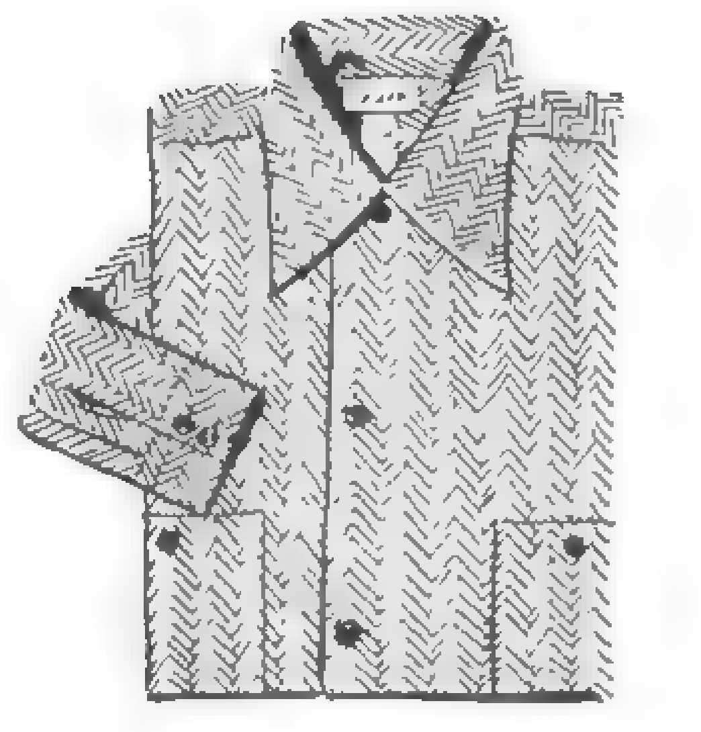
his pale face looked no more solemn than it usually did. Anton bit the ends of his mustache grimly, thinking what he would say to the teacher. He was determined to defend his rights as a taxpayer and citizen. Otto was a good boy —he never would hurt anything or cause anyone any trouble.

At Vine Street they got off. Anton took Otto's elbow and walked firmly to the lighted entrance of the school. Inside, he asked Otto the direction to his room and the two slowly climbed the deep tile steps.



Rayon sport shirt is marked with herringbone design in dark brown on pale tan.

Anton took off his cap and nudged Otto to do likewise. Anton felt uneasy in the building. It was the same as the time he went into the hospital when Maria died. It was after school hours. Otto clung closely to his father's side as they walked through the corridor that smelled faintly of floor polish and antiseptic.

Before the door of the schoolroom, Anton paused and said, "Remember what I said, Otto. Keep quiet and let me do the talking." Otto nodded his head.

Anton opened the door and the two walked slowly in and stopped.

The teacher at the desk looked up alertly. She was a woman vaguely in her thirties, with crisp, short brown hair.

"Good evening. I'm Miss Morrow. You must be Mr. Rachek." There was an air of cold, dry, impersonal efficiency about her as she spoke.

"Good evening," Anton replied gruffly. Then he paused, twisting his cap nervously in his big hands. The tirade which he had planned was somehow frozen on his lips. Finally he said, "Miss Teacher, I come here tonight because I want to talk about Otto."

"Yes?" It was obvious that Miss Morrow could scarcely conceal her feeling of distaste as she looked at the pair. She braced her shoulders as if preparing herself for an unpleasant encounter.

Anton wet his lips and began again. "Miss Teacher, I don't want you to think I come here to make any trouble. But last week Otto come home from school and told me you said mean things to him."

"I'm afraid Otto has the story

Continued on page 166

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A LASTING WATER-REPELLENT FINISH FOR COTTONS AND RAYONS

Something the Heart Must Cherish

Continued from pages 41-165

wrong." She spoke slowly and distinctly.

"What you mean?"

"There was a reason for what I had to say."

"But Otto is a good boy, he never make any trouble—"

"Now wait a moment, Mr. Rachek. Please allow me to explain exactly what happened." There was a hard edge in Miss Morrow's voice. "Otto brought a dog to school."

"Please, Ma'am, tell me, what is so bad about that?" Anton was beginning to feel better. He looked at the teacher defiantly.

"In the first place, that is an infraction of the rules. In the second place, he was willfully, maliciously disobedient."

Anton felt a slow flush of anger rise in his face. Although it was hard to follow the teacher's vocabulary, there was no mistaking her tone.

"You mean, Otto, he talked back to you?"

"No, worse than that, Otto merely sat, stubbornly refusing to answer."

"But, Miss Teacher—Otto, well, you have to understand him. You know—he can't talk much—"

"Yes, I know that. But he can certainly understand a simple direction."

"But, Otto, he told me the dog was hurt and couldn't walk!"

Miss Morrow tapped sharply with the point of her pencil on the desk. "Mr. Rachek, we can't allow dogs in a classroom. After all, I did suggest that Otto take the animal to the nurse's office, but he refused to be parted from it. Finally, when I threatened to call in the principal, Otto made a scene."

"What you mean?"

"Well, he cried and yelled and threw himself on the floor and when I came near him to try to calm him—he—well—he—" Miss Morrow paused to let the full impact of her words fall—"he *struck* me."

For a moment Anton stood silent, stunned. Then he looked at Otto. The boy, who had been standing silent all through the scene, now paled, wide eyes, expressionless before, now grew wide with fear as he returned his father's look.

"Otto," Anton's voice was deadly, "is this the truth?"

Otto looked slowly from the teacher's implacable face to his father's, hardened in anger. The boy moved his lips nervously but made no sound.

Anton grasped him by the sweater, clutching it tightly at his neck. "Answer me!"

Otto's eyes seemed about to pop from his head. His face was if paralyzed with fright, and a trickle of saliva began to come from his mouth. For a moment there was a terrible silence. Then the teacher, drawing in her breath sharply,

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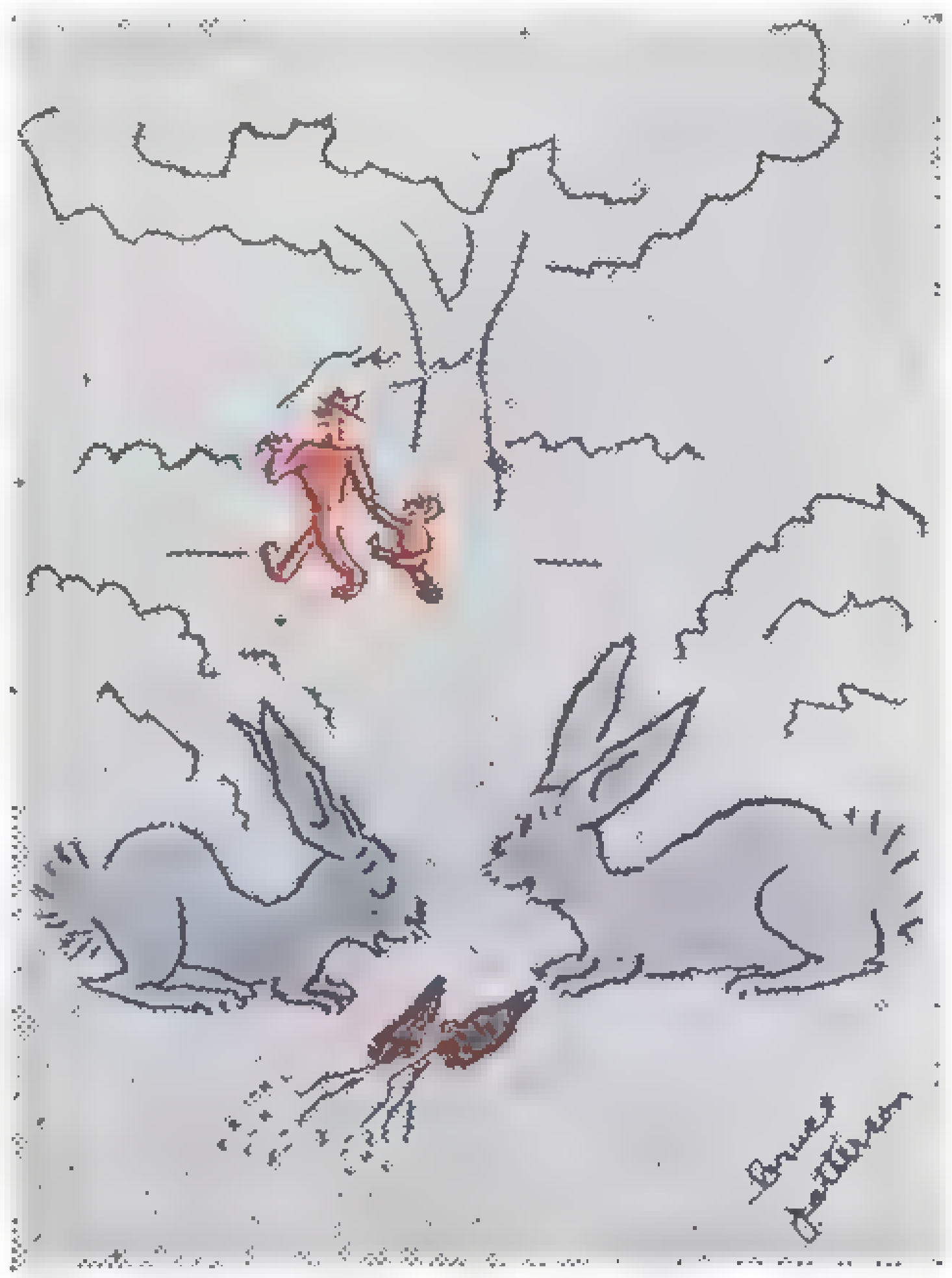
said, "Mr. Rachek, please!"

Anton relaxed his grip. Otto broke into a torrent of weeping, flinging his arms wildly and aimlessly about, screaming, "I didn't do it! I didn't do it! I didn't do it!"

The door opened and several teachers, attracted by the noise, entered. There was a buzz of voices as people inquired: "What's the matter? What's happened?" A crowd was beginning to gather.



"Look at him strut because he's the father of one—Hell! he's practically a bachelor"

Without answering, Anton took Otto roughly by the arm and pulled him, screaming, out of the room. He half-dragged the boy down the corridor. Curious people still followed them, some even trying to take hold of Anton's arm and stop him, but Anton walked quickly until they were outside the entrance doors. Then Anton slapped Otto vigorously twice, first on one cheek and then on the other.

Otto's screams stopped suddenly. His eyes, which had held a glazed look, began to focus a little, and the violent jerks of his body subsided into spasms of trembling. Once more the cowed, whipped appearance which was so customary with him returned.

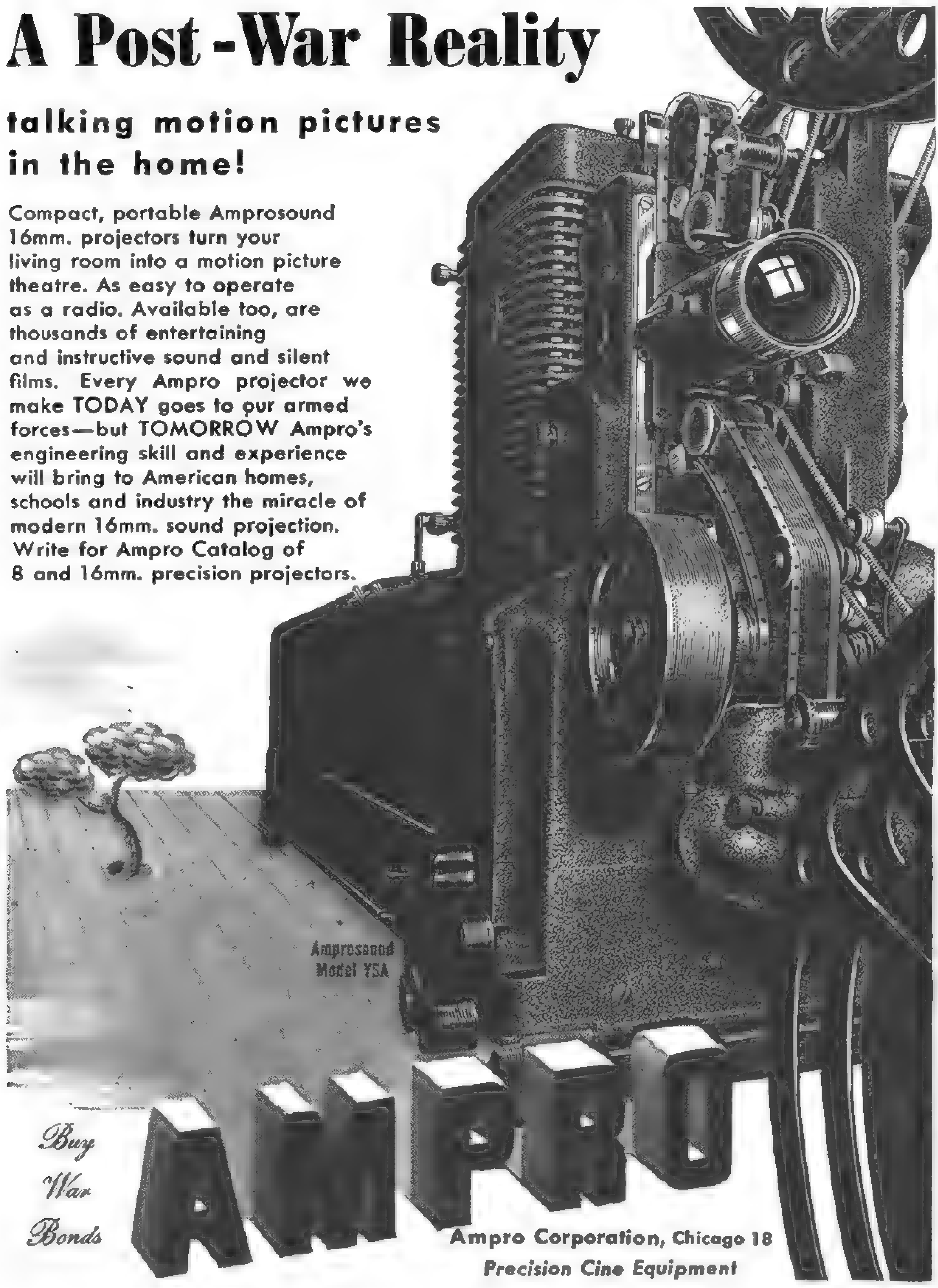
Anton took a firm grip on Otto's elbow and they walked to the curb where the bus stop was.

The bus came along and the two got on. Anton led Otto to the rear and they sat down. There were only a few passengers and they stared curiously at the pair. Otto was quiet now—except for the big tears which coursed slowly down his cheeks.

Anton was in bitter thought. He withdrew a little from his son as if he wished he could disown him. Why did he, who always had such a clear head, have to have a son like this? Maybe Anna was right. The place for such a dumbhead was in an institution. It would be a relief not to have to trouble with him anymore. After all, that was the place where they finally had to put Maria's brother, when he got so bad.

The bus stopped at their corner

Continued on page 168



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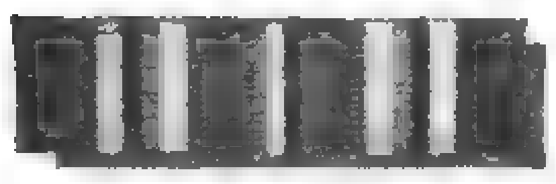
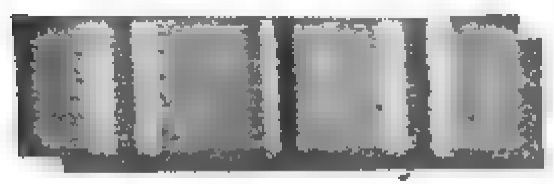
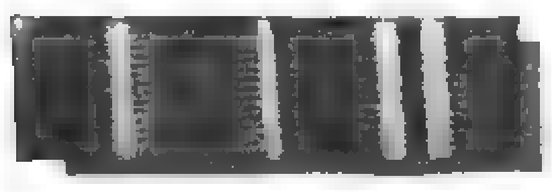

American Theatre


Asiatic-Pacific Theatre


European-African Middle Eastern Theatre

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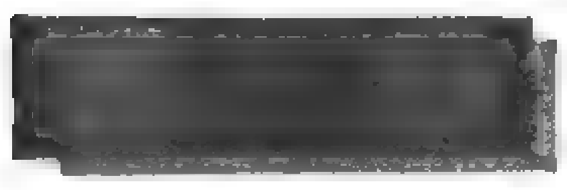
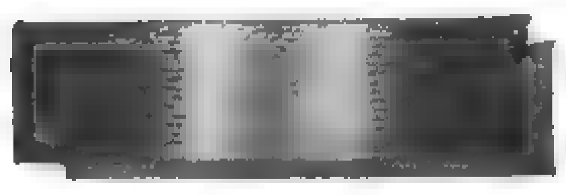
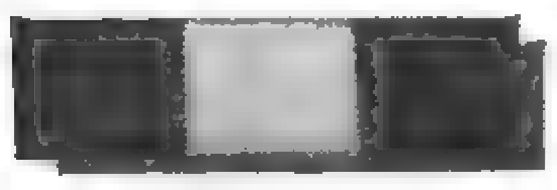

Philippine Insurrection


American Victory Medal (Army & Navy)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Something the Heart Must Cherish

Continued from pages 41-165-167

and Anton and Otto got off. Slowly they walked down the dark street. A light was in the back of the house where Anna was waiting for them.

As they came in the back door Anna put down the paper hastily and came toward them. Her shrewd eyes stared curiously at the pair.

With a rough gesture Anton stopped the words she was about to utter. "Is all right," he said. "I talked to the teacher."

Without another word, he led Otto out to the woodshed. Anna followed to the shed door, but Anton turned to her and said harshly, "Anna, stay in the house."

The old woman shrugged her shoulders and padded back in her felt slippers.

Anton closed the door. Reaching up, he turned on the light and then took the strap down from the hook on the wall.

"Take off your cap and coat," he ordered.

Silently Otto obeyed, his fingers as always fumbling with the fastenings.

"Stand over there." Anton indicated a place near the pile of kindling.

Otto walked slowly to the place Anton indicated. He stood facing his father, his body hunched together, his head bowed. Anton crossed to him and stood for a moment looking at his son.

Suddenly the boy raised his head. In the harsh light of the electric bulb Otto's face, his blond hair, the deep circles under his blue eyes, reminded Anton so strongly of Maria that he started. He stared at his son, then staggered back to the chair near the door and covered his face with his hands.

For a long time Anton sat like this. Otto made no movement, just stood where he had been placed, his face curiously impassive.

At length Anton lifted himself out of the chair. Slowly he put the razor strap back on the wall, and slowly picked up Otto's cap and jacket. He led Otto into the house and to the back bedroom where they both slept in one brass bed.

Otto sat down on the bed and Anton helped him get undressed. It took a long time, because Anton was strangely clumsy.

Finally it was done. Anton sat down beside his son. Softly he said, "OTTO."

Otto lifted his big, tear-stained face to his father.

"Otto, you still want a little dog?"

Otto nodded his head slowly.

Anton drew his son's body into his arms and said, "All right. I get one."

His big hands were very gentle as he stroked the blond hair back from the boy's hot, perspiring forehead. ‡‡

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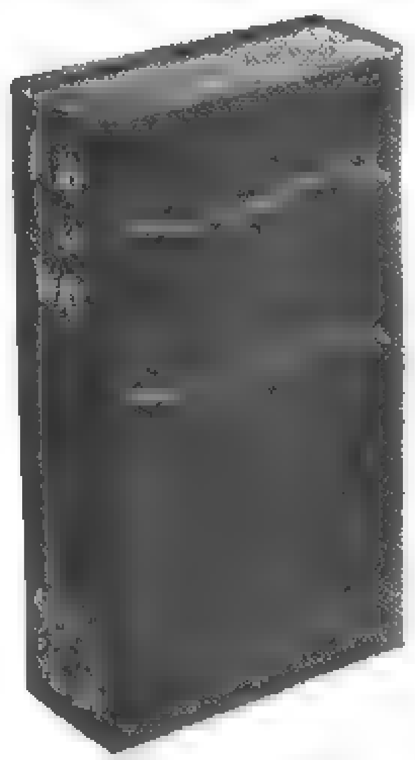

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Explanations

A man and his wife were out driving and, after violating nearly every traffic law in the book, the man got pinched. He started to argue violently and illogically with the cop, whereupon his wife finally remarked: "Don't pay any attention to him, Officer; he's drunk!"

—This is hard to believe, but it *might* have happened. Of course, he wasn't drunk on Scotch, rye or bourbon whisky because you can't get hold of any of that stuff nowadays. And it's doubtful if he'd been drinking gin at the price they get for it now. Of course somebody might have *given* him a drink of Scotch or—no, that's preposterous. It's all pretty baffling unless possibly he'd had too much beer. They say you *can* get beer in some localities.

* * *

One drunk came up to another drunk and said: "Didn't I once meet you in Chicago?"

"Nope," said the other, "I was never in Chicago."

"Neither was I," said the first drunk. "It must have been two other fellows."

—I've been thinking this one over for a long time, and finally I think I've got the answer. The word "drunk" is a misprint. One drunk, these days, is a bare possibility, but the prospect of *two* drunks meeting one another is simply too fantastic for consideration. I believe that instead of "drunk" we should read "punk." The conversation here is definitely wacky, and these guys are screwballs. It seems to me that a screwball, loosely defined, can also be considered a punk. That seems to settle that one.

* * *

A young man went into an office where he was interviewed by the head of the personnel department. One of the questions put to him was: "Do you drink?"

"Sure!" said the job-seeker. "What have you got?"

The young man, a 4-F, got the job on the spot. His willingness to take whatever was offered and his refusal to make a wisecrack like: "Make mine bourbon (or gin)" revealed him as both serious about his career and extremely adaptable and willing to put up with conditions as they are today without asking for the moon. It happens that all the personnel chief had was some horrible blackberry cordial he'd made himself, but that's another story.

—Parke Cummings

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Matador Who Plays Beisbol

Continued from page 83

which are never tried until they enter the ring, unless obviously unfit for formal warfare. A Garzista might tell you it was Fermín who talked Ferdinand into picking flowers. However, you rarely find Ferdinands in the ring. I have faced an alleged Ferdinand informally, once. If he was Ferdinand, I'm Isabella. I still shudder at the memory.

Armillita's knowledge and understanding of fighting bulls soon became a legend. He was uncanny, miraculous, psychic; he could make them angry, make them calm, at will. He could talk to them like Hiawatha. He was perfection, even too good to be interesting. Like a man playing with his dog. True, what he did and still does would have killed a dozen other *toreros*. He was sincere and brave, always. If the bull was cowardly (there are such) with one *torero*, Armillita would make him fight.

You may ask, what is bullfighting all about? Why worry the poor devil? Shoot him and have steak.

Do not be too sure that I am absurd in calling it a spiritual matter. The blaze of life is hot and powerful in Mexico. The highlights are violent, the shadows deep. The Mexican loves life, but he is ready to spend it as some poor man who has won an inexplicable lottery. He loves its beauty and its birth, its love and music; he accepts its toil and its death. And whatever drama may represent all that to him, however briefly, he loves also. As long as you have Mexicans—may it always be as now!—you will have the bullfight, man against beast. That drama is prehistoric, the oldest of all. The world sees it in full black flower now.

Our own rodeo is a grand show and takes tough men. There is the costume and the pageant and the violence. The spirit of the occasion is much the same. You may observe, however, one important difference: while the animals raising general hell in the rodeo are highly antisocial, their one great desire is to get rid of the man. They want to get loose, free, never see him again. The rodeo is a spectacular demonstration of the difficulties of domestication.

The bullfight deals with an untameable animal bent solely on killing. A fighting bull in the ring of the rodeo would leave nothing living. To him, a man is an especially choice object. It is death and no compromise for one or the other. True, the bull must die. But too often it is not the *torero*, who enters the ring before a hushed or howling multitude, who makes the final thrust. Alberto Balderas, one afternoon shortly before he was killed, was tossed by the first bull. Armillita had to take all six. He did it perfectly, faced them all without reservation like the maestro he is, but

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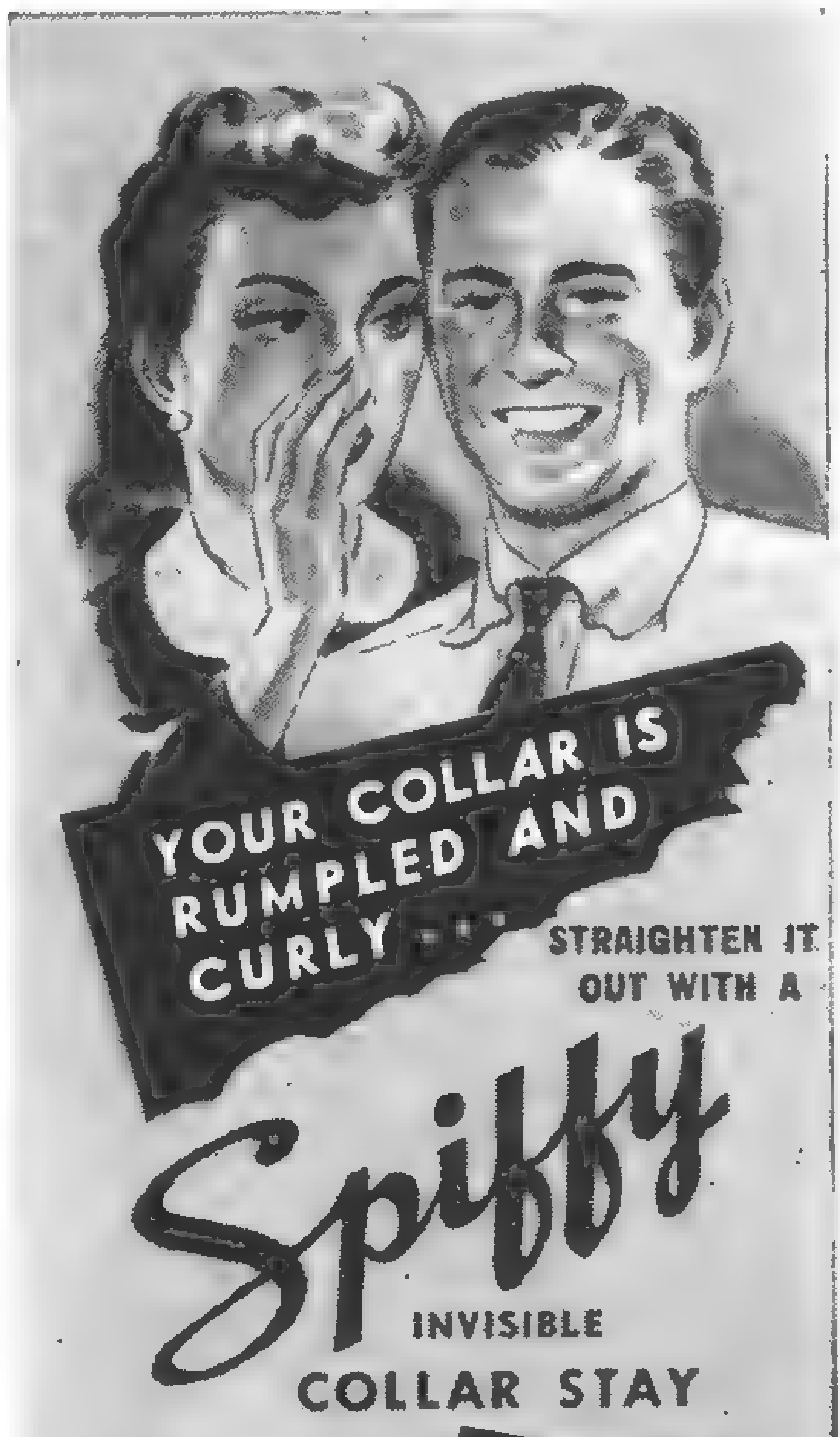

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he was a tired maestro at the end. Fermín is no dreamer when it comes to the question of heavy dough. He is paid 18,000 pesos for a single afternoon. In what many tourists tactfully call "real money," this is about 4,000 dollars.

He will fight perhaps twenty-five times, facing at least three bulls each performance, between November and April. Perhaps.

That "perhaps" is always there, rushing at you, hooking that great scimitar horn savagely into the cape, searching furiously for flesh, turning quick as a polo pony, charging again and again; and the man must allow the horn to graze his hips, his belly, his chest, depending on the style of pass, again and again, until the time comes for the man himself to attack, to go straight between the lowered horns and make the instant and—again perhaps—final thrust. No, señor, there are no overpaid *toreros*.

PUBLIC TELEPHONE
Ross

Certain indifferent bullfighters have declared that anyone can fight a bull. Sure. You can make him pass three feet off, you can make him turn too quickly and ruin his legs, you can use many tricks to tire him out and then assassinate him—but may the police be there to escort you safely from the arena when you do it.

The Mexicans love their grand *toreros;* only less do they love their fighting *toros.* Though the great bull is doomed, he must be allowed his day, his destiny. He must be faced with courage equal to his own, with honesty, sincerity and emotion. He must not be worn out with tricks and murdered. The Mexicans call it *asesinado*, recognize instantly the fake and won't stand for it.

The horse episode is disagreeable to many of us gringos and to many hardened *aficionados.* There is no answer to it, and no answer would alter what you see anyhow. It is a phase of this century-old drama regarded as indispensable. From a cynical viewpoint, I imagine it was put in, in more brutal ages (?) to pep up the show. Sentimentally, it might be interpreted that the animals man has dominated must share his fate against those he has not. Suffice it to say,

Continued on page 172

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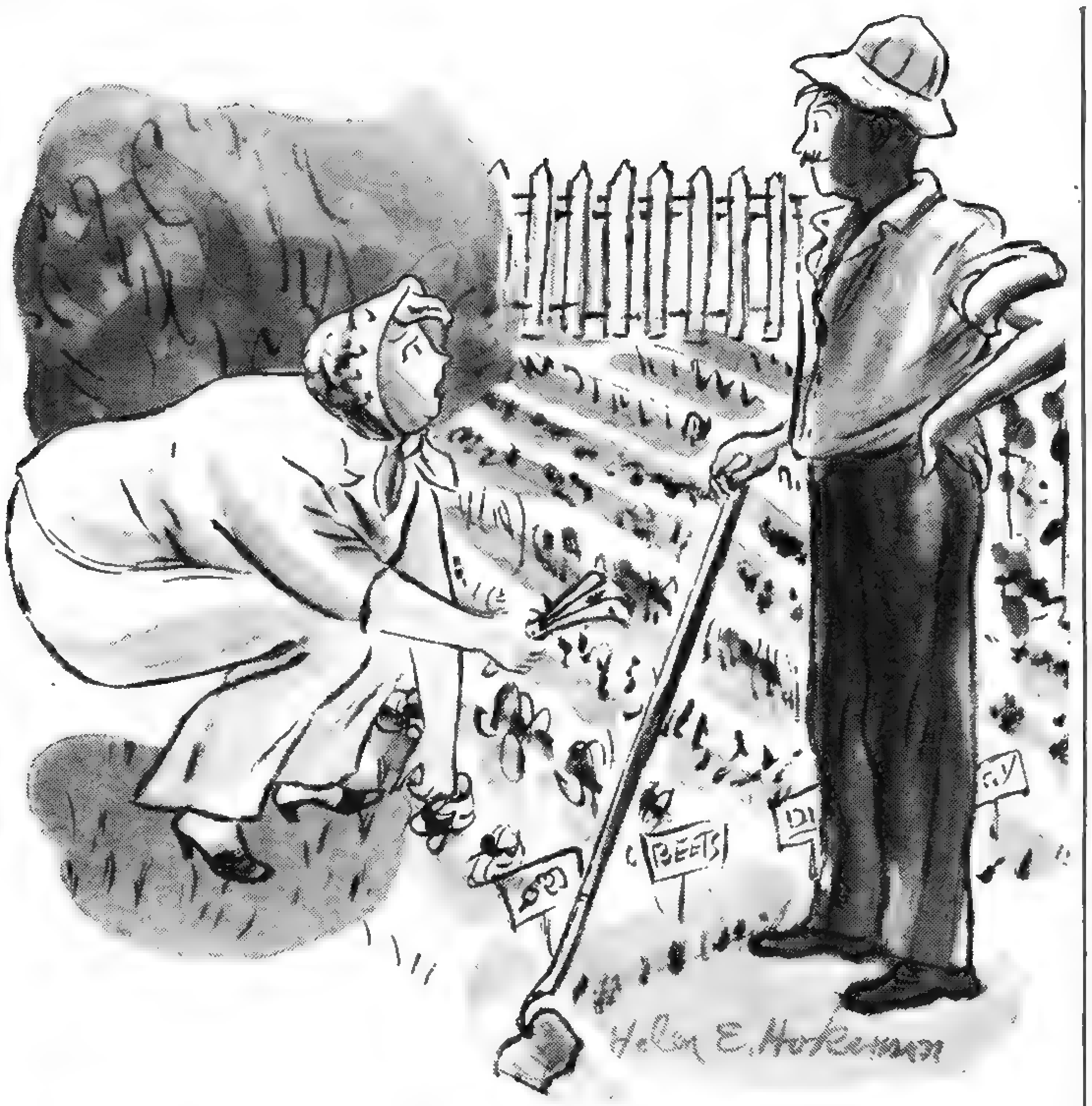

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Matador Who Plays Beisbol

Continued from pages 83-171

the horse now enters the ring amply protected and looking as though he has picked up his bed and walked. The man on him, the *picador*, gets the worst of that deal. With the horse thrown, he's got two animals to worry about.

Armillita has been fighting bulls professionally since he was sixteen, has been caught only twice, an amazing record. Once is enough, however, and once is enough to see.

Very often you can sense it coming. You see that the boy is nervous, a little jerky with his cape, passing the bull too closely, trying not to betray his fear, but without control or tempo. You know it's coming—and in an instant cape and man are in grotesque disarray in mid-air. If he falls again on the horns, he is finished. No, he is on the ground, out. The bull is after him, gouging away with one horn, then the other. His helpers are a frantic cloud of capes, trying to take the bull off. As they distract the bull, men rush in to carry the boy to the infirmary. Killed? Gored? Luckily stunned? You won't know for a while, but you do know you're heartsick.

When the handsome Alberto Balderas was killed—sincere and brave *torero* he was—there was no doubt about it. The bull caught him with a mighty toss and Alberto landed squarely on the horns. Ironically, it was not his bull at all. It was the bull of a *torero* named Carnicerito. Carnicerito, thinking his bull to be dominated for the moment, that is, brought to a temporary standstill, had turned his back to receive his sword and *muleta* for the final phase. The bull stood glowering about twenty feet behind him. Alberto didn't like it; he sensed a charge, and a bad one it would have been for Carnicerito. Alberto was right. The bull started and he rushed in with his cape to divert the charge, but so fast was the bull, Alberto had no time to make any sort of pass at all. Five minutes later he was dead, on his thirtieth birthday.

At the bullfight, tragedy can turn to comedy and vice versa while you wink. That may account for the terrific emotional strain. You never know what next.

For instance, Paco Gorráez, a brave but erratic *torero*. Paco had finally mastered, or thought he had, a very difficult bull. He was ready for the kill. Paco made his thrust properly, straight over the horns. A tremendous toss, and Paco spun up and back, straight over the bull's tail. It looked very bad. But no. Paco landed on a shoulder, rolled, sprang to his feet as the bull turned on him, furiously ordered the bull down. The bull collapsed, dead. Paco said later he knew he had killed that bull, added that he had lost his temper in mid-air. Everybody else thought he was dead while he was only getting mad. The horn

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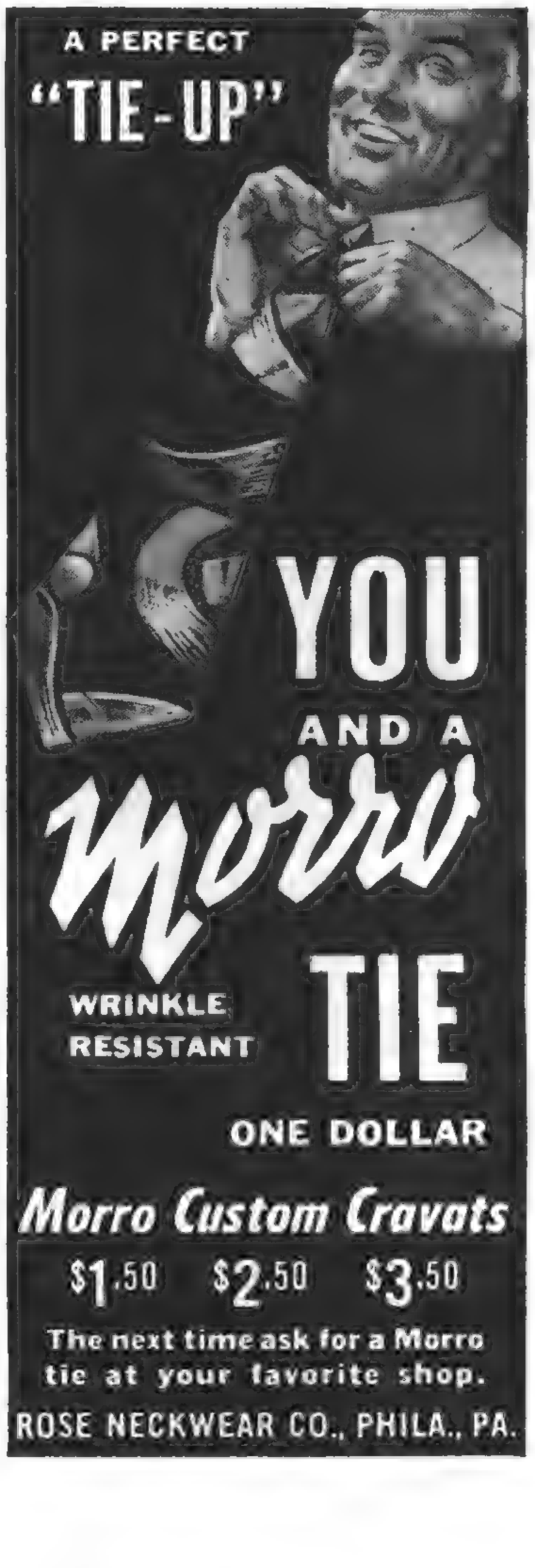
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had hooked his heavy brocade, scratched his chest a wee bit. One inch more—

All good bullfighters are nervous, high-strung. Before a fight, they are not fit company for man or beast. Every single one of them is crushing down some fear, some omen, some memory of disaster. When the action begins, when the bugle sends that first bull into the ring, then the nerves ease—usually.

Armillita rarely takes a drink, never smokes. Outside the ring, he has nothing of what we call color. He is soft-spoken, rather shy, until the subject of baseball comes up; then look out. His features are strongly cut, his hands delicate; you might guess him to be a painter, a violinist, a poet; you know that you are in the presence of an extraordinary person. His señora considers him handsome. Fermín is therefore handsome. He has the unmistakable quality of greatness. You know that this man is very, very good at something.

I saw Fermín play baseball with his "Toreros" yesterday. Those quotation marks might be moved ahead a bit. The team is made up entirely of young Mexicans who make their living, and risk it, in the bull ring. Chucho Solórzano, a fine *torero* who looks like a professor, plays center field. He juggled three chances yesterday without a drop. But Fermín, the captain and Joe Gordon of "Los Toreros," passed a hot grounder with two on, passed it so gracefully you'd have thought it had horns. The right fielder killed the ball after a brief scuffle.

This contest was vs. "Los Agriculturas," who make their living in the fields. They didn't have much to do in the field yesterday, though. "Los Toreros" can't seem to get over the habit of passing things, even at bat. Armillita's three-year-old son Manolo is their mascot. He is proud of the number on his uniform, which is ½.

Oh, yes, the score. Fermín asked me not to mention the matter. So I can only say that it was about what it takes to see him in the bull ring on a big day (shade, first row), to five. But the boys have a wonderful time. The only horns for miles are in the band. ⌗

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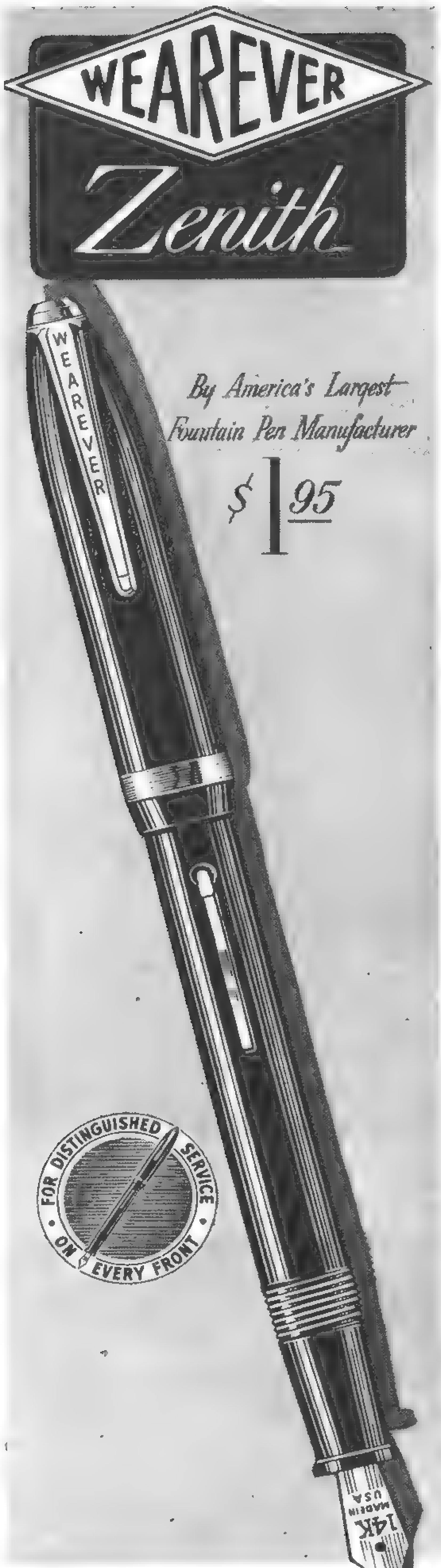
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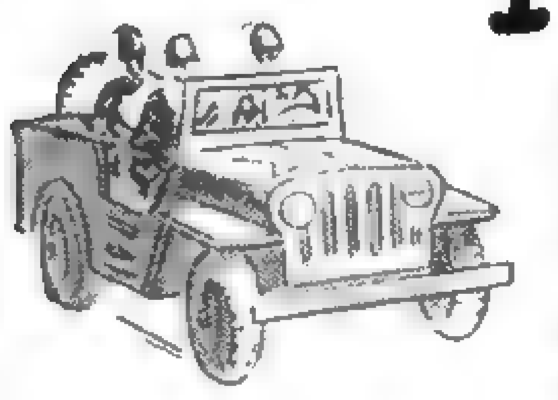

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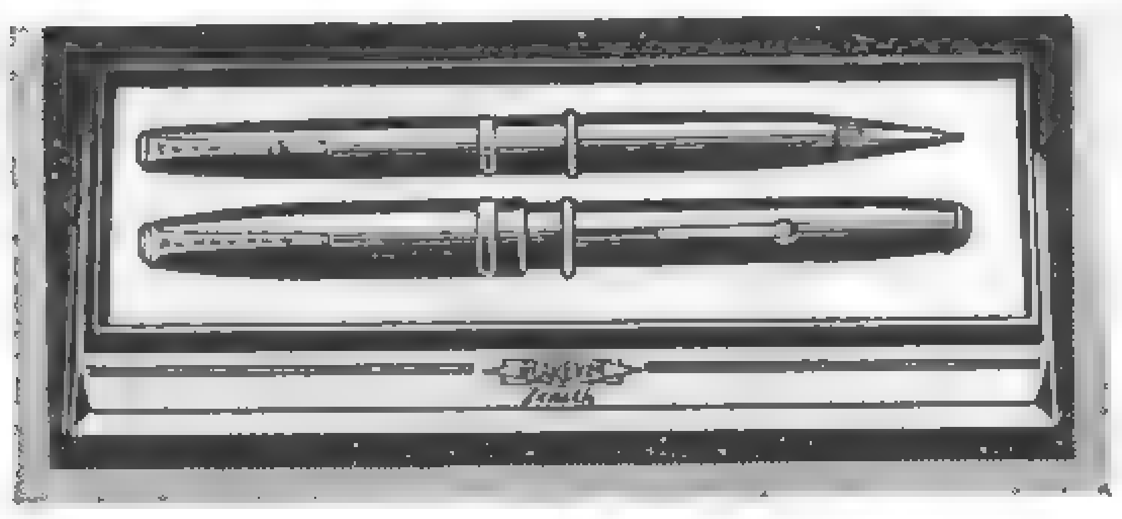

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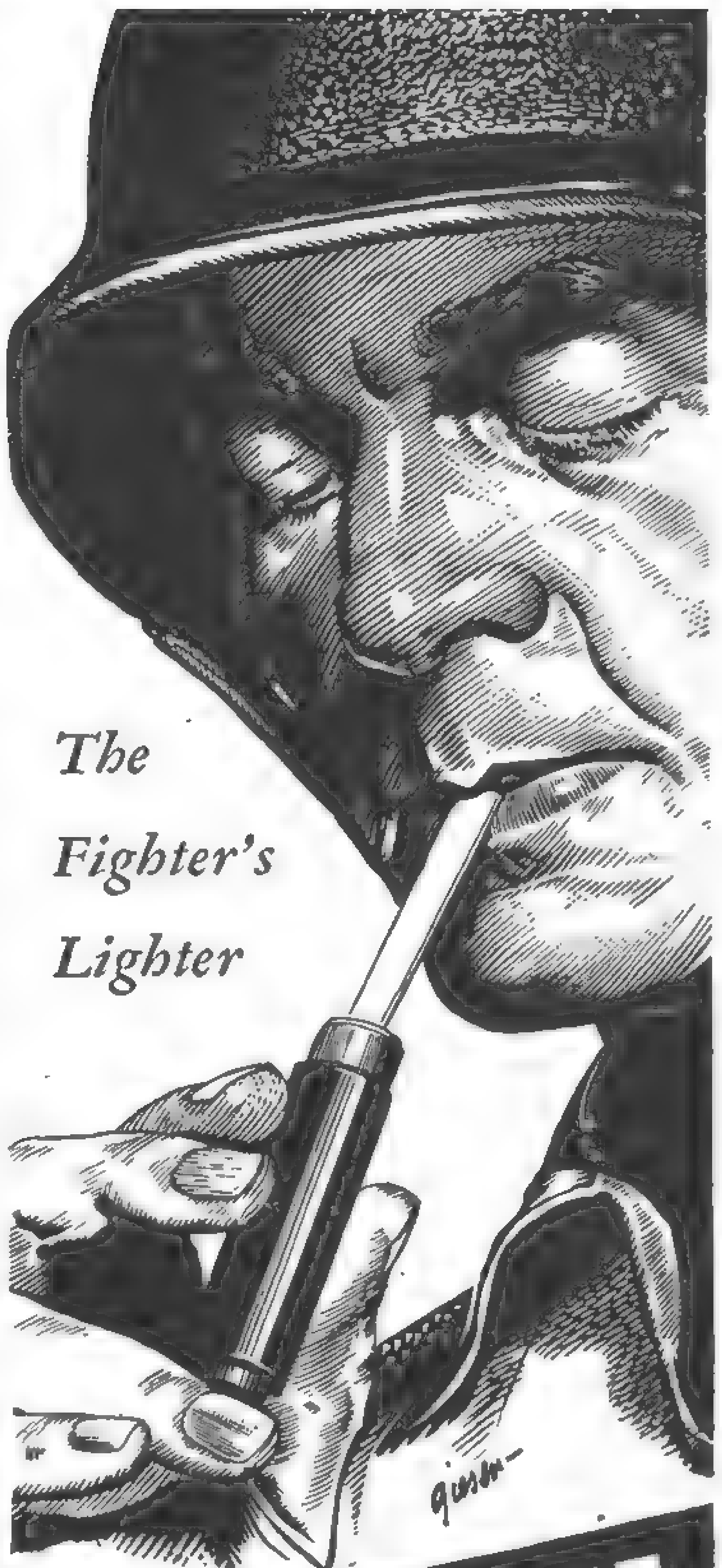

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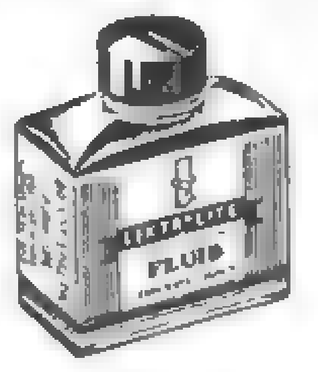

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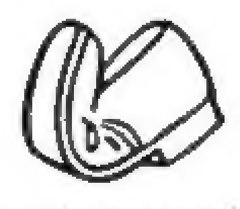

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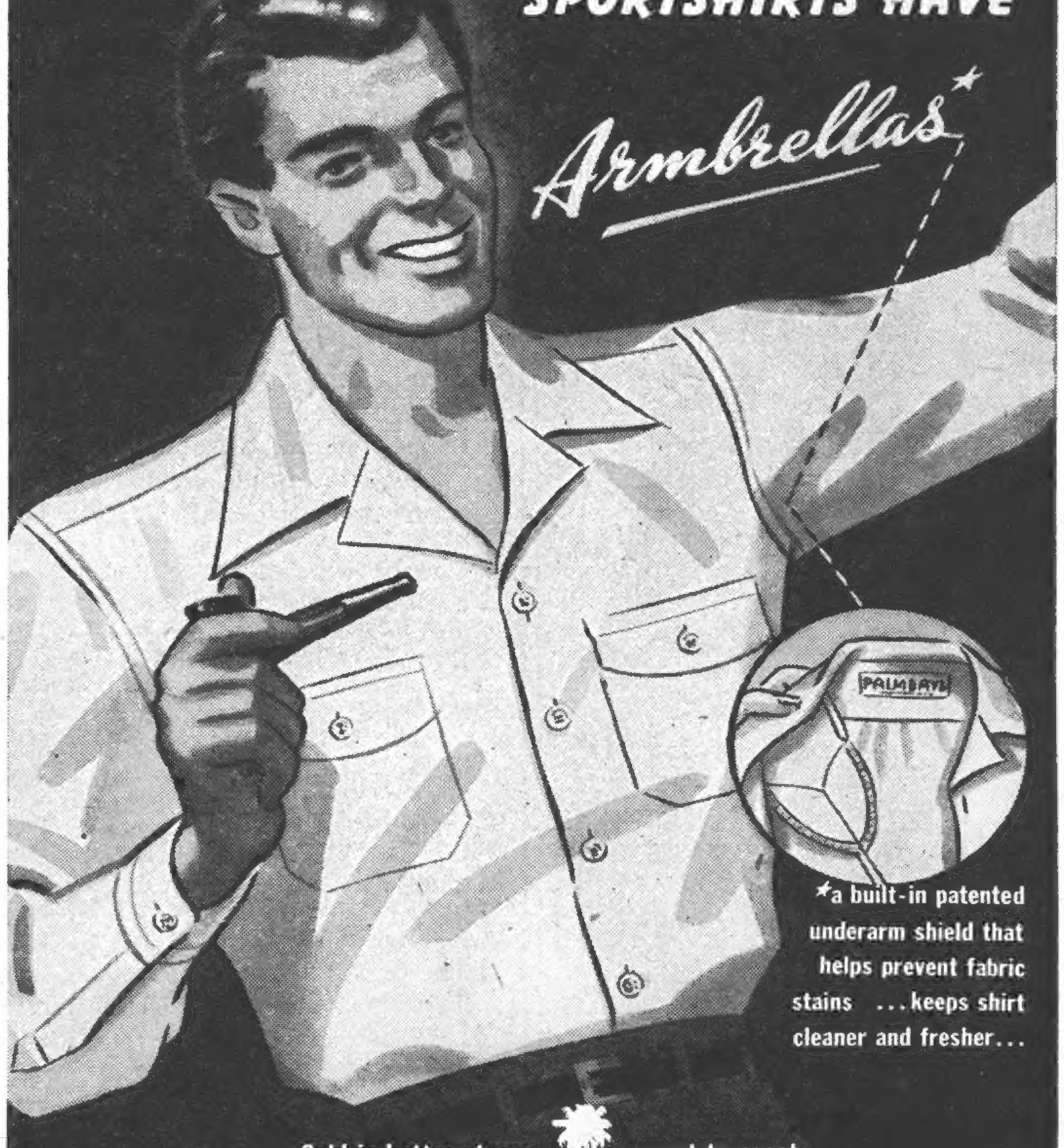

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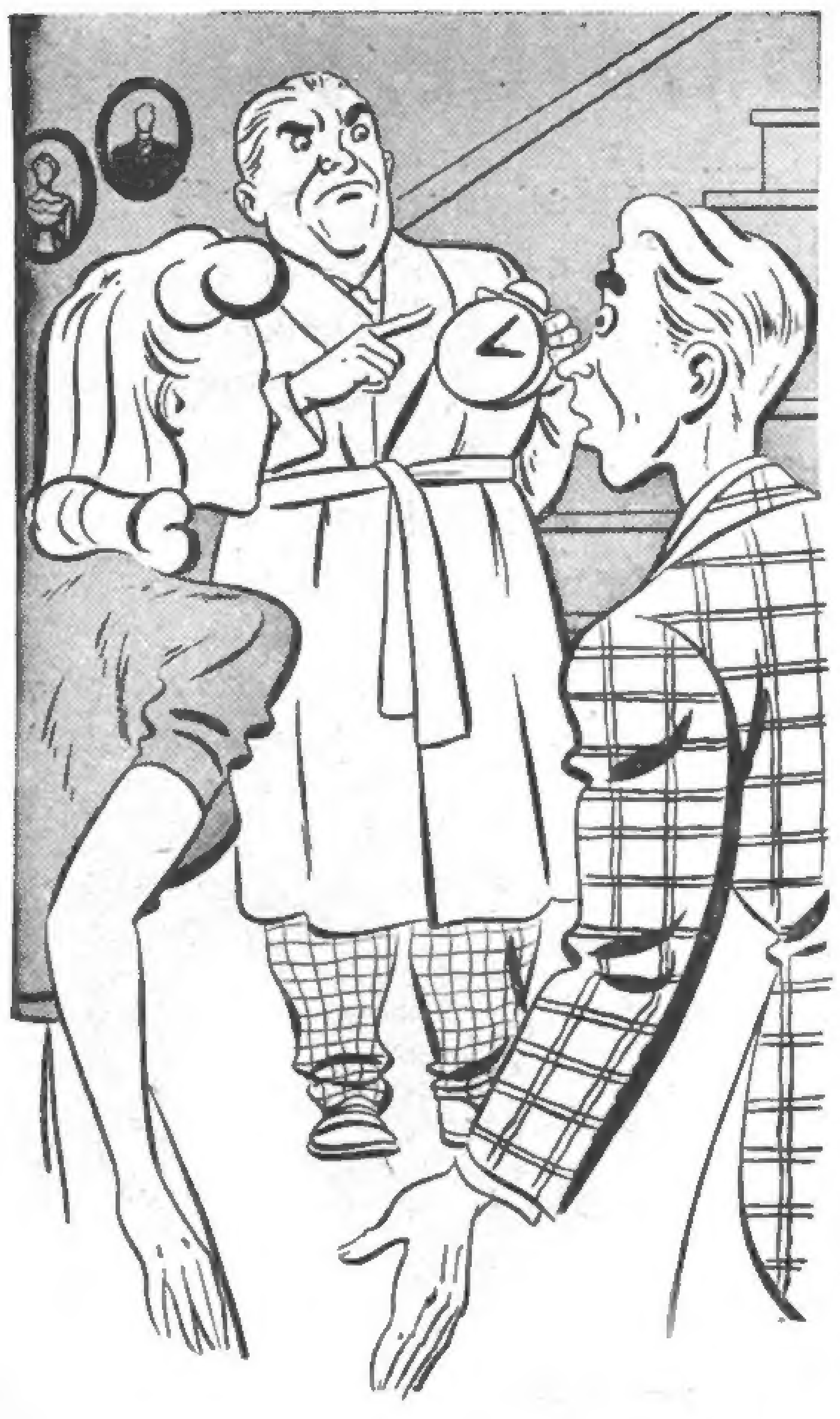

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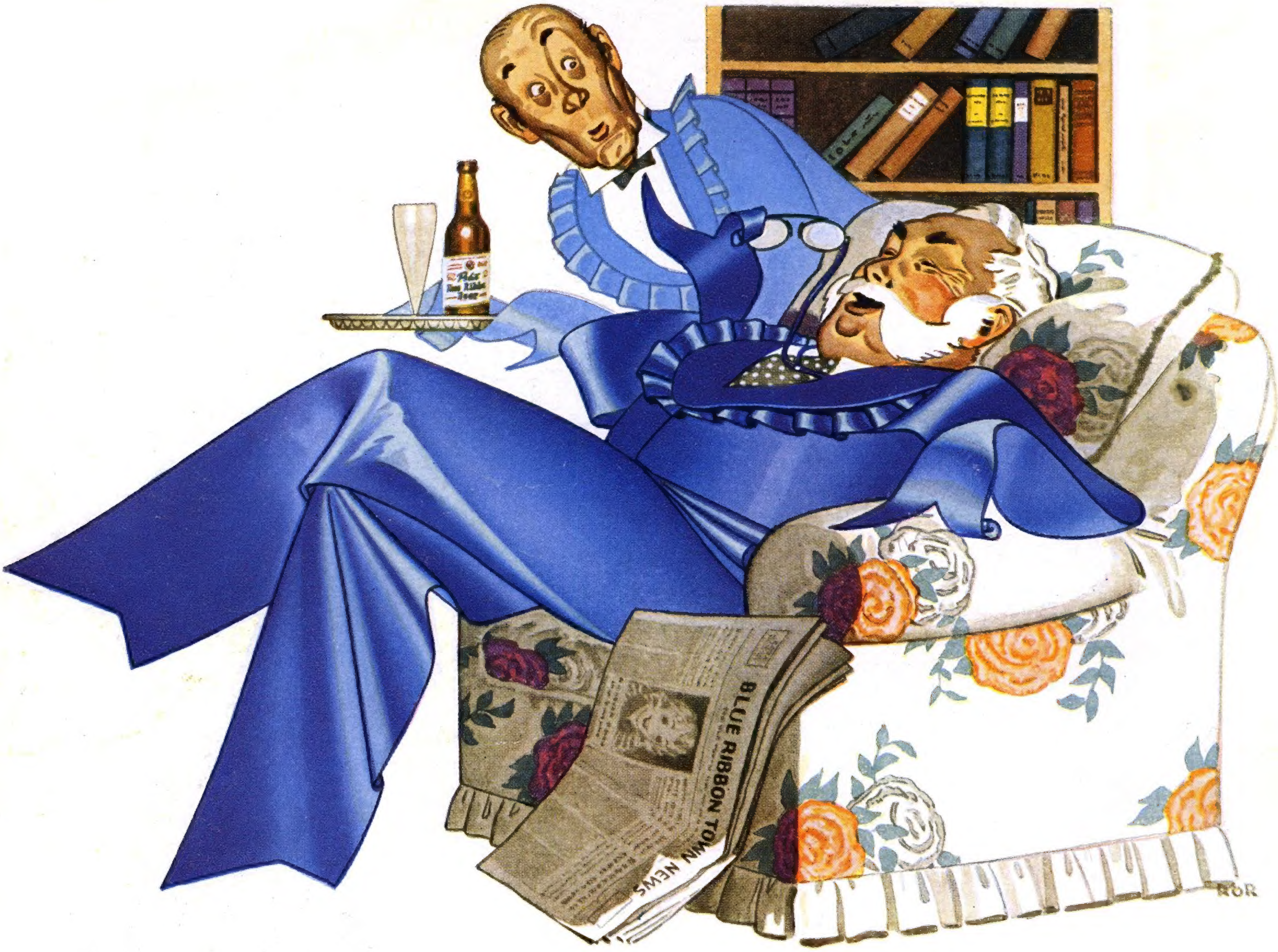

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